THE *NEW YORK TIMES* BEST-SELLING SERIES CONTINUES!

Ennis Braun McCrea Burns Robertson

The BOYS™

volume eleven: OVER THE HILL WITH THE SWORDS OF A THOUSAND MEN

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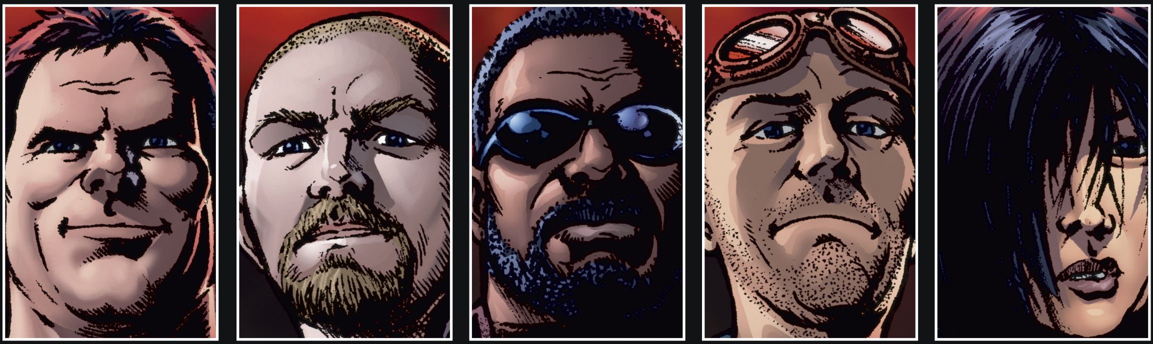
HERE WE ARE AFTER ALL THESE ****ING YEARS

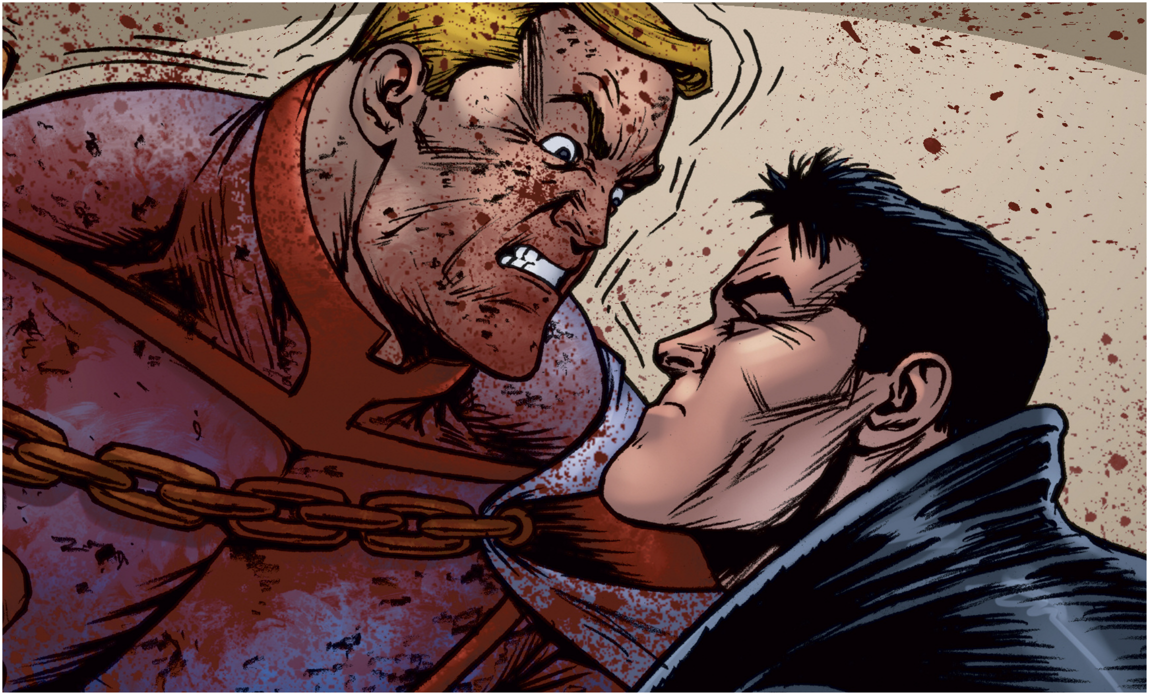
In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.



Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys.**

It's been a long time coming, but Billy Butcher's revenge on his wife's killer is about to be realized- if he can only get his hands on the bastard. The Boys prepare for one last terrible battle, as the Homelander finally bites the bullet and sets an army of superheroes against the forces of the United States military. Battle rages at the White House, Frenchie and the Female are unleashed, and Hughie faces his own terrors... while MM, patient to the last, races against time to uncover the greatest and most dreadful secret of Vought-American's superhero program. Butcher steps willingly into the jaws of death, alone and unafraid: but what he finds waiting for him is beyond even his darkest dreams.



This volume collects issues 60-65 of the hit series *The Boys* by Garth Ennis, Russ Braun, John McCrea, Keith Burns and Darick Robertson, and features all of the covers by Darick Robertson.

RATED
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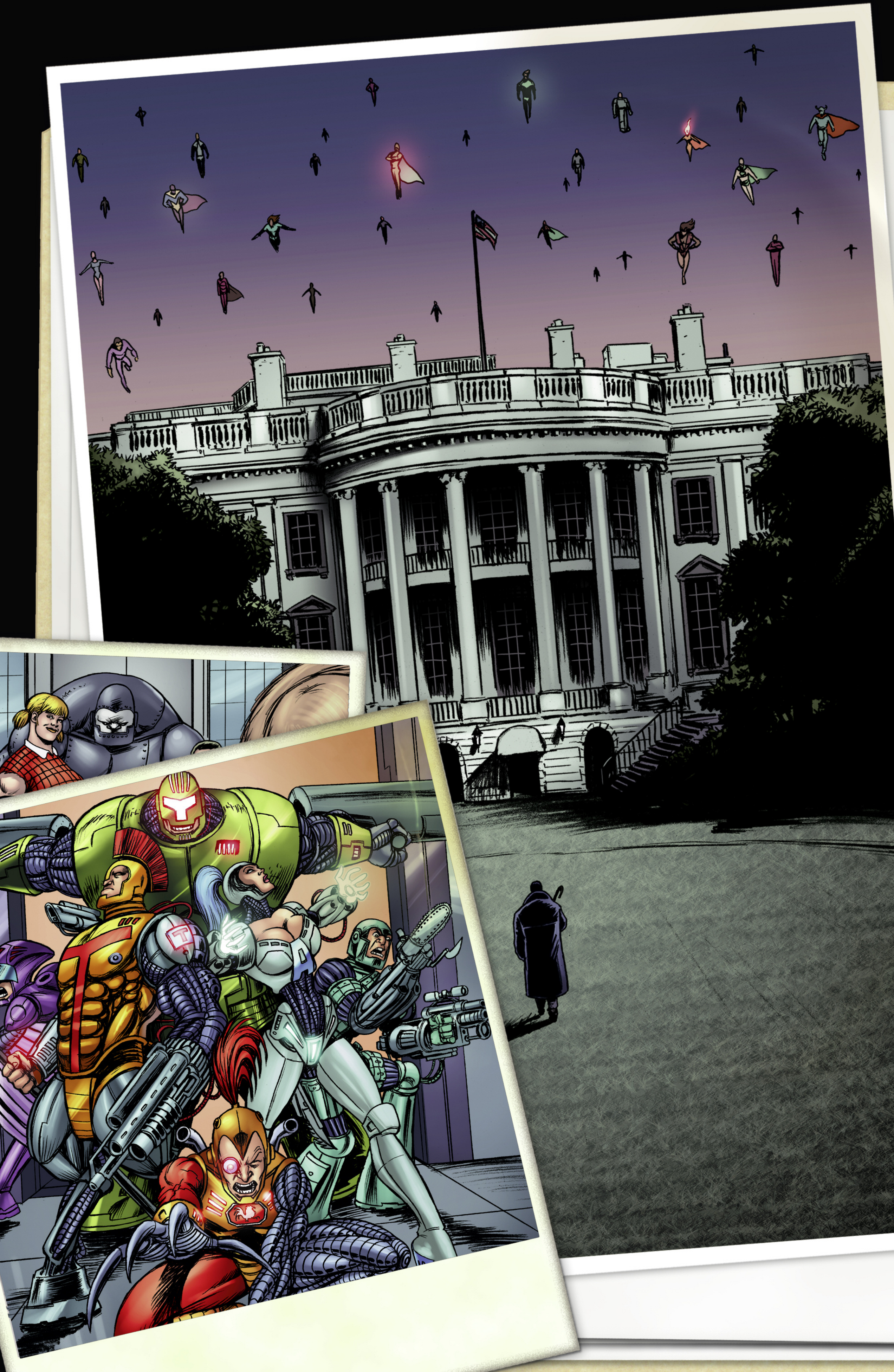
MATURE READERS

SUPERHERO

Dynamite Entertainment Presents

The BOYS™

volume eleven: OVER THE HILL WITH THE SWORDS OF A THOUSAND MEN



The BOYS™

Vol. 11: Over the Hill With the Swords of a Thousand Men

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GARTH ENNIS

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The Boys created by:
GARTH ENNIS &
DARICK ROBERTSON

Collects issues sixty through sixty-five of The Boys,
originally published by Dynamite Entertainment.

Trade Design by: **JASON ULLMEYER**

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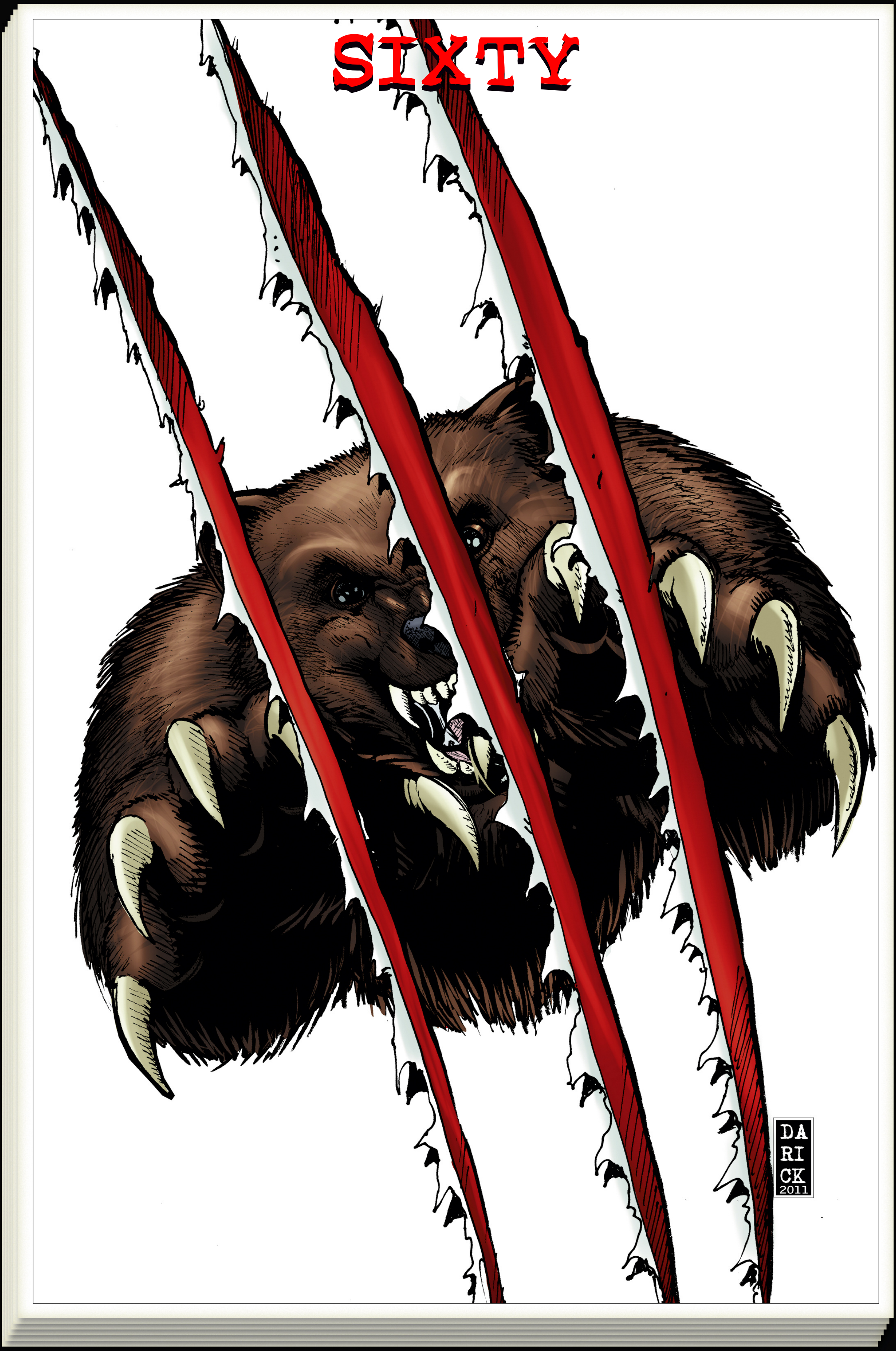
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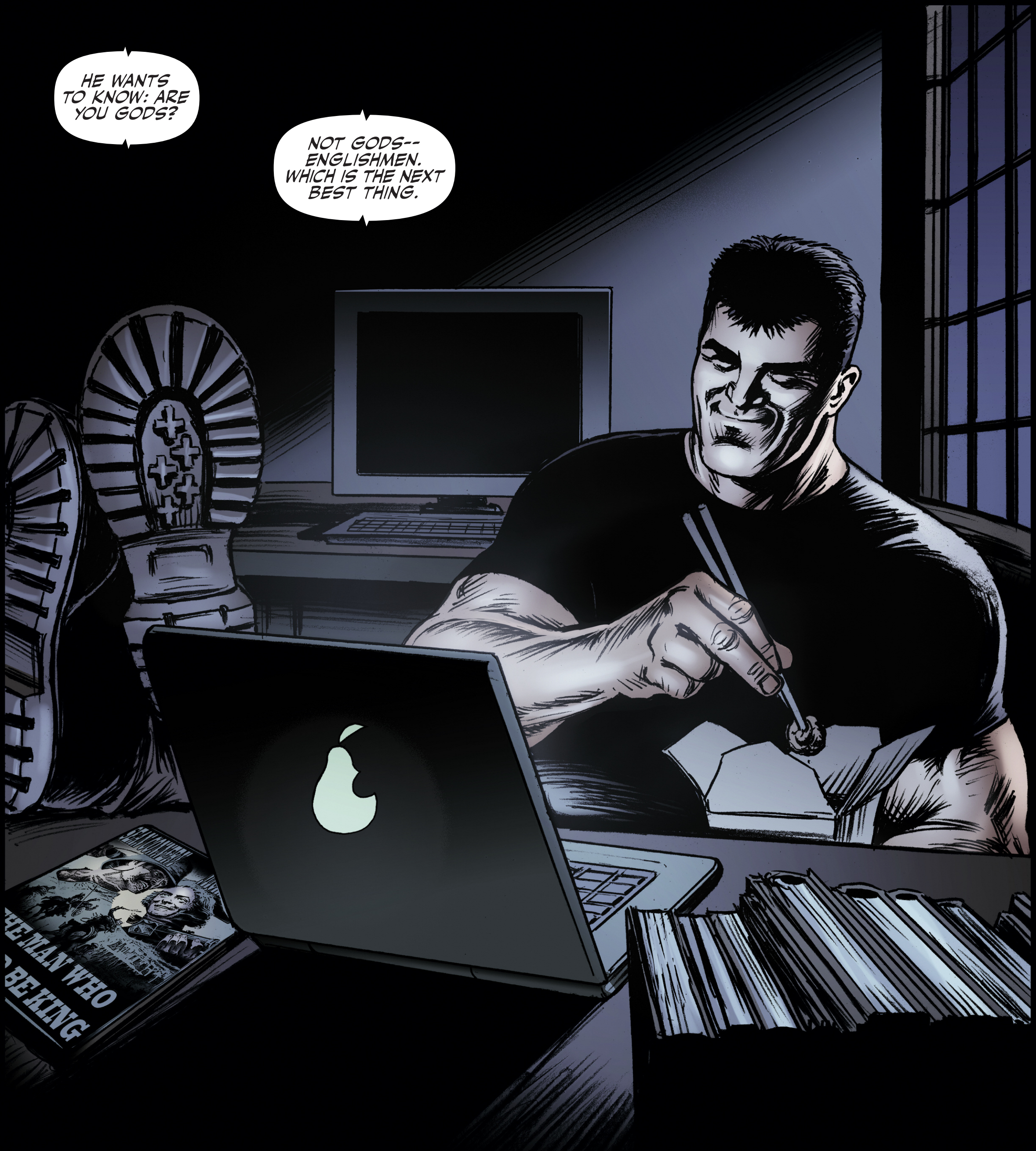
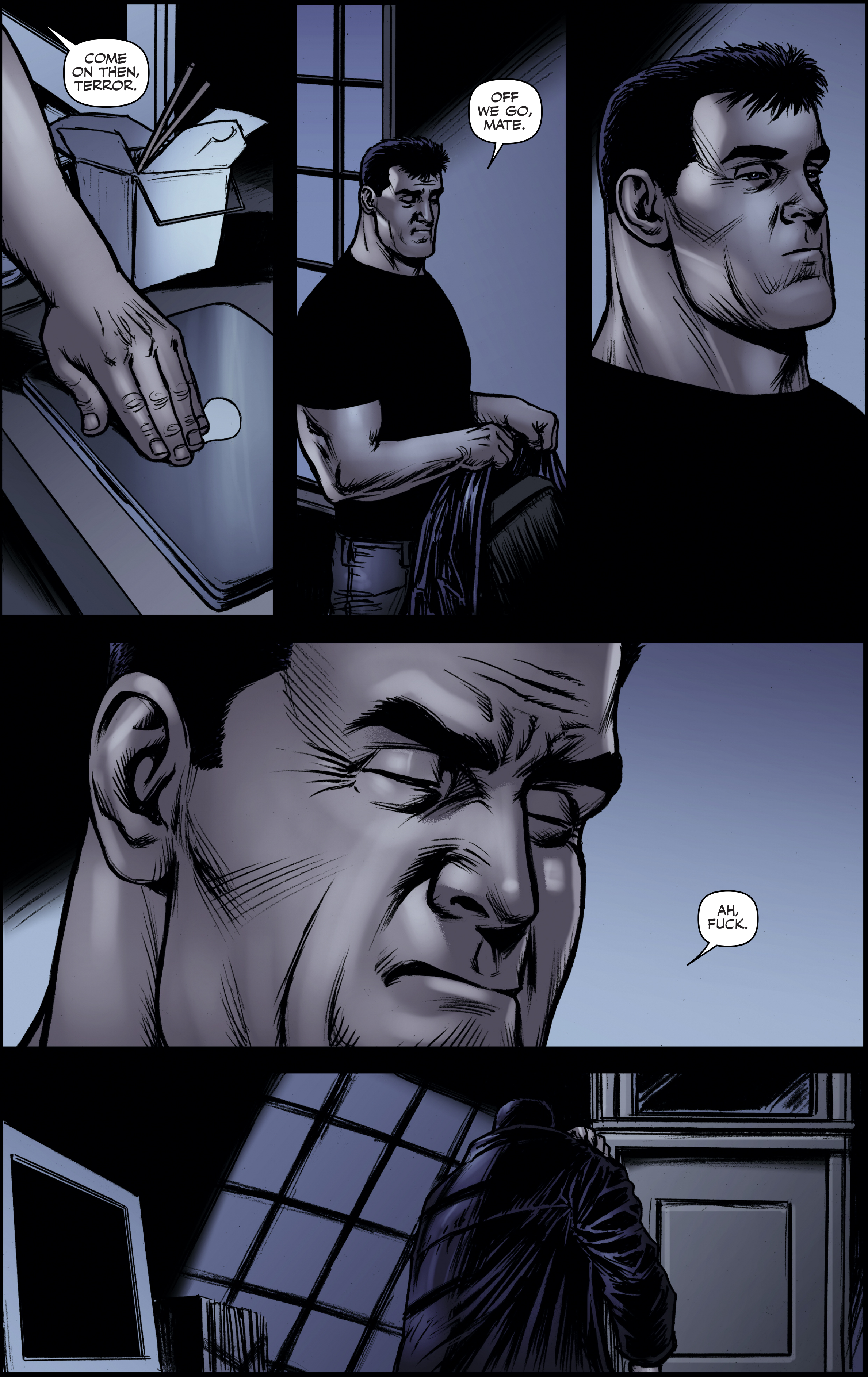
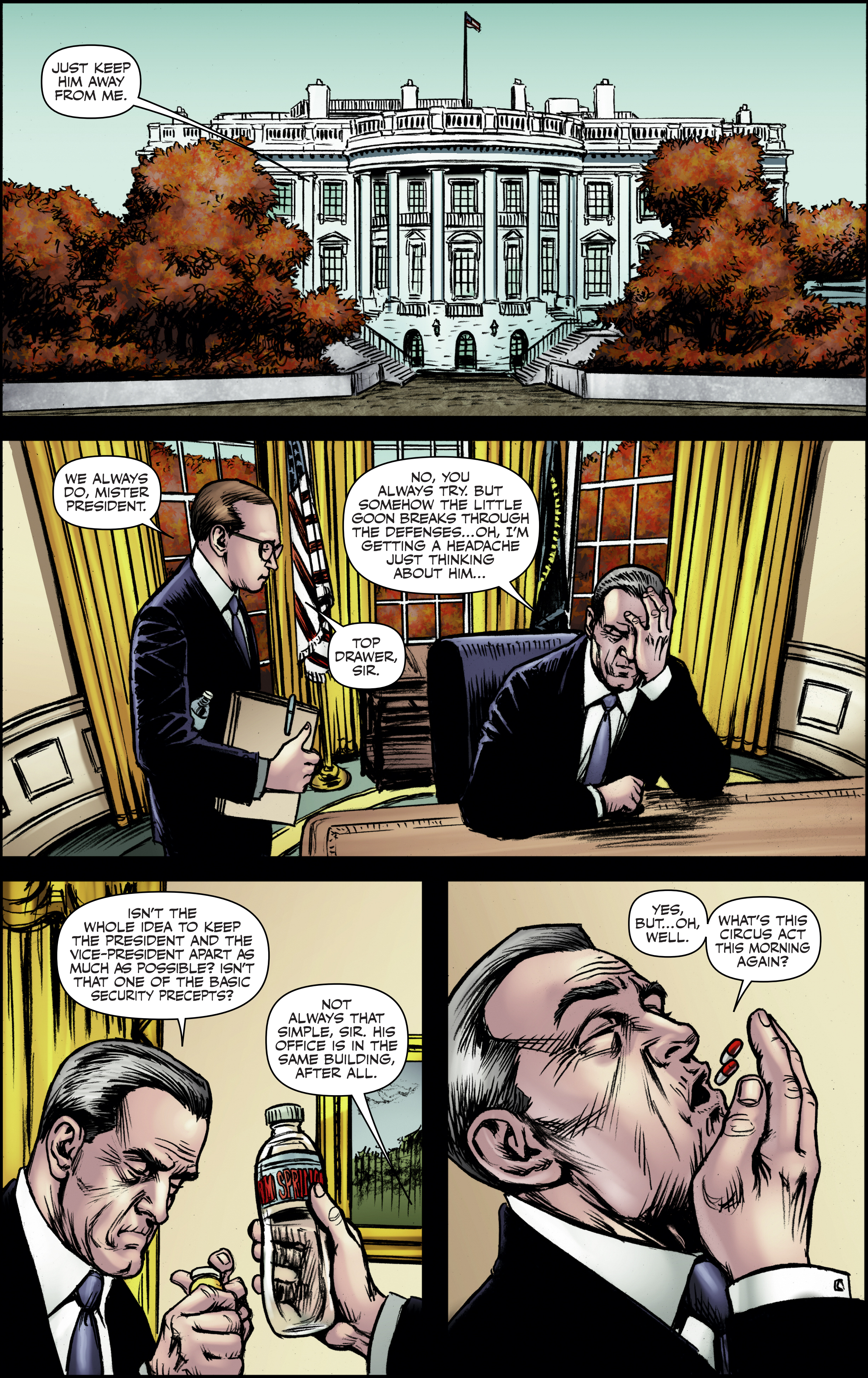
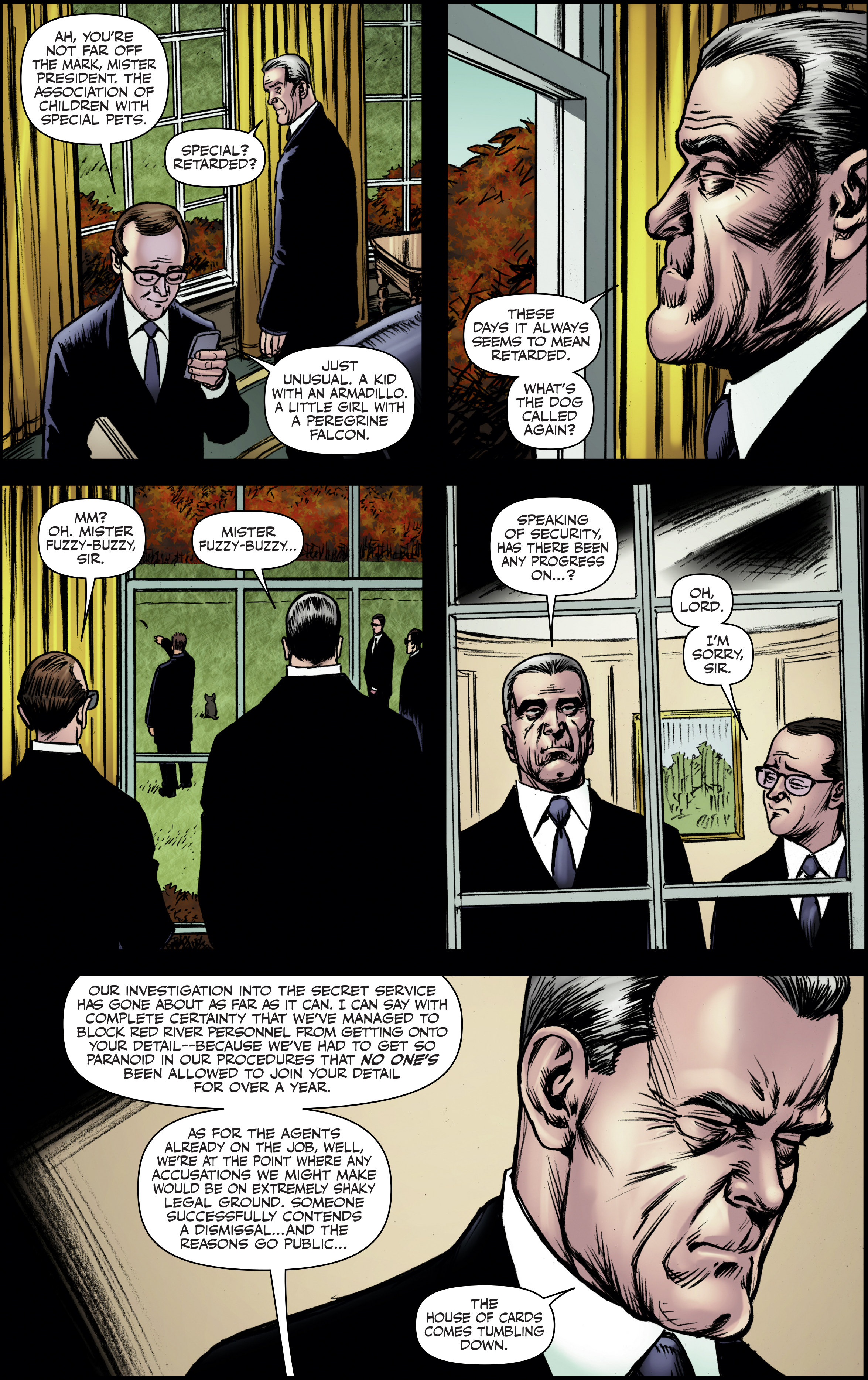

HE WANTS TO KNOW: ARE YOU GODS?
NOT GODS--ENGLISHMEN. WHICH IS THE NEXT BEST THING.
HE MAN WHO
D BE KING

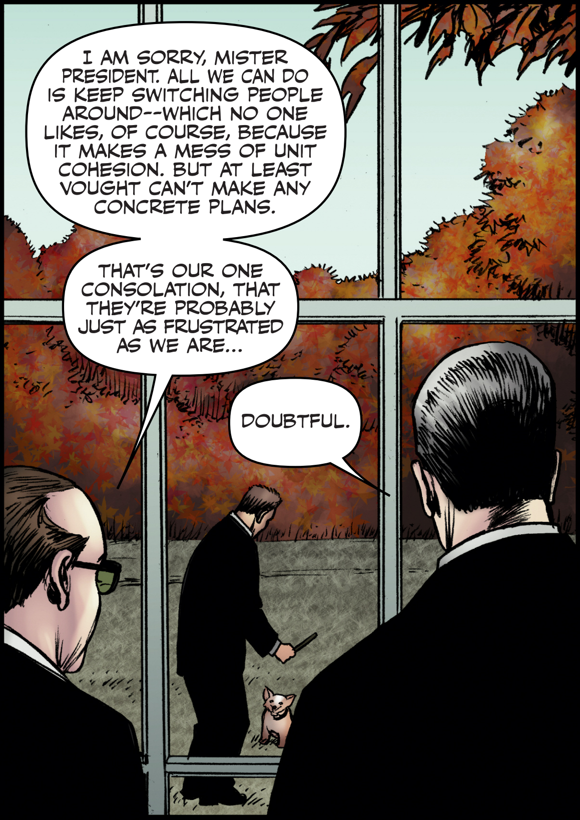
OVER THE HILL WITH THE SWORDS OF A THOUSAND MEN

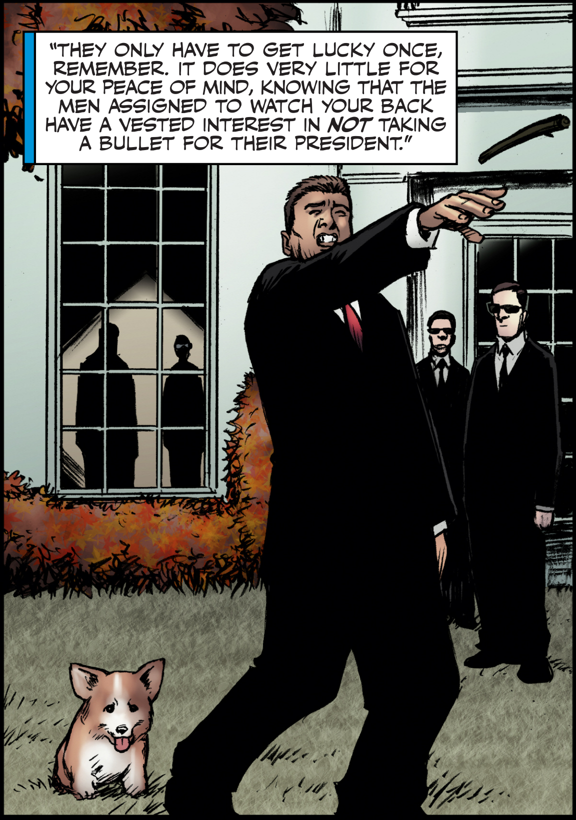
part one

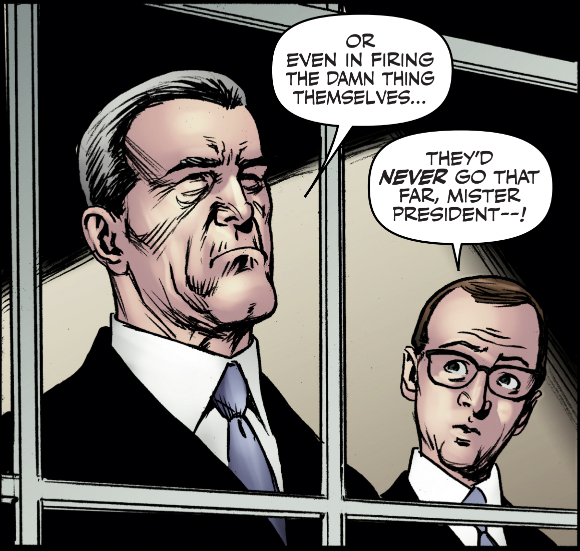

COME ON THEN, TERROR.
OFF WE GO, MATE.
AH, FUCK.

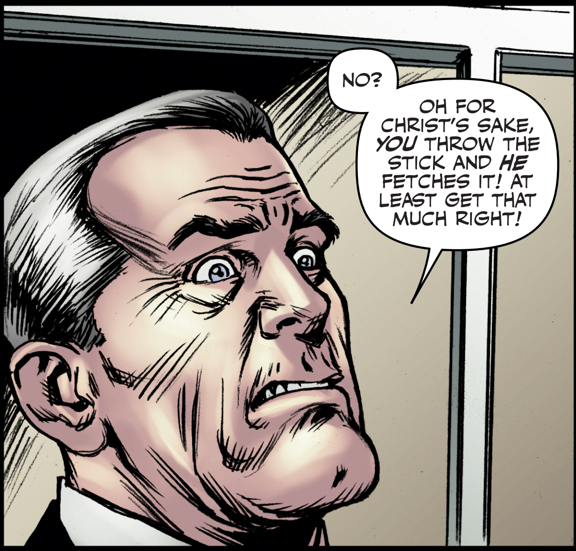

JUST KEEP HIM AWAY FROM ME.
WE ALWAYS DO, MISTER PRESIDENT.
NO, YOU ALWAYS TRY. BUT SOMEHOW THE LITTLE GOON BREAKS THROUGH THE DEFENSES...OH, I'M GETTING A HEADACHE JUST THINKING ABOUT HIM...
TOP DRAWER, SIR.
ISN'T THE WHOLE IDEA TO KEEP THE PRESIDENT AND THE VICE-PRESIDENT APART AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE? ISN'T THAT ONE OF THE BASIC SECURITY PRECEPTS?
NOT ALWAYS THAT SIMPLE, SIR. HIS OFFICE IS IN THE SAME BUILDING, AFTER ALL.
YES, BUT...OH, WELL.
WHAT'S THIS CIRCUS ACT THIS MORNING AGAIN?

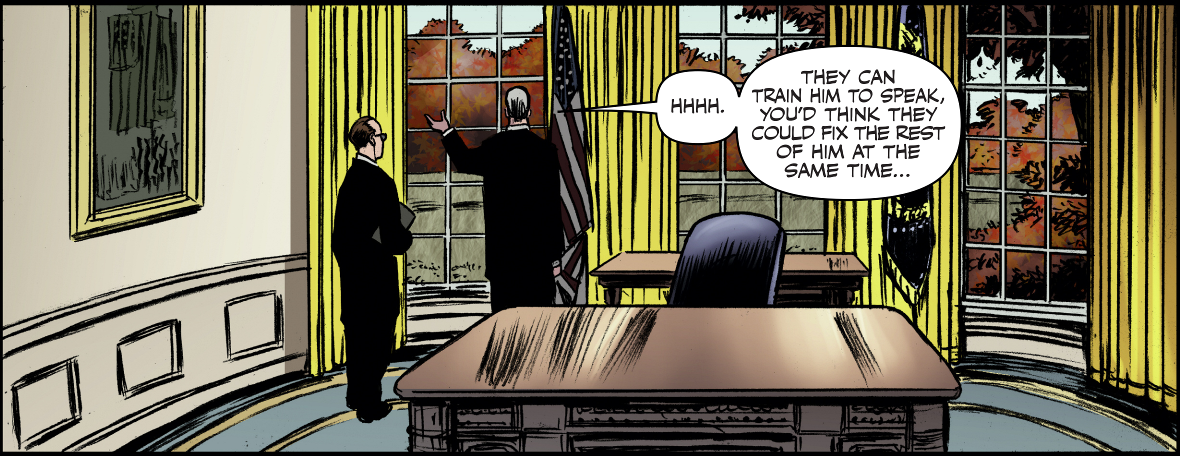

AH, YOU'RE NOT FAR OFF THE MARK, MISTER PRESIDENT. THE ASSOCIATION OF CHILDREN WITH SPECIAL PETS.
SPECIAL? RETARDED?
JUST UNUSUAL. A KID WITH AN ARMADILLO. A LITTLE GIRL WITH A PEREGRINE FALCON.
THESE DAYS IT ALWAYS SEEMS TO MEAN RETARDED.
WHAT'S THE DOG CALLED AGAIN?
MM? OH. MISTER FUZZY-BUZZY, SIR.
MISTER FUZZY-BUZZY...
SPEAKING OF SECURITY, HAS THERE BEEN ANY PROGRESS ON...?
OH, LORD.
I'M SORRY, SIR.
OUR INVESTIGATION INTO THE SECRET SERVICE HAS GONE ABOUT AS FAR AS IT CAN. I CAN SAY WITH COMPLETE CERTAINTY THAT WE'VE MANAGED TO BLOCK RED RIVER PERSONNEL FROM GETTING ONTO YOUR DETAIL--BECAUSE WE'VE HAD TO GET SO PARANOID IN OUR PROCEDURES THAT *NO ONE'S* BEEN ALLOWED TO JOIN YOUR DETAIL FOR OVER A YEAR.
AS FOR THE AGENTS ALREADY ON THE JOB, WELL, WE'RE AT THE POINT WHERE ANY ACCUSATIONS WE MIGHT MAKE WOULD BE ON EXTREMELY SHAKY LEGAL GROUND. SOMEONE SUCCESSFULLY CONTENDS A DISMISSAL...AND THE REASONS GO PUBLIC...
THE HOUSE OF CARDS COMES TUMBLING DOWN.

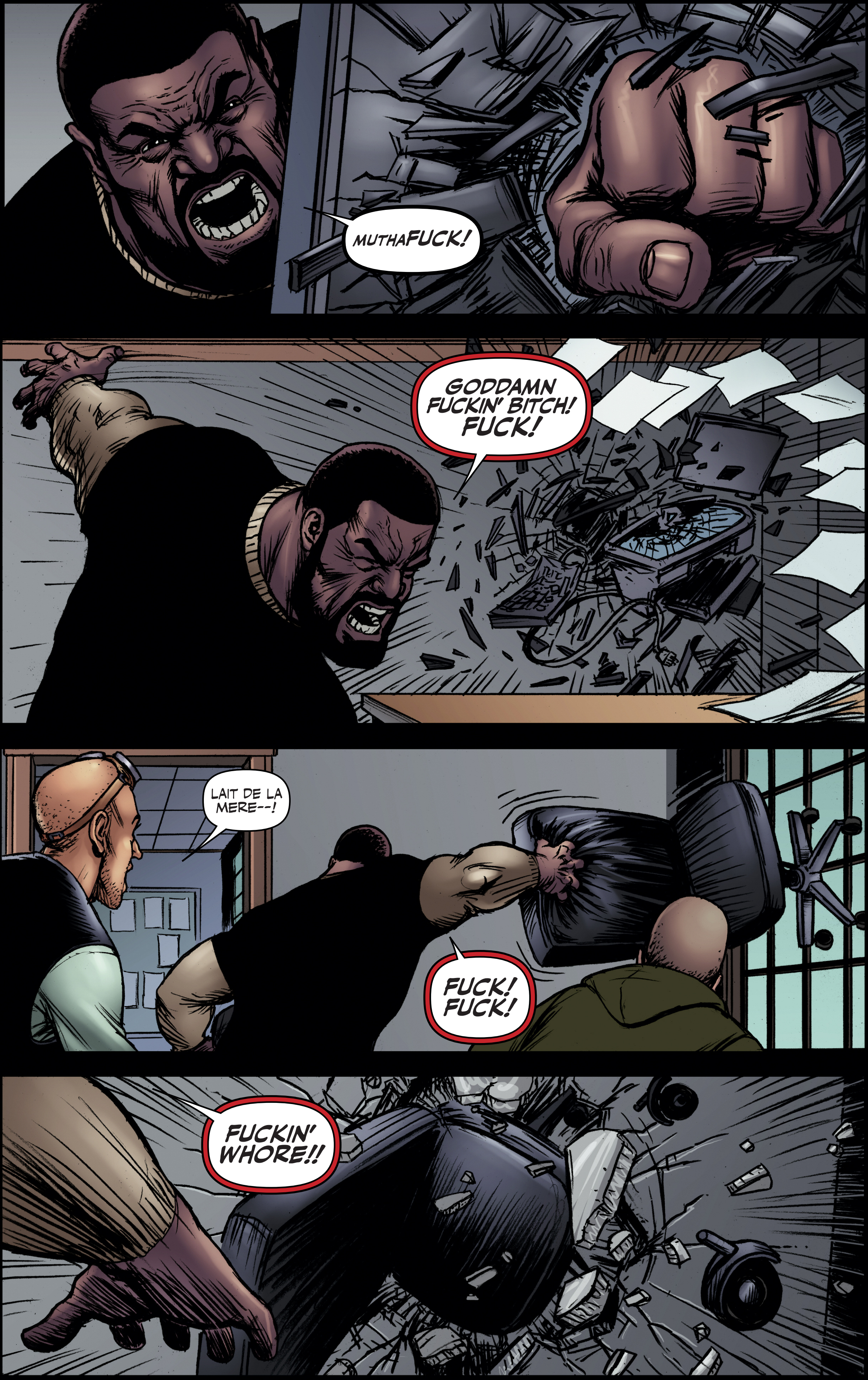

I AM SORRY, MISTER PRESIDENT. ALL WE CAN DO IS KEEP SWITCHING PEOPLE AROUND--WHICH NO ONE LIKES, OF COURSE, BECAUSE IT MAKES A MESS OF UNIT COHESION. BUT AT LEAST VOUGHT CAN'T MAKE ANY CONCRETE PLANS.
THAT'S OUR ONE CONSOLATION, THAT THEY'RE PROBABLY JUST AS FRUSTRATED AS WE ARE...
DOUBTFUL.

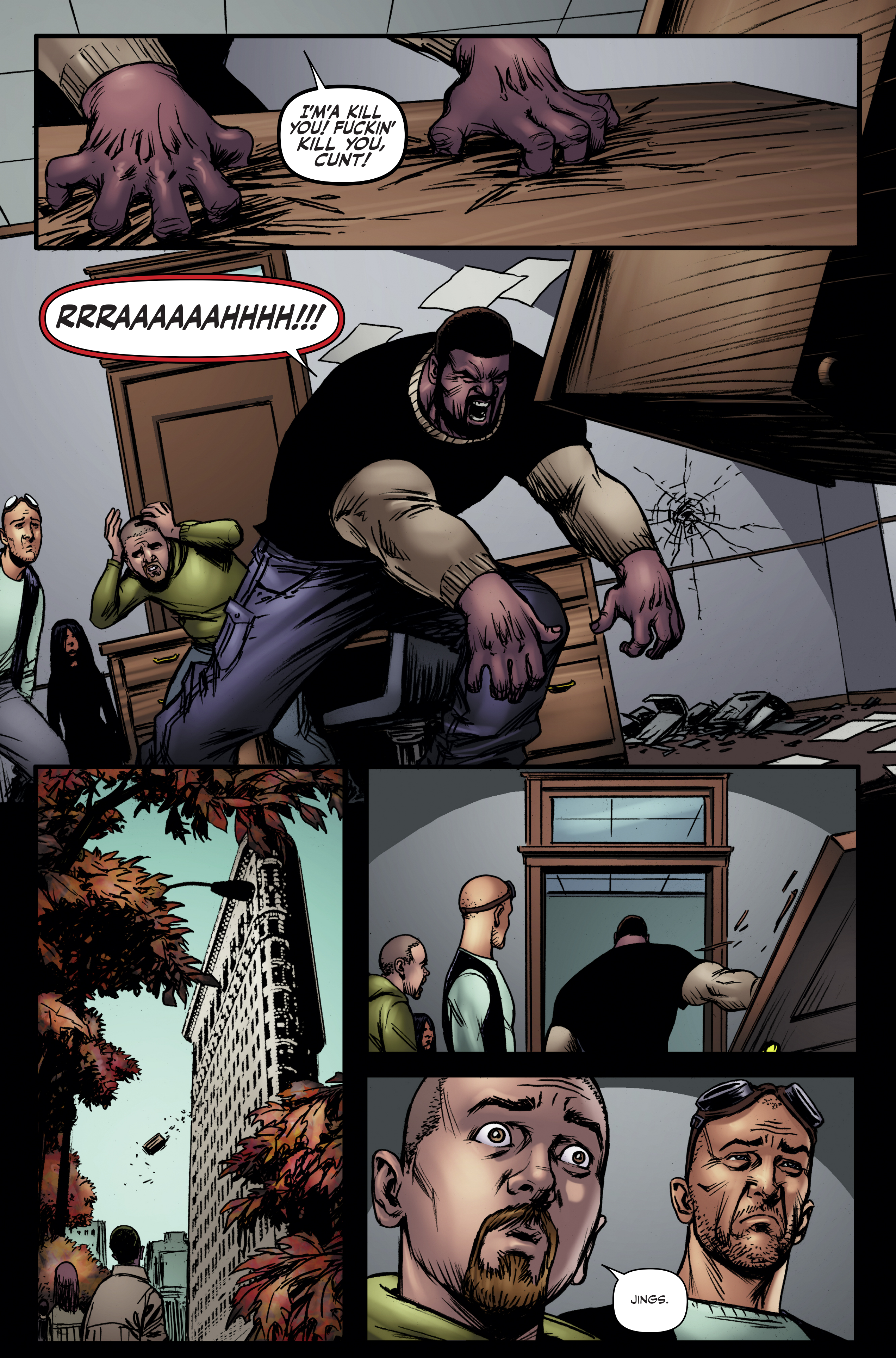

"THEY ONLY HAVE TO GET LUCKY ONCE, REMEMBER. IT DOES VERY LITTLE FOR YOUR PEACE OF MIND, KNOWING THAT THE MEN ASSIGNED TO WATCH YOUR BACK HAVE A VESTED INTEREST IN ***NOT*** TAKING A BULLET FOR THEIR PRESIDENT."

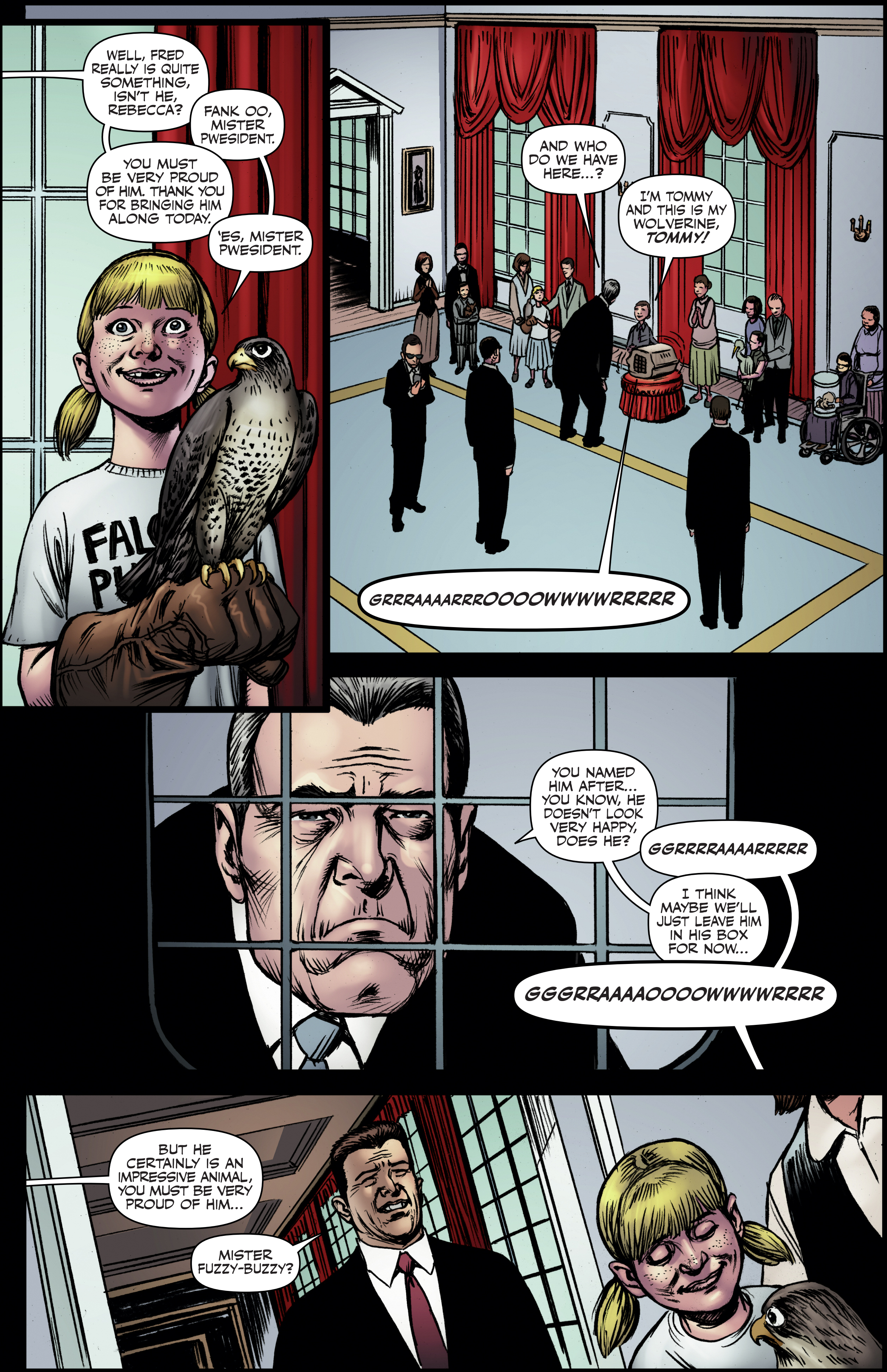

OR EVEN IN FIRING THE DAMN THING THEMSELVES...
THEY'D ***NEVER*** GO THAT FAR, MISTER PRESIDENT--!

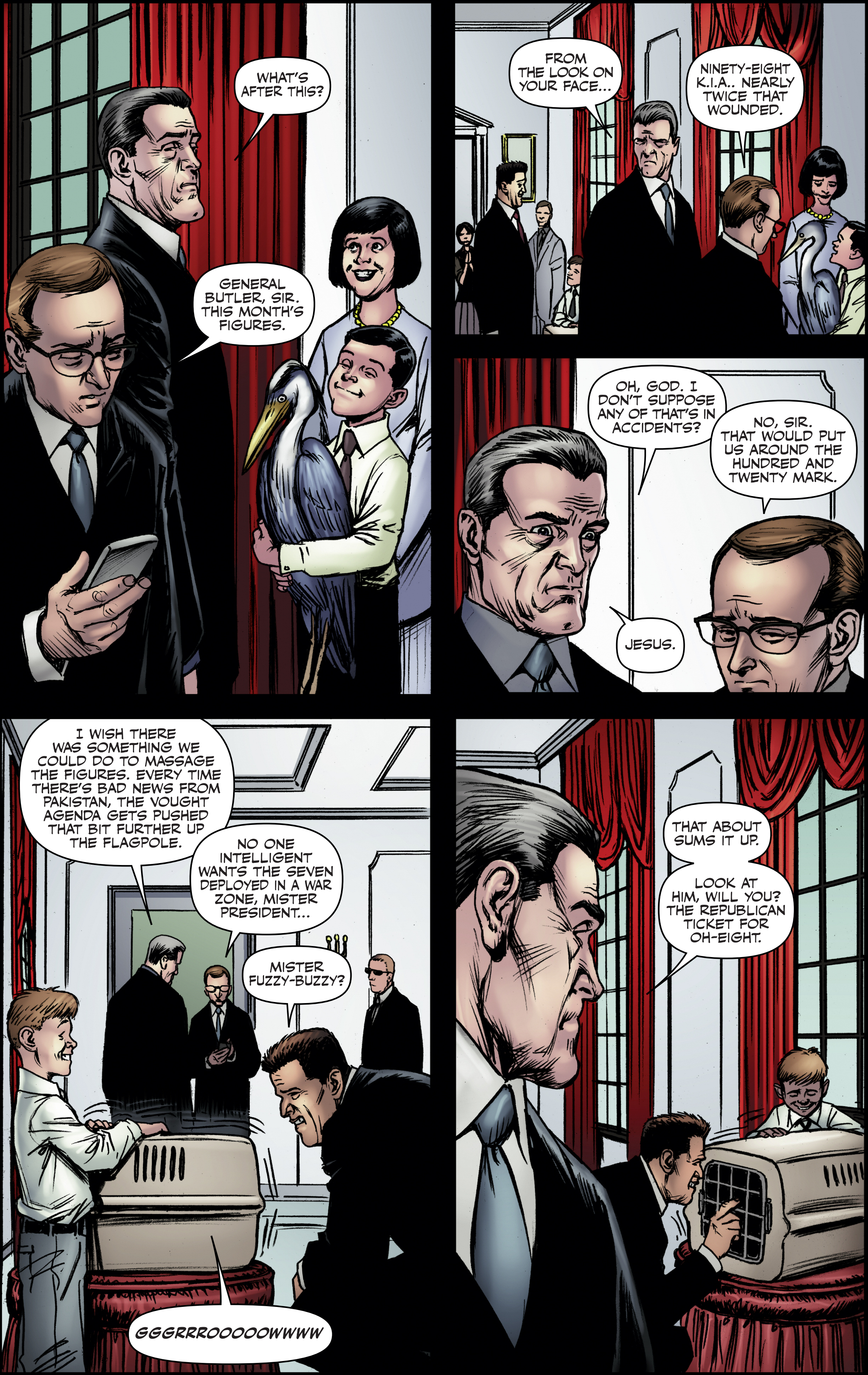

NO?
OH FOR CHRIST'S SAKE, ***YOU*** THROW THE STICK AND ***HE*** FETCHES IT! AT LEAST GET THAT MUCH RIGHT!

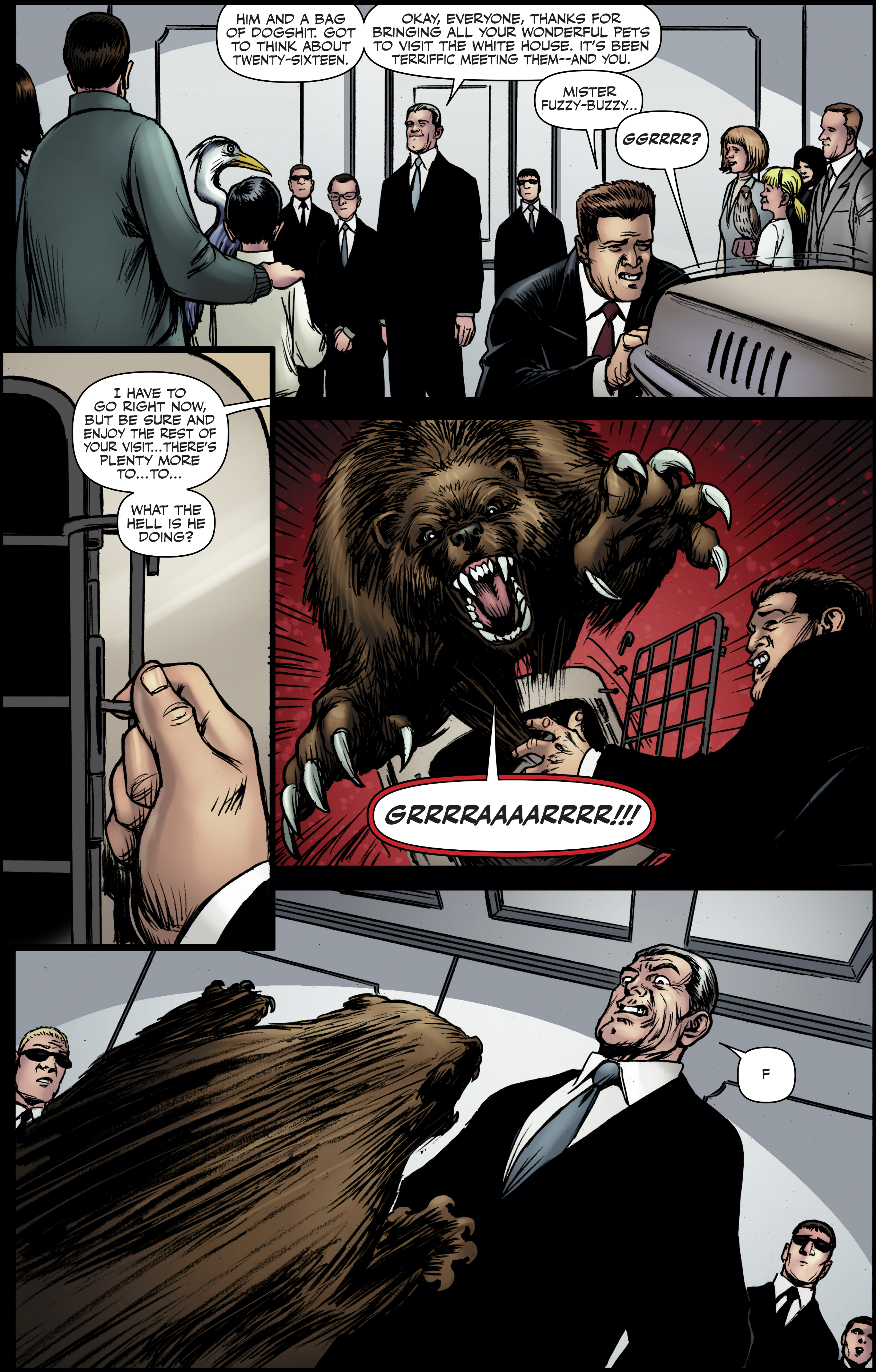

HHHH.
THEY CAN TRAIN HIM TO SPEAK, YOU'D THINK THEY COULD FIX THE REST OF HIM AT THE SAME TIME...

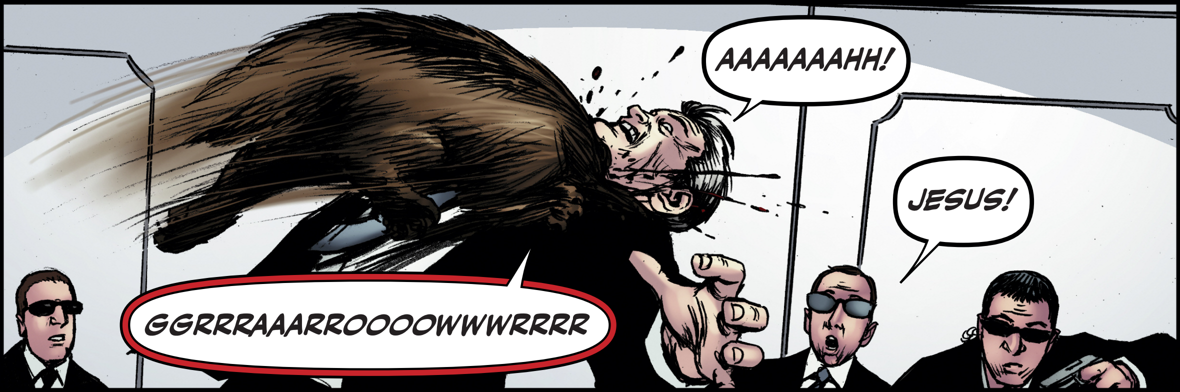

MUTHAFUCK!
GODDAMN FUCKIN' BITCH! FUCK!
LAIT DE LA MERE--!
FUCK! FUCK!
FUCKIN' WHORE!!

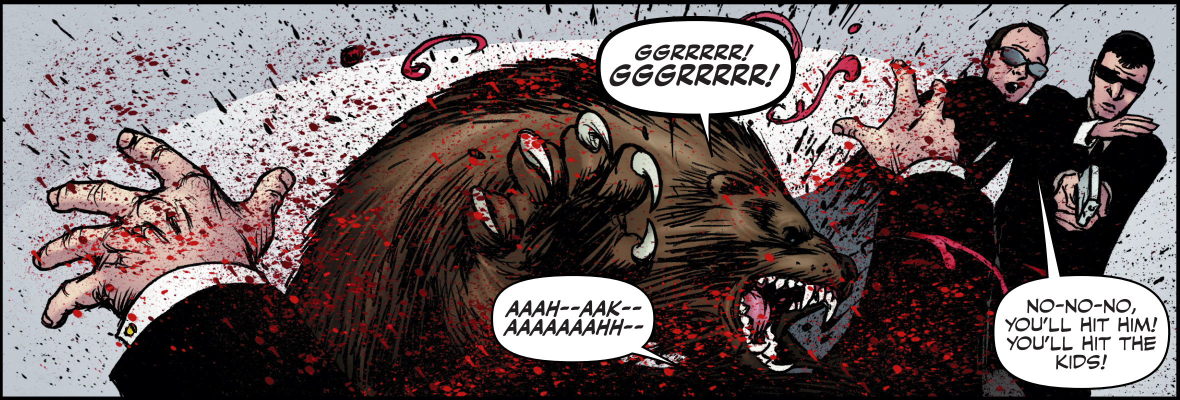

I'M'A KILL YOU! FUCKIN' KILL YOU, CUNT!
RRRAAAAAAHHHH!!!
JINGS.

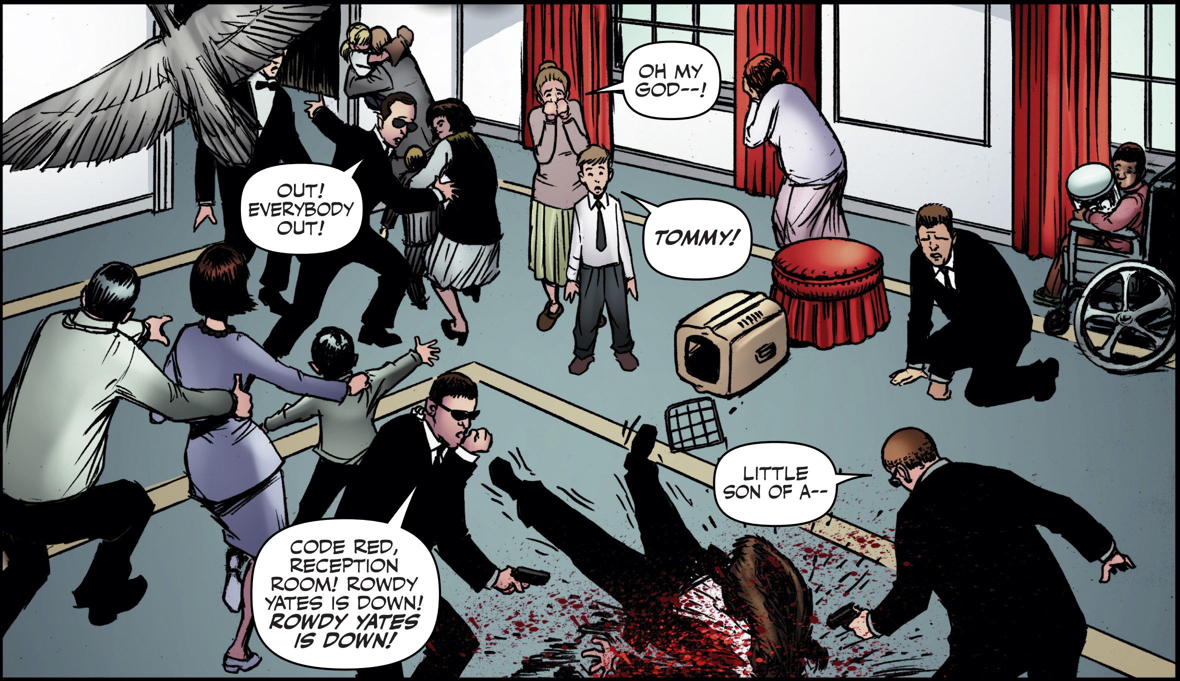

WELL, FRED REALLY IS QUITE SOMETHING, ISN'T HE, REBECCA?
FANK OO, MISTER PWESIDENT.
YOU MUST BE VERY PROUD OF HIM. THANK YOU FOR BRINGING HIM ALONG TODAY.
'ES, MISTER PWESIDENT.
FAL
PL
AND WHO DO WE HAVE HERE...?
I'M TOMMY AND THIS IS MY WOLVERINE, *TOMMY!*
GRRRAAAARRROOOOWWWWRRRRR
YOU NAMED HIM AFTER... YOU KNOW, HE DOESN'T LOOK VERY HAPPY, DOES HE?
GGRRRRAAAARRRRR
I THINK MAYBE WE'LL JUST LEAVE HIM IN HIS BOX FOR NOW...
GGGRRAAAAOOOOWWWWRRRR
BUT HE CERTAINLY IS AN IMPRESSIVE ANIMAL, YOU MUST BE VERY PROUD OF HIM...
MISTER FUZZY-BUZZY?

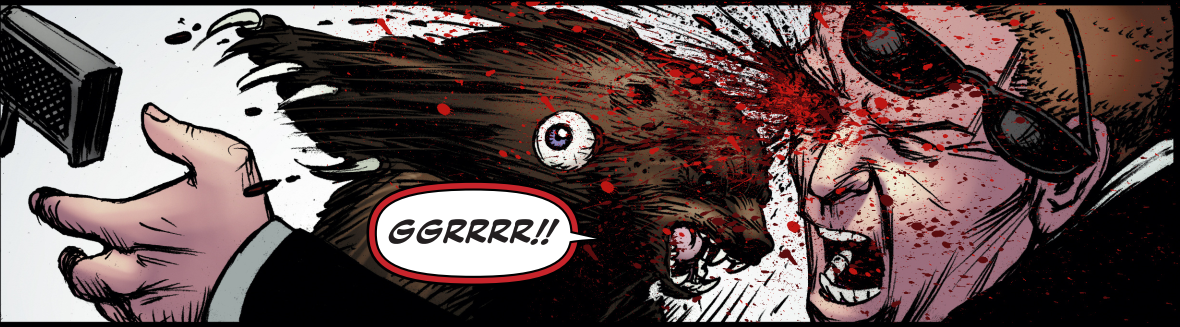

WHAT'S AFTER THIS?
GENERAL BUTLER, SIR. THIS MONTH'S FIGURES.
FROM THE LOOK ON YOUR FACE...
NINETY-EIGHT K.I.A.. NEARLY TWICE THAT WOUNDED.
OH, GOD. I DON'T SUPPOSE ANY OF THAT'S IN ACCIDENTS?
NO, SIR. THAT WOULD PUT US AROUND THE HUNDRED AND TWENTY MARK.
JESUS.
I WISH THERE WAS SOMETHING WE COULD DO TO MASSAGE THE FIGURES. EVERY TIME THERE'S BAD NEWS FROM PAKISTAN, THE VOUGHT AGENDA GETS PUSHED THAT BIT FURTHER UP THE FLAGPOLE.
NO ONE INTELLIGENT WANTS THE SEVEN DEPLOYED IN A WAR ZONE, MISTER PRESIDENT...
MISTER FUZZY-BUZZY?
GGGRRROOOOOWWWW
THAT ABOUT SUMS IT UP.
LOOK AT HIM, WILL YOU? THE REPUBLICAN TICKET FOR OH-EIGHT.

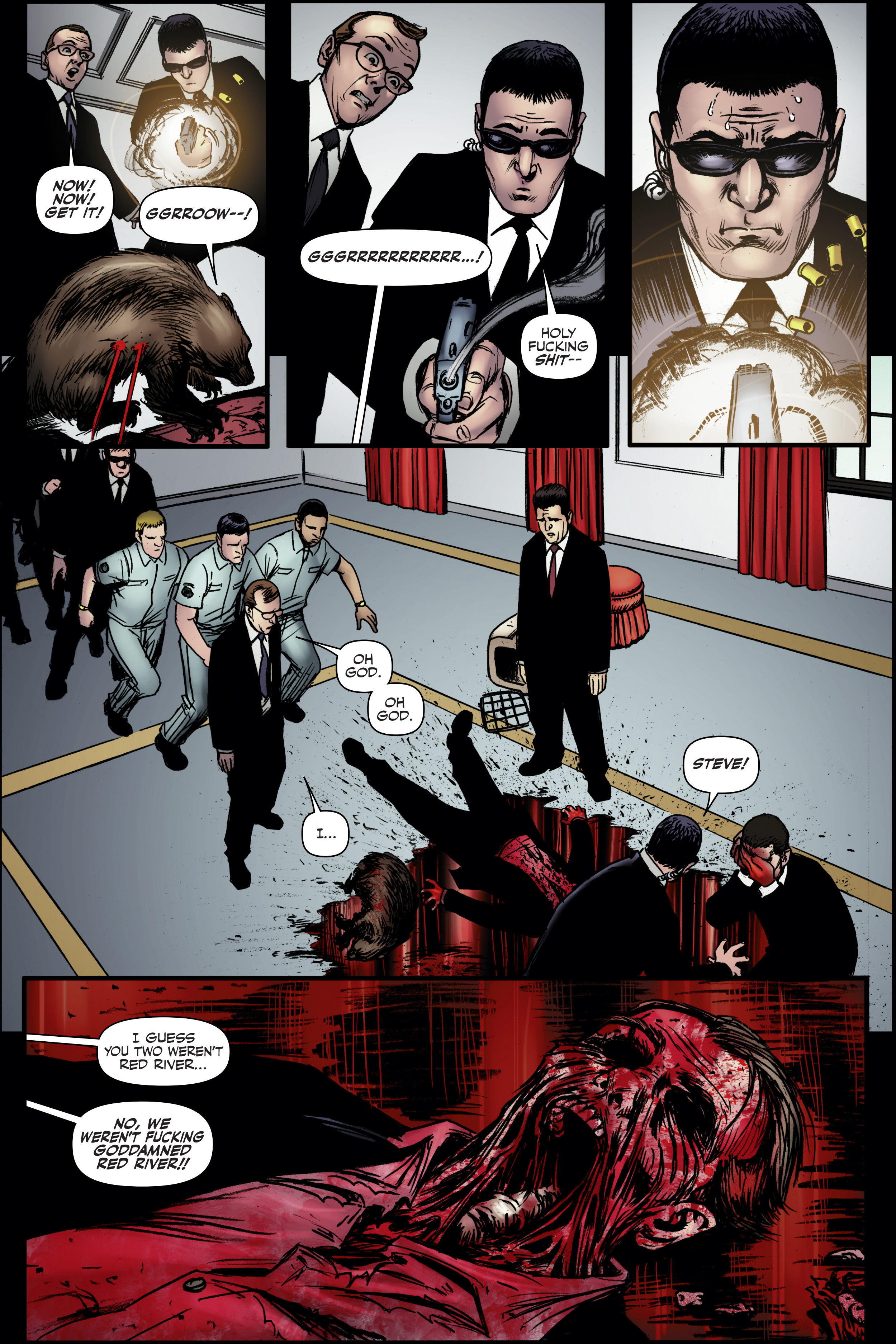

HIM AND A BAG OF DOGSHIT. GOT TO THINK ABOUT TWENTY-SIXTEEN.
OKAY, EVERYONE, THANKS FOR BRINGING ALL YOUR WONDERFUL PETS TO VISIT THE WHITE HOUSE. IT'S BEEN TERRIFFIC MEETING THEM--AND YOU.
MISTER FUZZY-BUZZY...
GGRRRR?
I HAVE TO GO RIGHT NOW, BUT BE SURE AND ENJOY THE REST OF YOUR VISIT...THERE'S PLENTY MORE TO...TO...
WHAT THE HELL IS HE DOING?
GRRRRAAAARRRR!!!
F

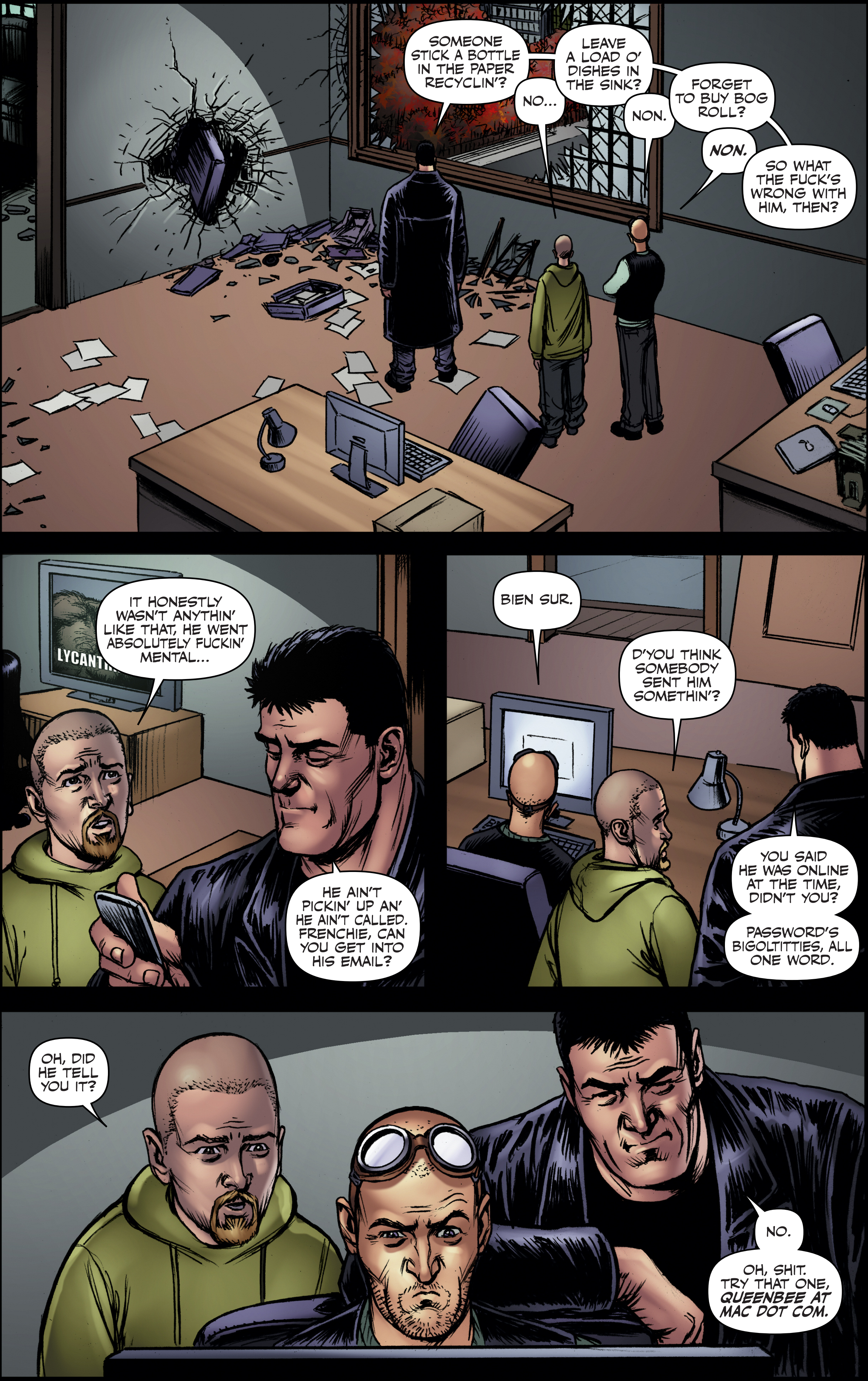

AAAAAAAHH!
GGRRRAAARROOOOWWRRRR
JESUS!

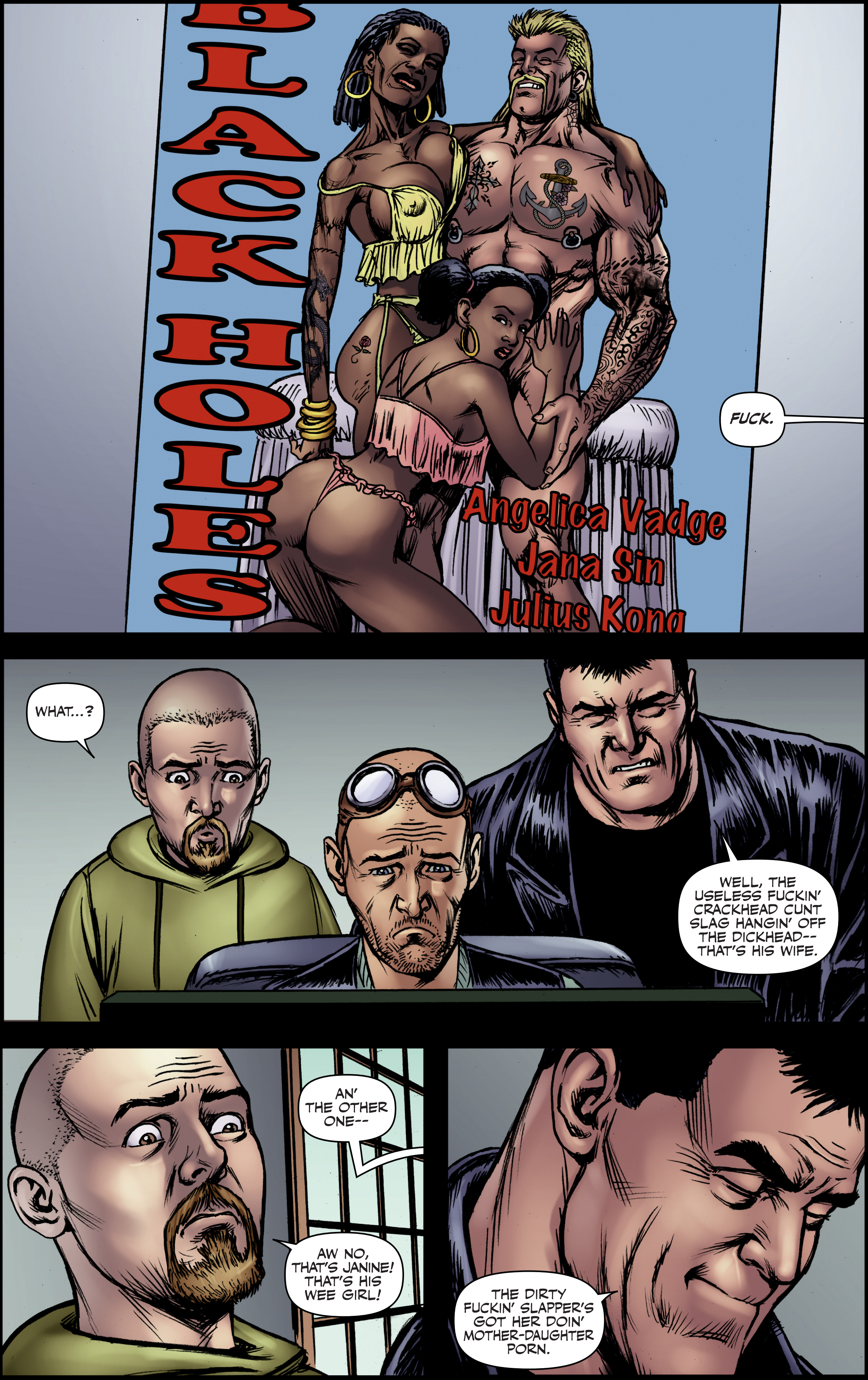

GGRRRRR! GGGRRRRR!
AAAH--AAK-- AAAAAAAHH--
NO-NO-NO, YOU'LL HIT HIM! YOU'LL HIT THE KIDS!

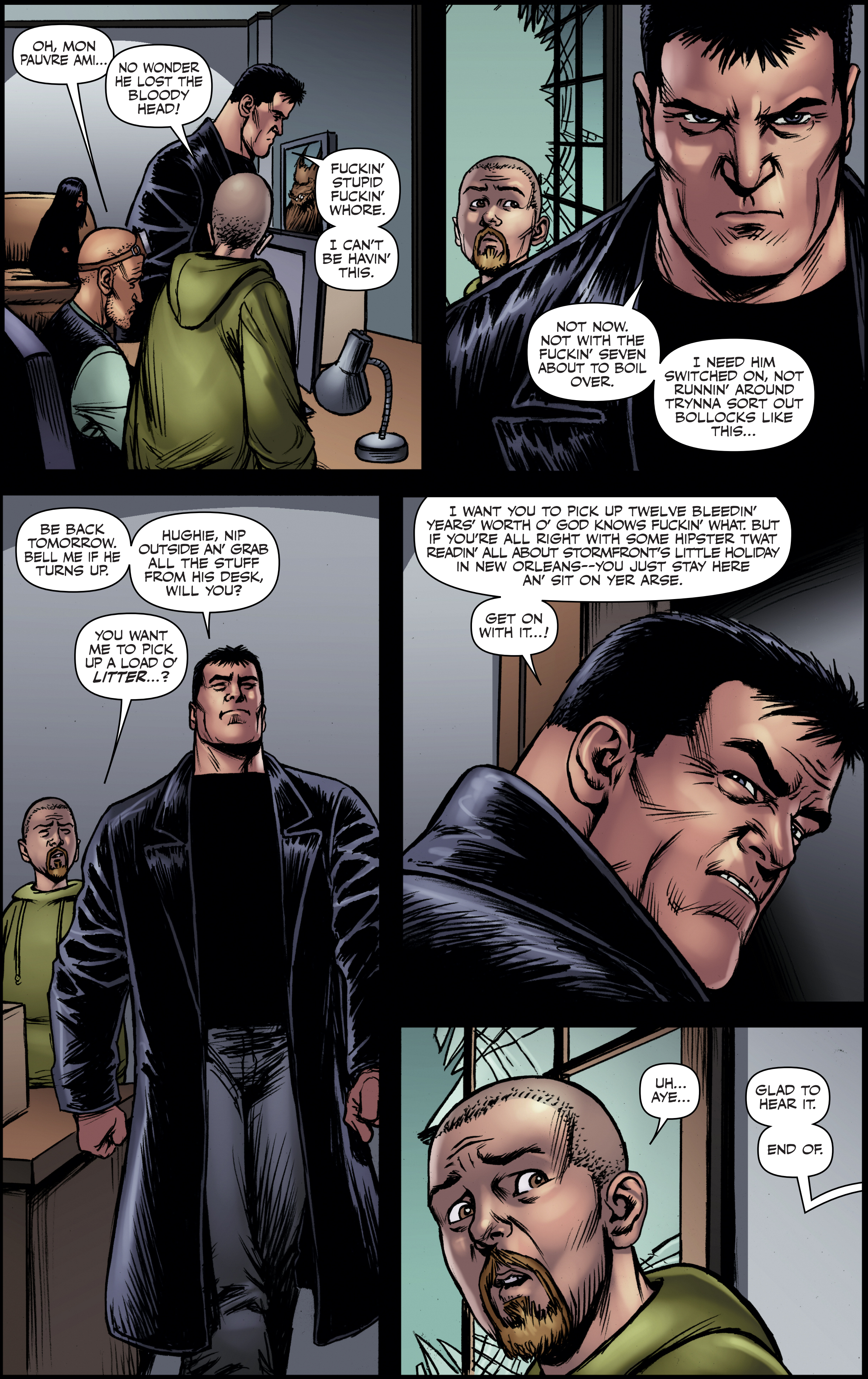

OH MY GOD--!
OUT! EVERYBODY OUT!
TOMMY!
LITTLE SON OF A--
CODE RED, RECEPTION ROOM! ROWDY YATES IS DOWN! ROWDY YATES IS DOWN!

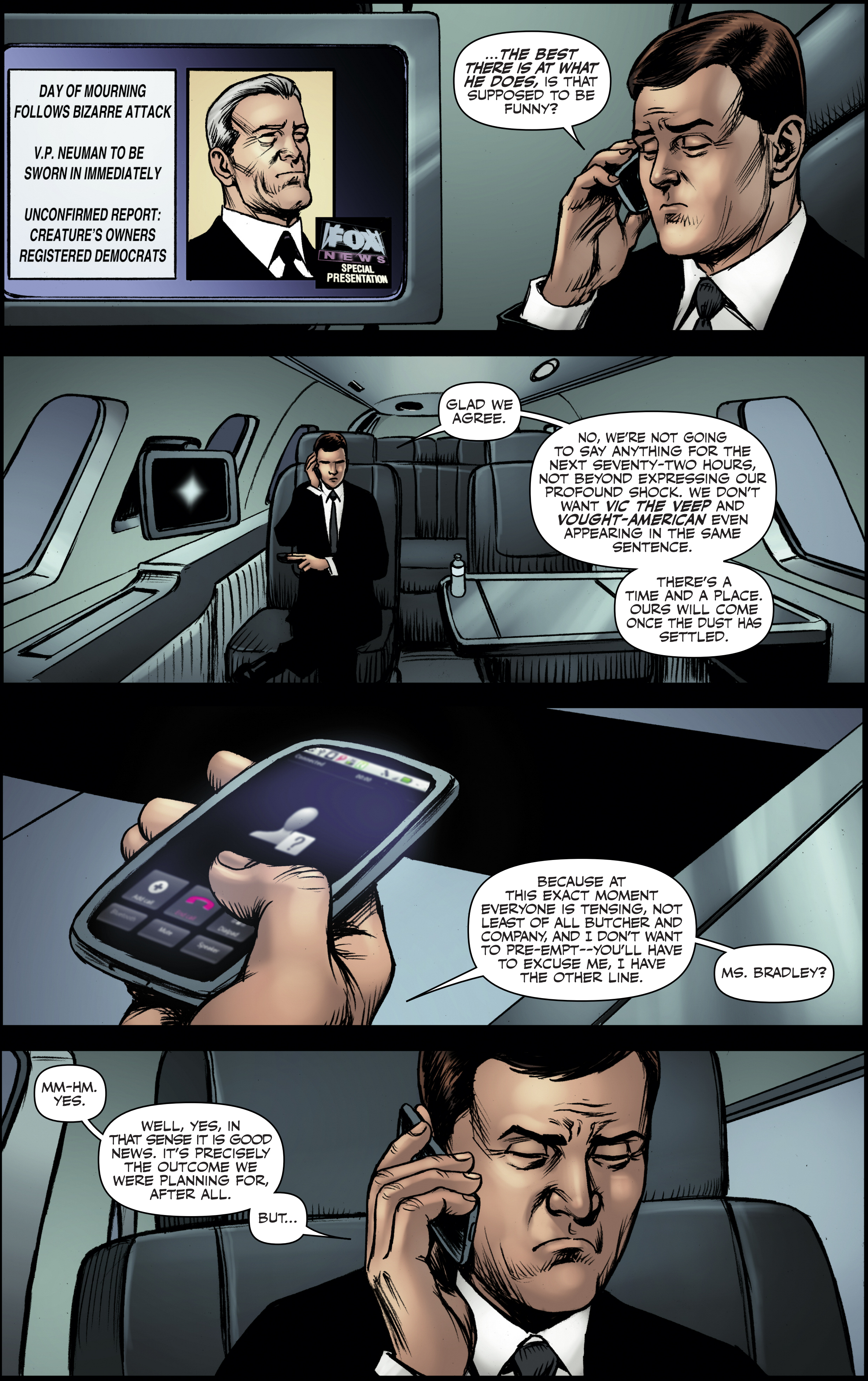

GGRRRR!!

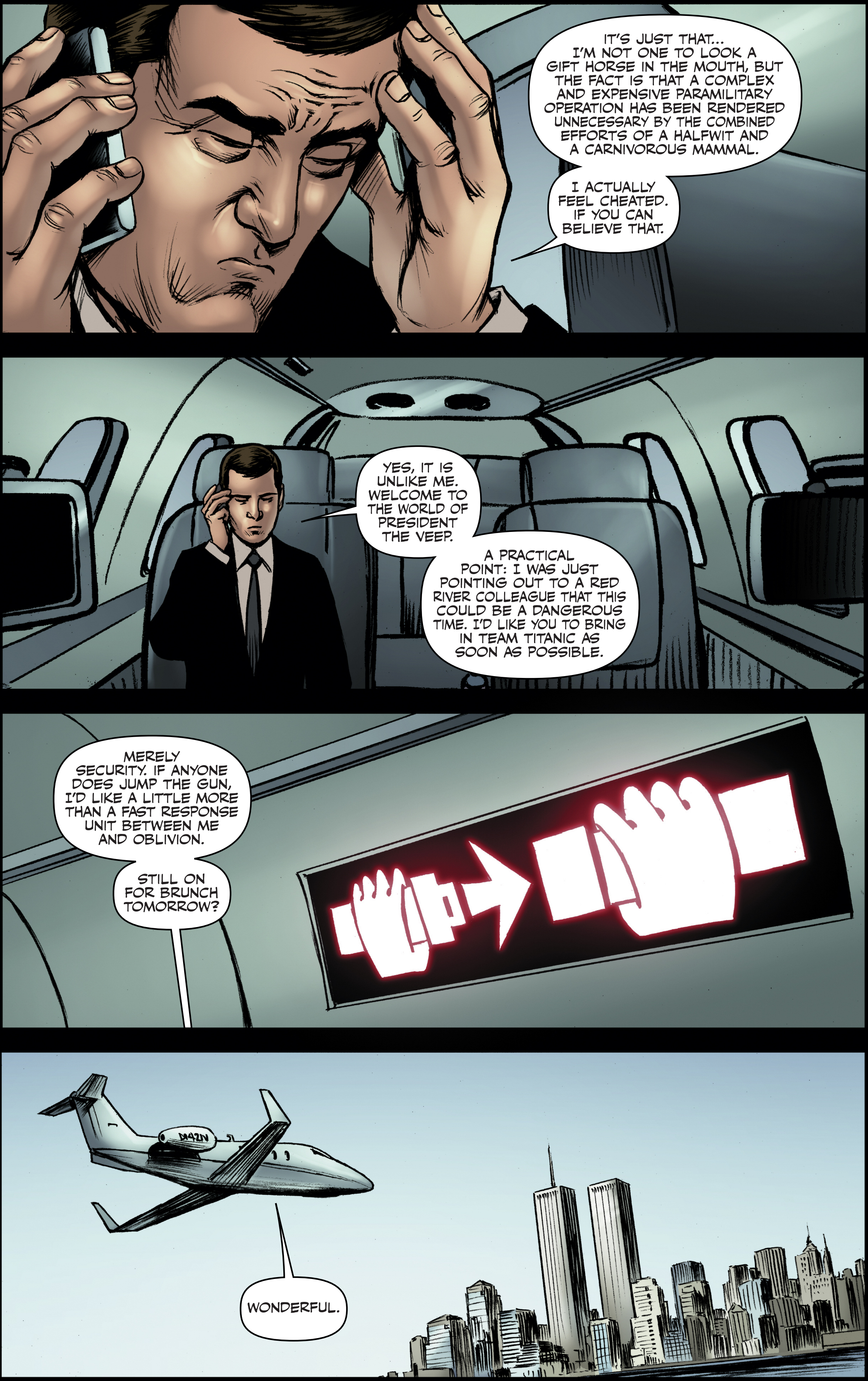

NOW! NOW! GET IT!
GGRROOW--!
GGGRRRRRRRRRRRR...!
HOLY FUCKING SHIT--
OH GOD.
OH GOD.
I...
STEVE!
I GUESS YOU TWO WEREN'T RED RIVER...
NO, WE WEREN'T FUCKING GODDAMNED RED RIVER!!

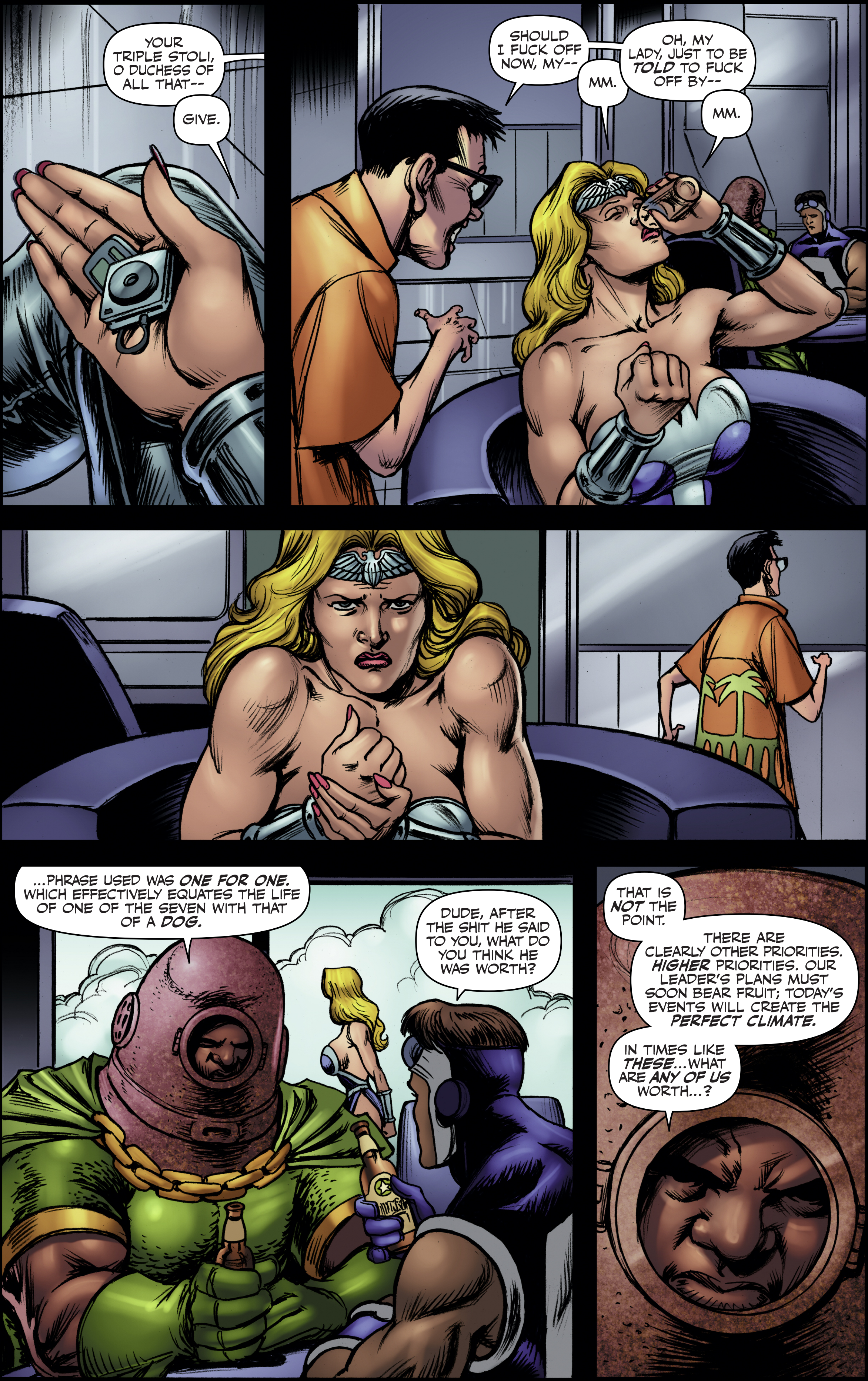

SOMEONE STICK A BOTTLE IN THE PAPER RECYCLIN'?
NO...
LEAVE A LOAD O' DISHES IN THE SINK?
NON.
FORGET TO BUY BOG ROLL?
NON.
SO WHAT THE FUCK'S WRONG WITH HIM, THEN?
LYCANT
IT HONESTLY WASN'T ANYTHIN' LIKE THAT, HE WENT ABSOLUTELY FUCKIN' MENTAL...
HE AIN'T PICKIN' UP AN' HE AIN'T CALLED. FRENCHIE, CAN YOU GET INTO HIS EMAIL?
BIEN SUR.
D'YOU THINK SOMEBODY SENT HIM SOMETHIN'?
YOU SAID HE WAS ONLINE AT THE TIME, DIDN'T YOU?
PASSWORD'S BIGOLTITTIES, ALL ONE WORD.
OH, DID HE TELL YOU IT?
NO.
OH, SHIT. TRY THAT ONE, *QUEENBEE AT MAC DOT COM.*

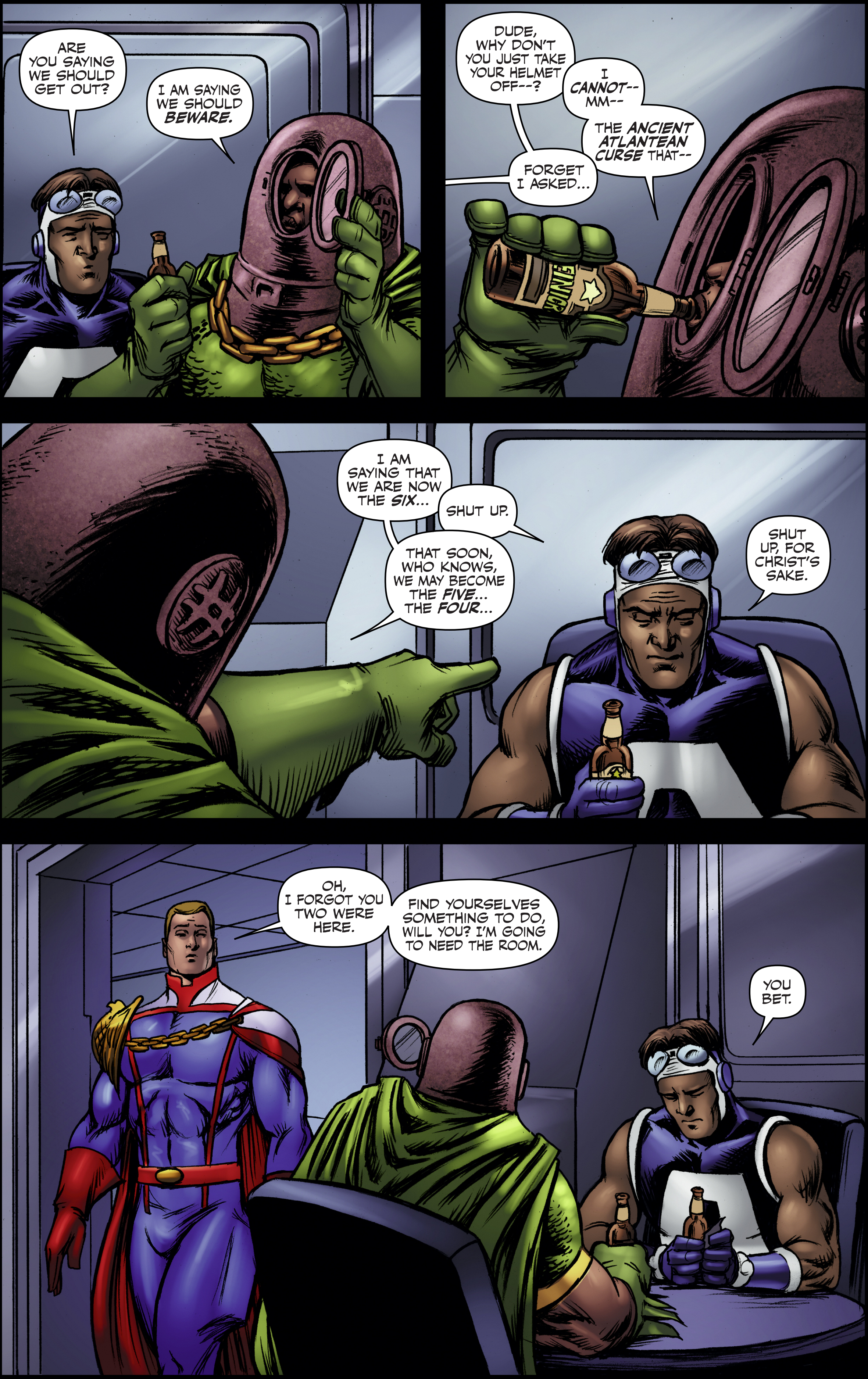

BLACK HOLES
Angelica Vadge
Jana Sin
Julius Kong
FUCK.
WHAT...?
WELL, THE USELESS FUCKIN' CRACKHEAD CUNT SLAG HANGIN' OFF THE DICKHEAD-- THAT'S HIS WIFE.
AN' THE OTHER ONE--
AW NO, THAT'S JANINE! THAT'S HIS WEE GIRL!
THE DIRTY FUCKIN' SLAPPER'S GOT HER DOIN' MOTHER-DAUGHTER PORN.

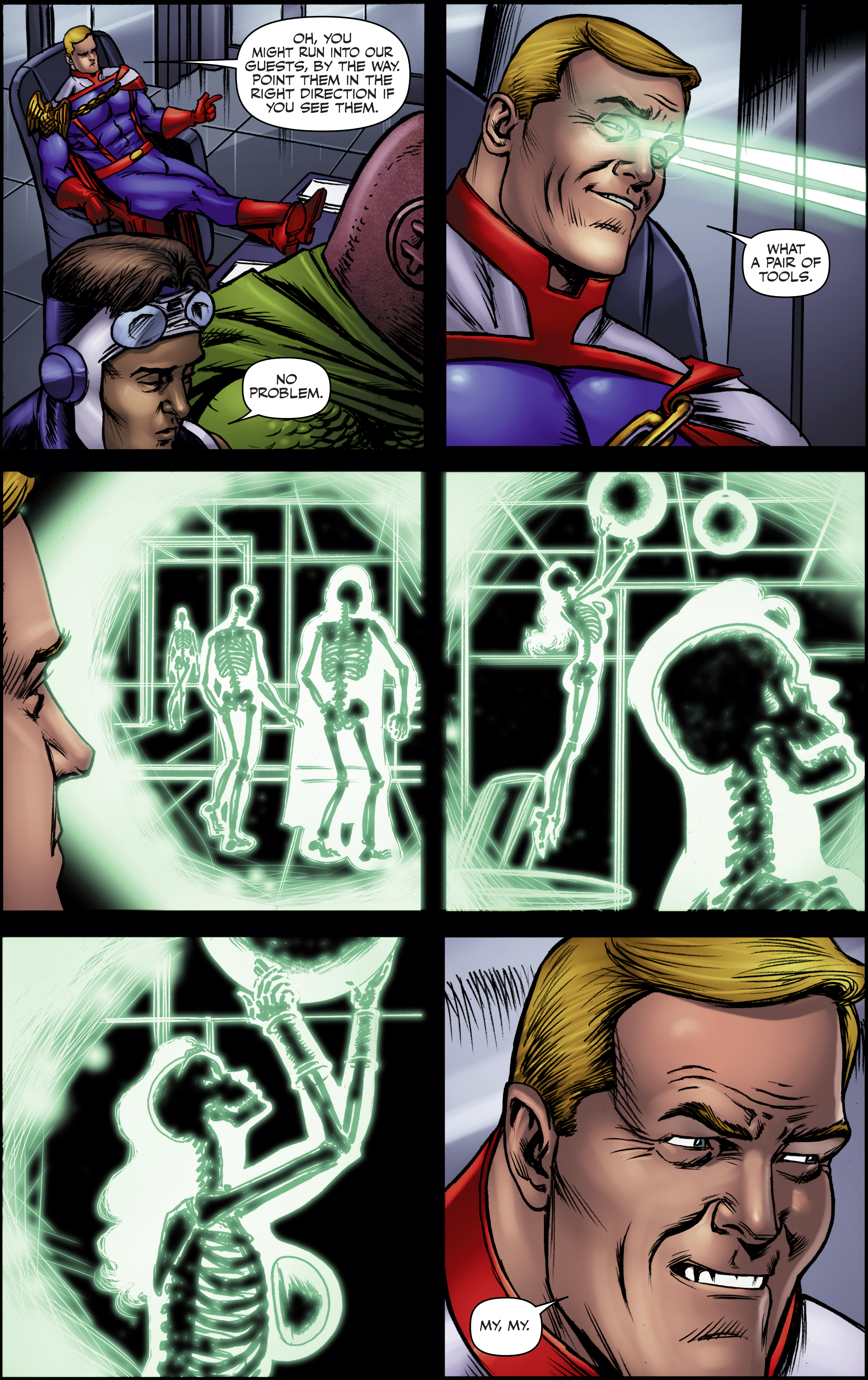

OH, MON PAUVRE AMI...
NO WONDER HE LOST THE BLOODY HEAD!
FUCKIN' STUPID FUCKIN' WHORE.
I CAN'T BE HAVIN' THIS.
NOT NOW. NOT WITH THE FUCKIN' SEVEN ABOUT TO BOIL OVER.
I NEED HIM SWITCHED ON, NOT RUNNIN' AROUND TRYNNA SORT OUT BOLLOCKS LIKE THIS...
BE BACK TOMORROW. BELL ME IF HE TURNS UP.
HUGHIE, NIP OUTSIDE AN' GRAB ALL THE STUFF FROM HIS DESK, WILL YOU?
YOU WANT ME TO PICK UP A LOAD O' *LITTER*...?
I WANT YOU TO PICK UP TWELVE BLEEDIN' YEARS' WORTH O' GOD KNOWS FUCKIN' WHAT. BUT IF YOU'RE ALL RIGHT WITH SOME HIPSTER TWAT READIN' ALL ABOUT STORMFRONT'S LITTLE HOLIDAY IN NEW ORLEANS--YOU JUST STAY HERE AN' SIT ON YER ARSE.
GET ON WITH IT...!
UH... AYE...
GLAD TO HEAR IT.
END OF.

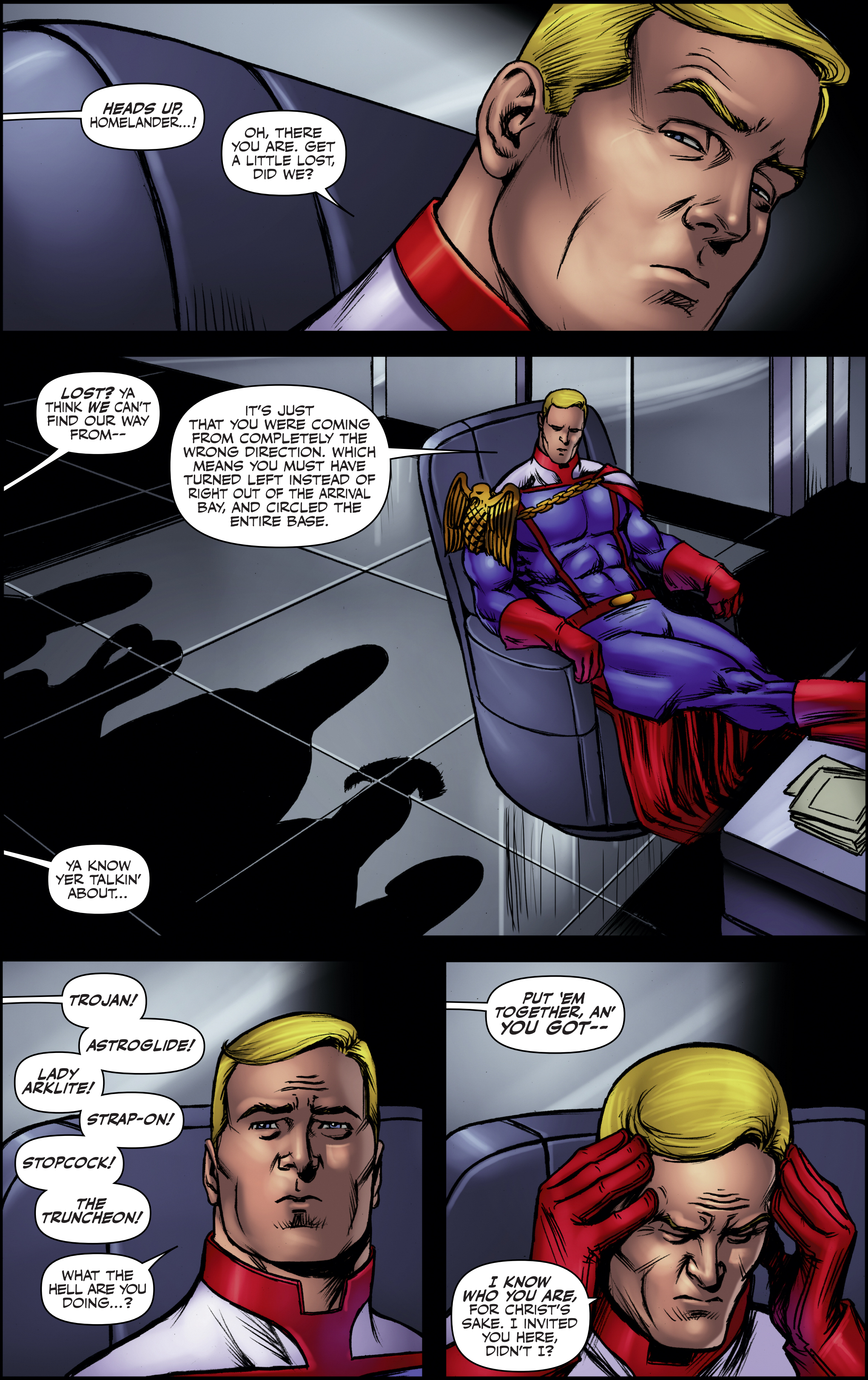

DAY OF MOURNING FOLLOWS BIZARRE ATTACK
V.P. NEUMAN TO BE SWORN IN IMMEDIATELY
UNCONFIRMED REPORT: CREATURE'S OWNERS REGISTERED DEMOCRATS
FOX NEWS SPECIAL PRESENTATION
...*THE BEST THERE IS AT WHAT HE DOES,* IS THAT SUPPOSED TO BE FUNNY?
GLAD WE AGREE.
NO, WE'RE NOT GOING TO SAY ANYTHING FOR THE NEXT SEVENTY-TWO HOURS, NOT BEYOND EXPRESSING OUR PROFOUND SHOCK. WE DON'T WANT *VIC THE VEEP* AND *VOUGHT-AMERICAN* EVEN APPEARING IN THE SAME SENTENCE.
THERE'S A TIME AND A PLACE. OURS WILL COME ONCE THE DUST HAS SETTLED.
BECAUSE AT THIS EXACT MOMENT EVERYONE IS TENSING, NOT LEAST OF ALL BUTCHER AND COMPANY, AND I DON'T WANT TO PRE-EMPT--YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE ME, I HAVE THE OTHER LINE.
MS. BRADLEY?
MM-HM. YES.
WELL, YES, IN THAT SENSE IT IS GOOD NEWS. IT'S PRECISELY THE OUTCOME WE WERE PLANNING FOR, AFTER ALL.
BUT...

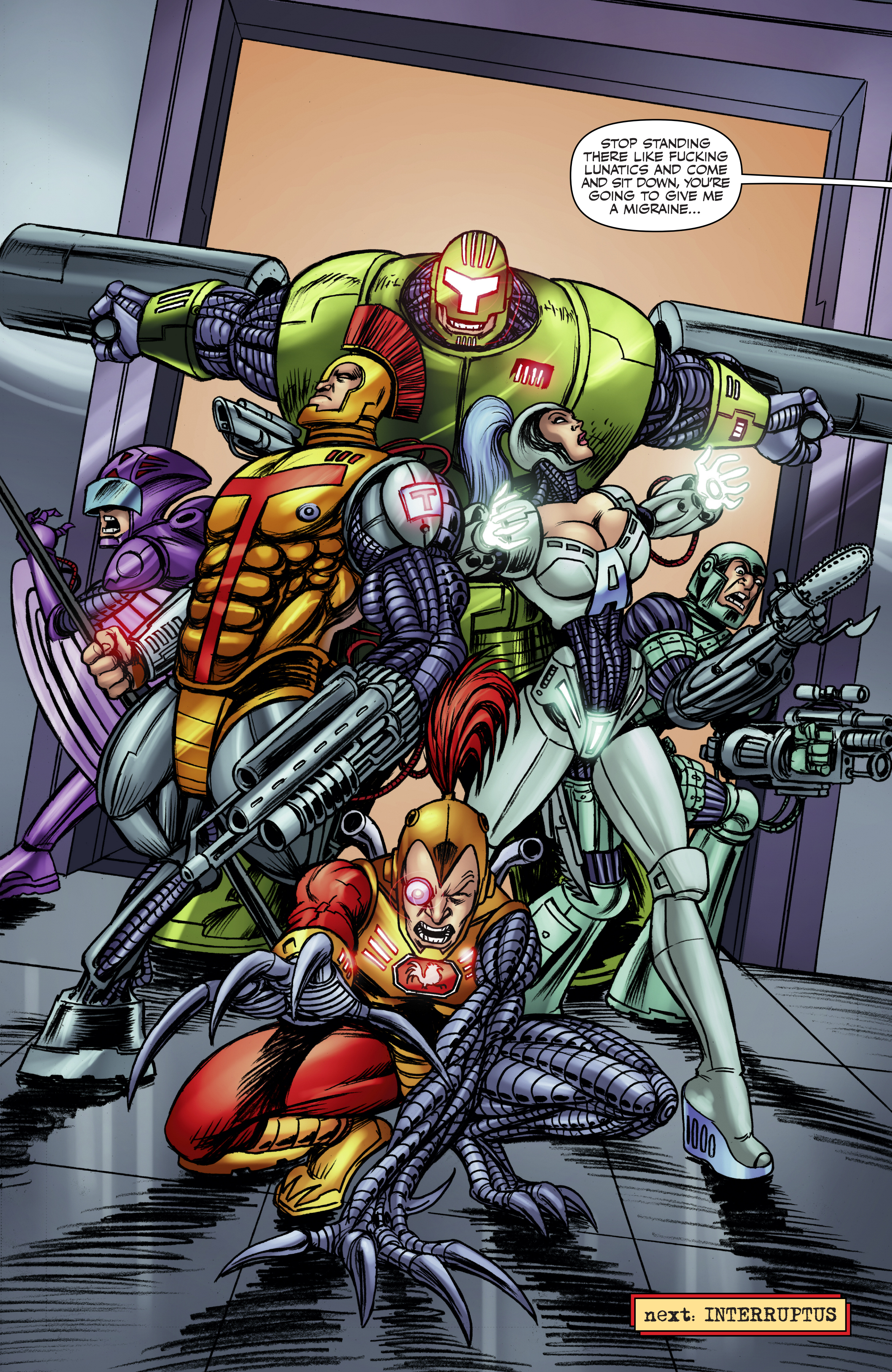

IT'S JUST THAT... I'M NOT ONE TO LOOK A GIFT HORSE IN THE MOUTH, BUT THE FACT IS THAT A COMPLEX AND EXPENSIVE PARAMILITARY OPERATION HAS BEEN RENDERED UNNECESSARY BY THE COMBINED EFFORTS OF A HALFWIT AND A CARNIVOROUS MAMMAL.
I ACTUALLY FEEL CHEATED. IF YOU CAN BELIEVE THAT.
YES, IT IS UNLIKE ME. WELCOME TO THE WORLD OF PRESIDENT THE VEEP.
A PRACTICAL POINT: I WAS JUST POINTING OUT TO A RED RIVER COLLEAGUE THAT THIS COULD BE A DANGEROUS TIME. I'D LIKE YOU TO BRING IN TEAM TITANIC AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.
MERELY SECURITY. IF ANYONE DOES JUMP THE GUN, I'D LIKE A LITTLE MORE THAN A FAST RESPONSE UNIT BETWEEN ME AND OBLIVION.
STILL ON FOR BRUNCH TOMORROW?
WONDERFUL.

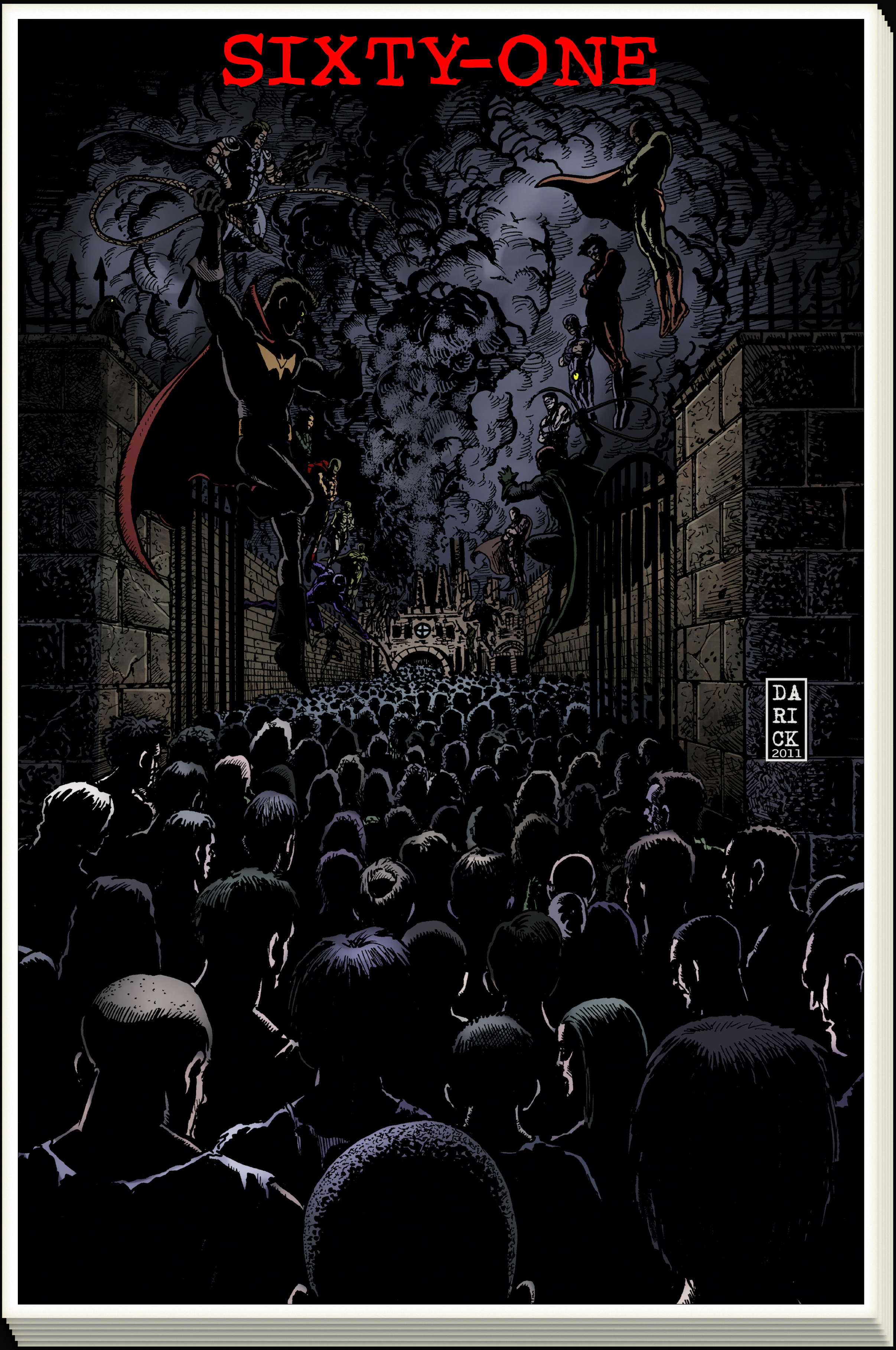

YOUR TRIPLE STOLI, O DUCHESS OF ALL THAT--
GIVE.
SHOULD I FUCK OFF NOW, MY--
MM.
OH, MY LADY, JUST TO BE *TOLD* TO FUCK OFF BY--
MM.
...PHRASE USED WAS *ONE FOR ONE.* WHICH EFFECTIVELY EQUATES THE LIFE OF ONE OF THE SEVEN WITH THAT OF A *DOG.*
DUDE, AFTER THE SHIT HE SAID TO YOU, WHAT DO YOU THINK HE WAS WORTH?
THAT IS *NOT* THE POINT.
THERE ARE CLEARLY OTHER PRIORITIES. *HIGHER* PRIORITIES. OUR LEADER'S PLANS MUST SOON BEAR FRUIT; TODAY'S EVENTS WILL CREATE THE *PERFECT CLIMATE.*
IN TIMES LIKE *THESE*...WHAT ARE *ANY OF US* WORTH...?


ARE YOU SAYING WE SHOULD GET OUT?
I AM SAYING WE SHOULD *BEWARE.*
DUDE, WHY DON'T YOU JUST TAKE YOUR HELMET OFF--?
I *CANNOT*-- MM--
THE *ANCIENT ATLANTEAN CURSE* THAT--
FORGET I ASKED...
I AM SAYING THAT WE ARE NOW THE *SIX*...
SHUT UP.
THAT SOON, WHO KNOWS, WE MAY BECOME THE *FIVE*... THE *FOUR*...
SHUT UP, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE.
OH, I FORGOT YOU TWO WERE HERE.
FIND YOURSELVES SOMETHING TO DO, WILL YOU? I'M GOING TO NEED THE ROOM.
YOU BET.


OH, YOU MIGHT RUN INTO OUR GUESTS, BY THE WAY. POINT THEM IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION IF YOU SEE THEM.
NO PROBLEM.
WHAT A PAIR OF TOOLS.
MY, MY.


HEADS UP, HOMELANDER...!
OH, THERE YOU ARE. GET A LITTLE LOST, DID WE?
LOST? YA THINK *WE* CAN'T FIND OUR WAY FROM--
IT'S JUST THAT YOU WERE COMING FROM COMPLETELY THE WRONG DIRECTION. WHICH MEANS YOU MUST HAVE TURNED LEFT INSTEAD OF RIGHT OUT OF THE ARRIVAL BAY, AND CIRCLED THE ENTIRE BASE.
YA KNOW YER TALKIN' ABOUT...
TROJAN!
ASTROGLIDE!
LADY ARKLITE!
STRAP-ON!
STOPCOCK!
THE TRUNCHEON!
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING...?
PUT 'EM TOGETHER, AN' YOU GOT--
I KNOW WHO YOU ARE, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE. I INVITED YOU HERE, DIDN'T I?


STOP STANDING THERE LIKE FUCKING LUNATICS AND COME AND SIT DOWN, YOU'RE GOING TO GIVE ME A MIGRAINE...
next: INTERRUPTUS


SIXTY-ONE
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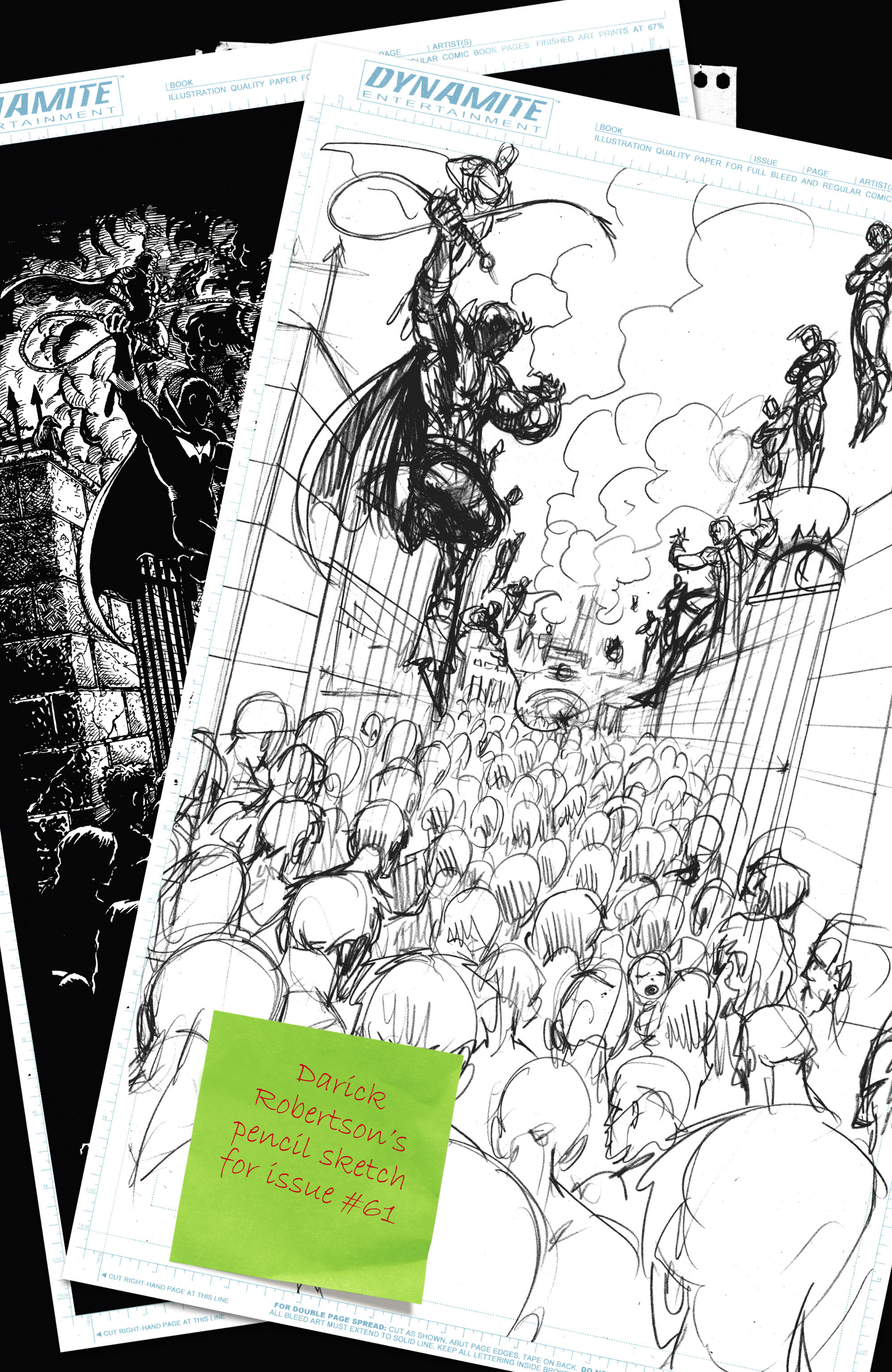
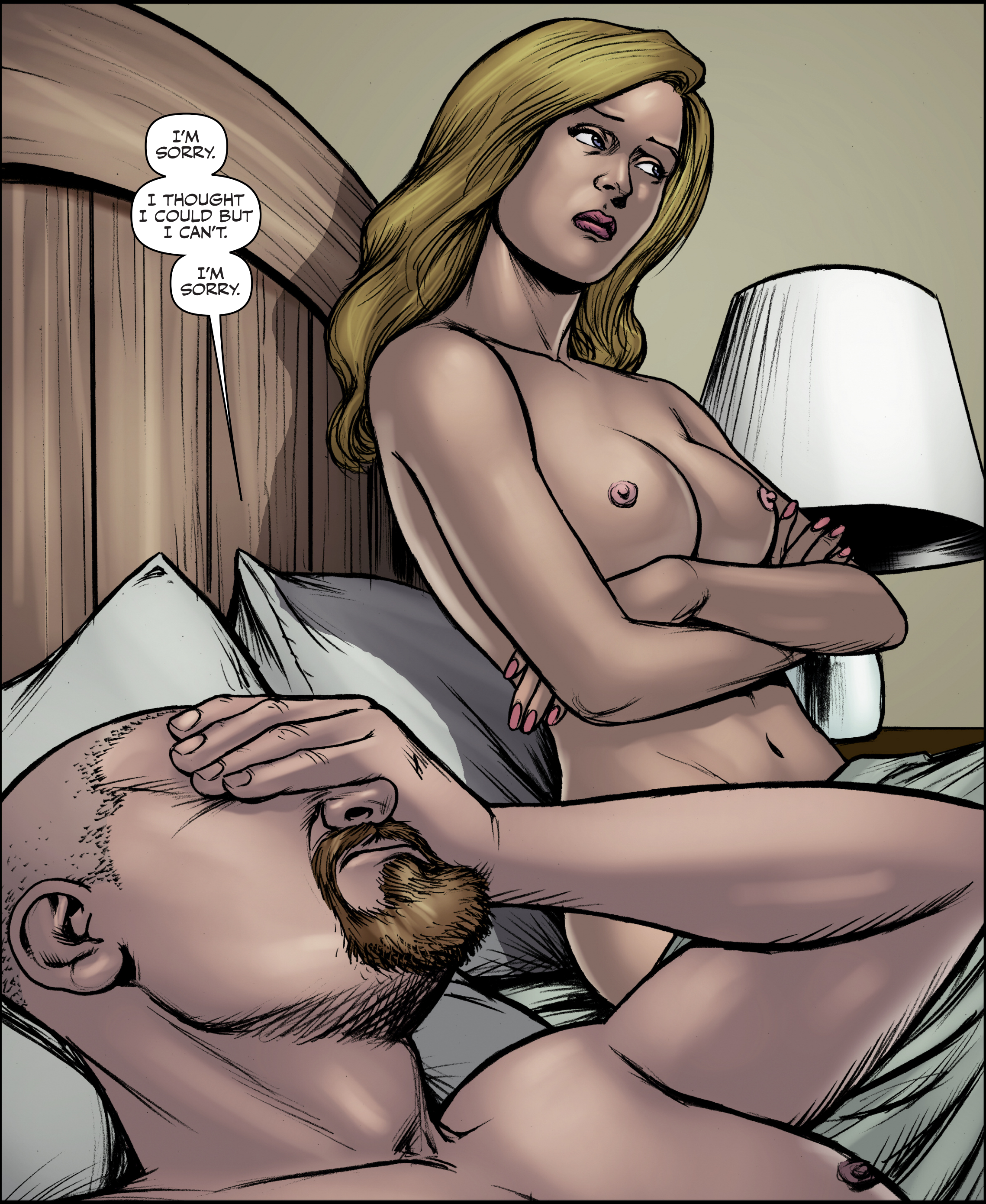
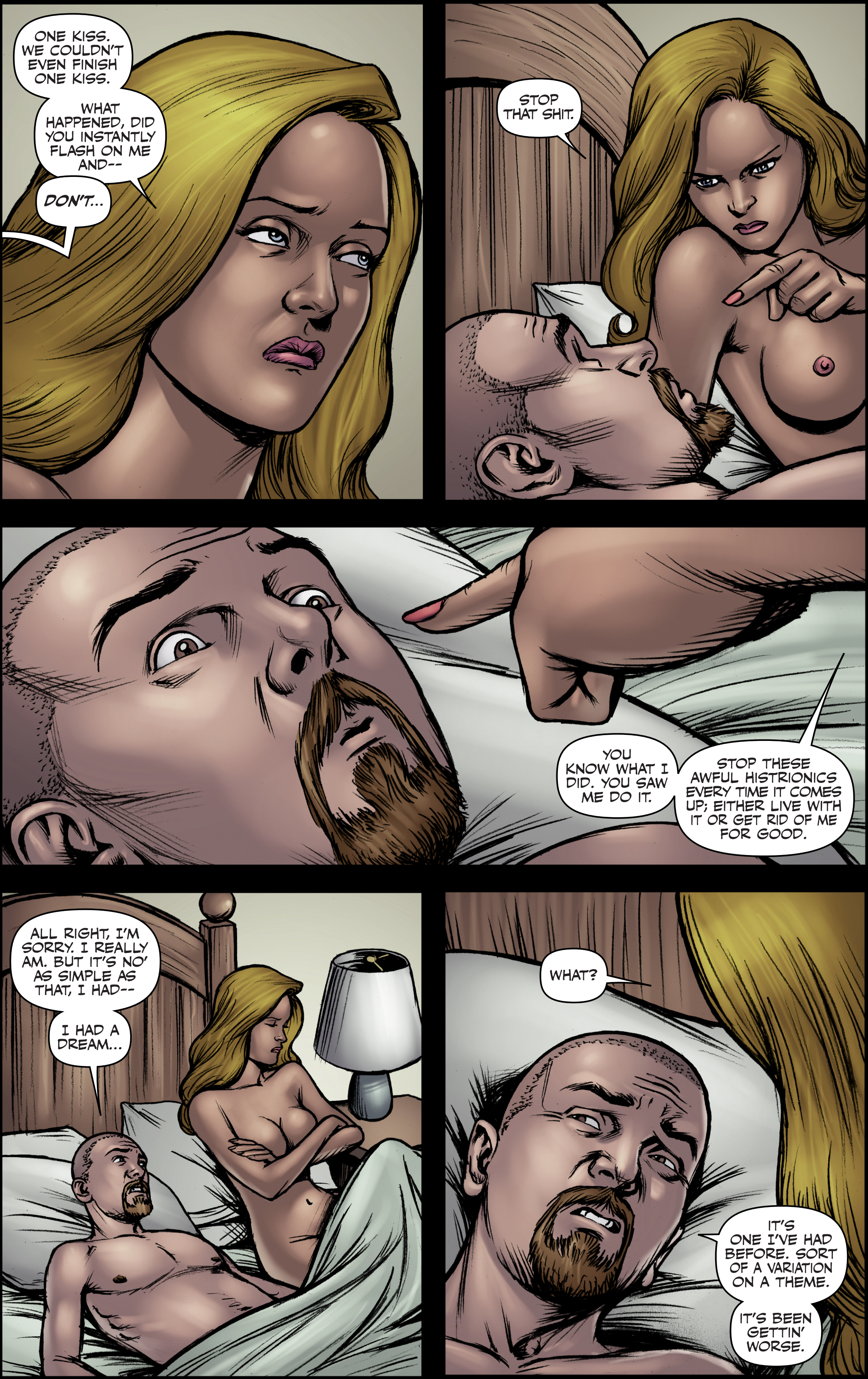

DYNAMITE ENTERTAINMENT
BOOK
ISSUE
PAGE
ARTIST(S)
ILLUSTRATION QUALITY PAPER FOR FULL BLEED AND REGULAR COMIC BOOK PAGES. FINISHED ART PRINTS AT 67%
CUT RIGHT-HAND PAGE AT THIS LINE
FOR DOUBLE PAGE SPREAD: CUT AS SHOWN, ABUT PAGE EDGES, TAPE ON BACK.
ALL BLEED ART MUST EXTEND TO SOLID LINE. KEEP ALL LETTERING INSIDE BROKEN LINE.

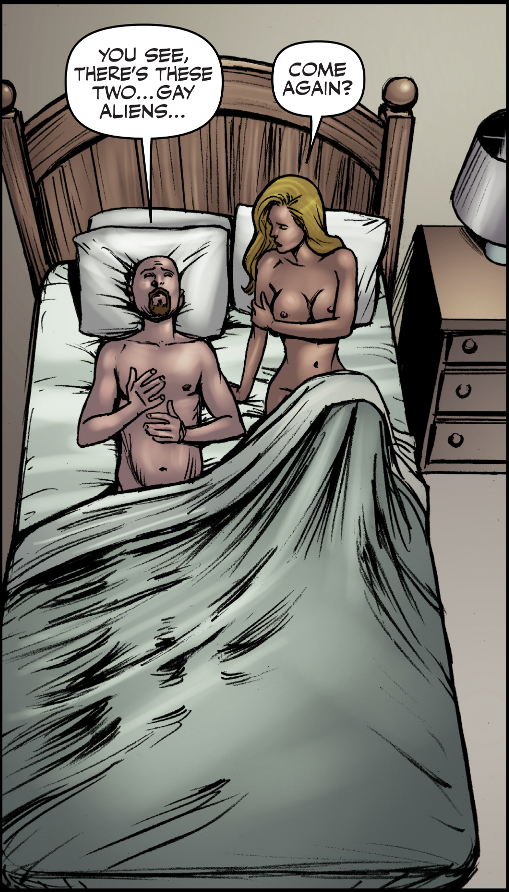
Darick Robertson's pencil sketch for issue #61

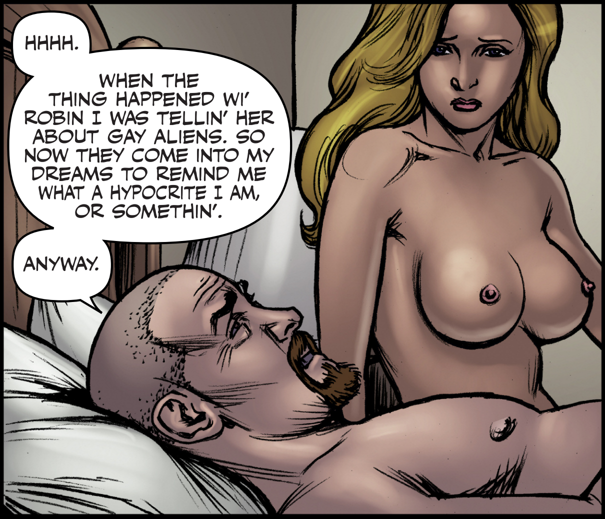

I'M SORRY.
I THOUGHT I COULD BUT I CAN'T.
I'M SORRY.

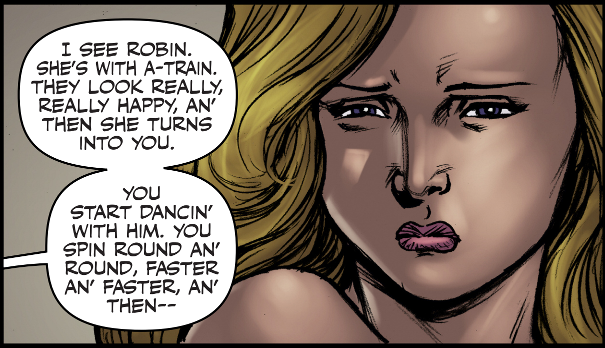
OVER THE HILL WITH THE SWORDS OF A THOUSAND MEN

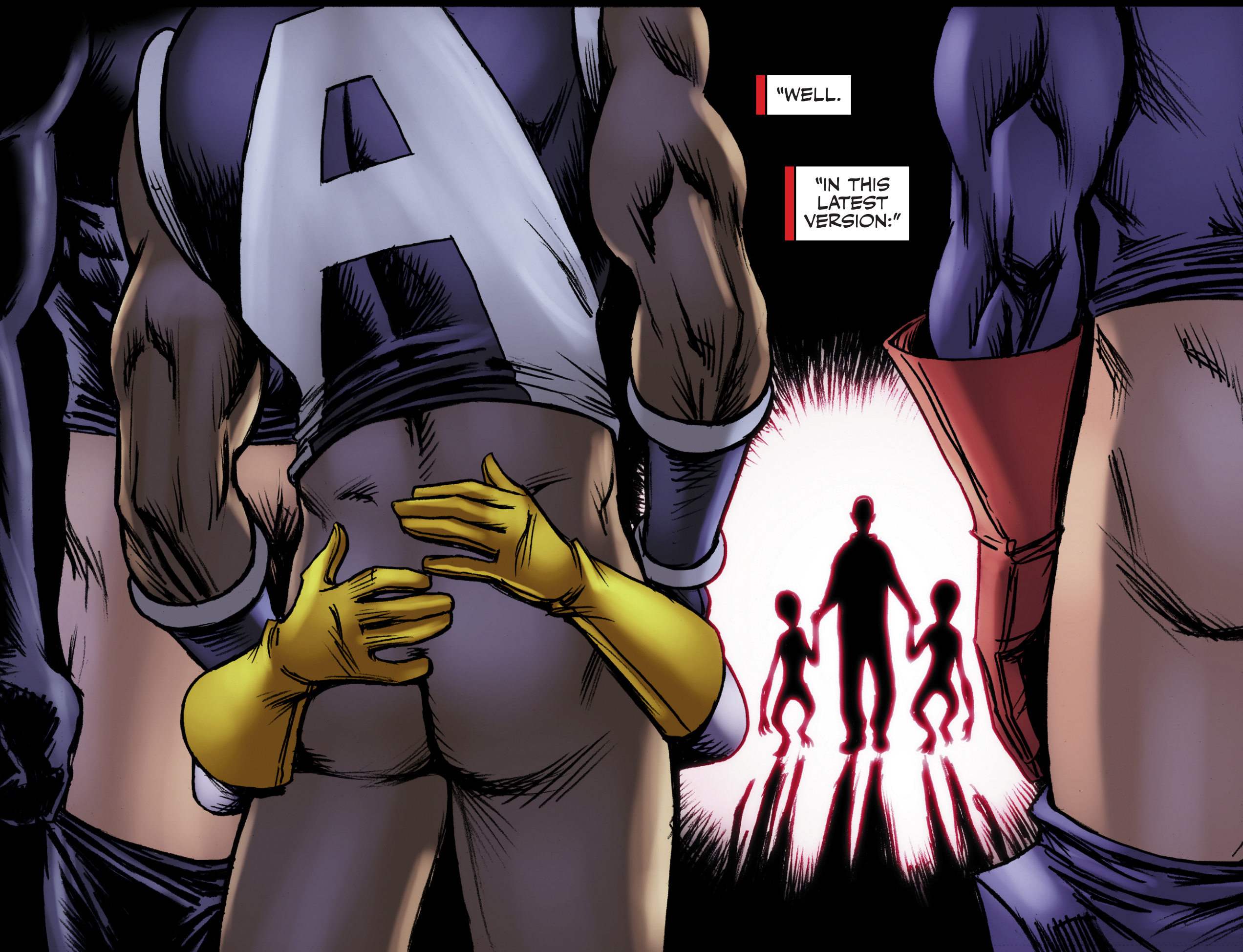
part two

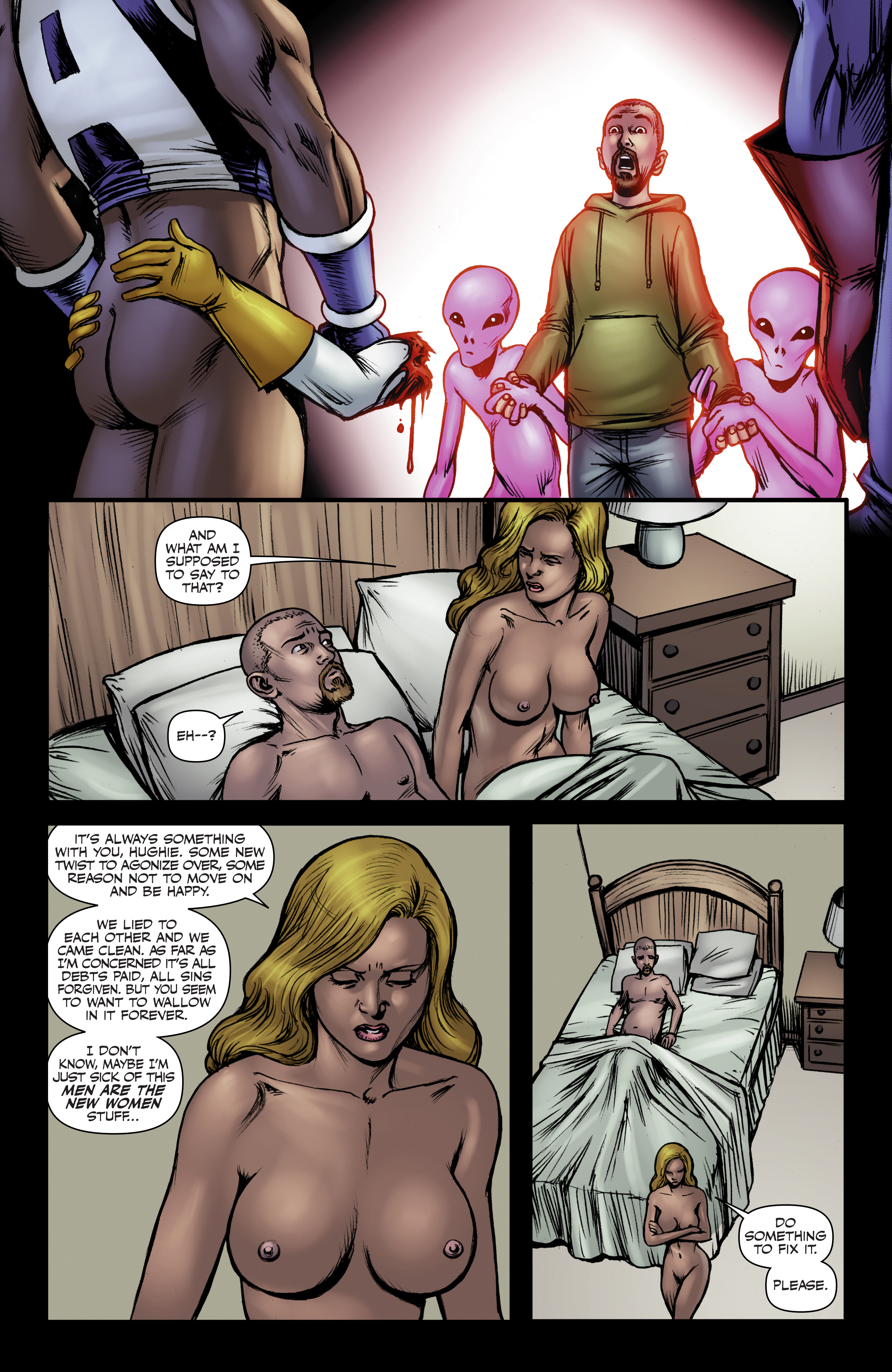

ONE KISS. WE COULDN'T EVEN FINISH ONE KISS.
WHAT HAPPENED, DID YOU INSTANTLY FLASH ON ME AND--
DON'T...
STOP THAT SHIT.
YOU KNOW WHAT I DID. YOU SAW ME DO IT.
STOP THESE AWFUL HISTRIONICS EVERY TIME IT COMES UP; EITHER LIVE WITH IT OR GET RID OF ME FOR GOOD.
ALL RIGHT, I'M SORRY. I REALLY AM. BUT IT'S NO' AS SIMPLE AS THAT, I HAD--
I HAD A DREAM...
WHAT?
IT'S ONE I'VE HAD BEFORE. SORT OF A VARIATION ON A THEME.
IT'S BEEN GETTIN' WORSE.

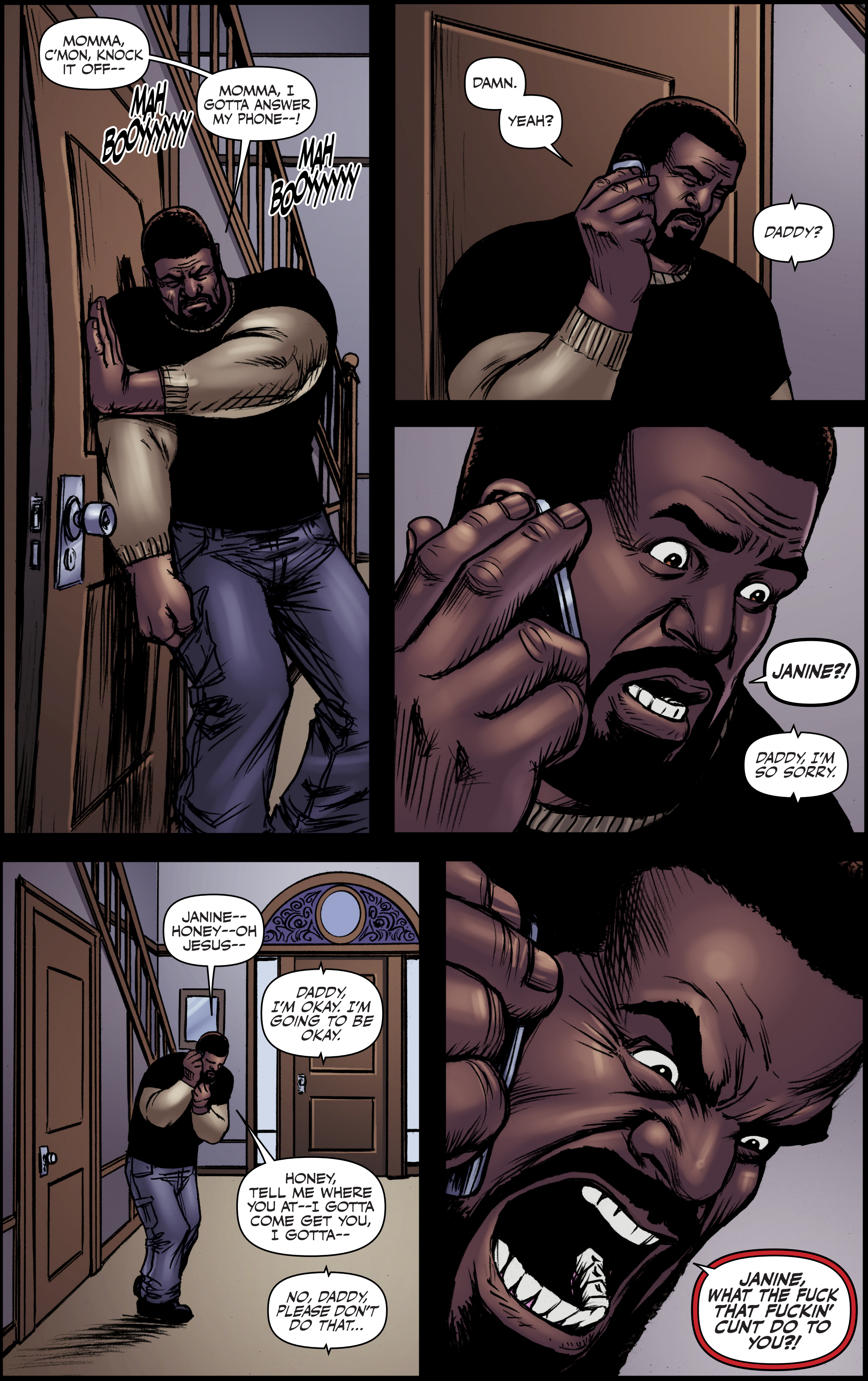

YOU SEE, THERE'S THESE TWO...GAY ALIENS...
COME AGAIN?

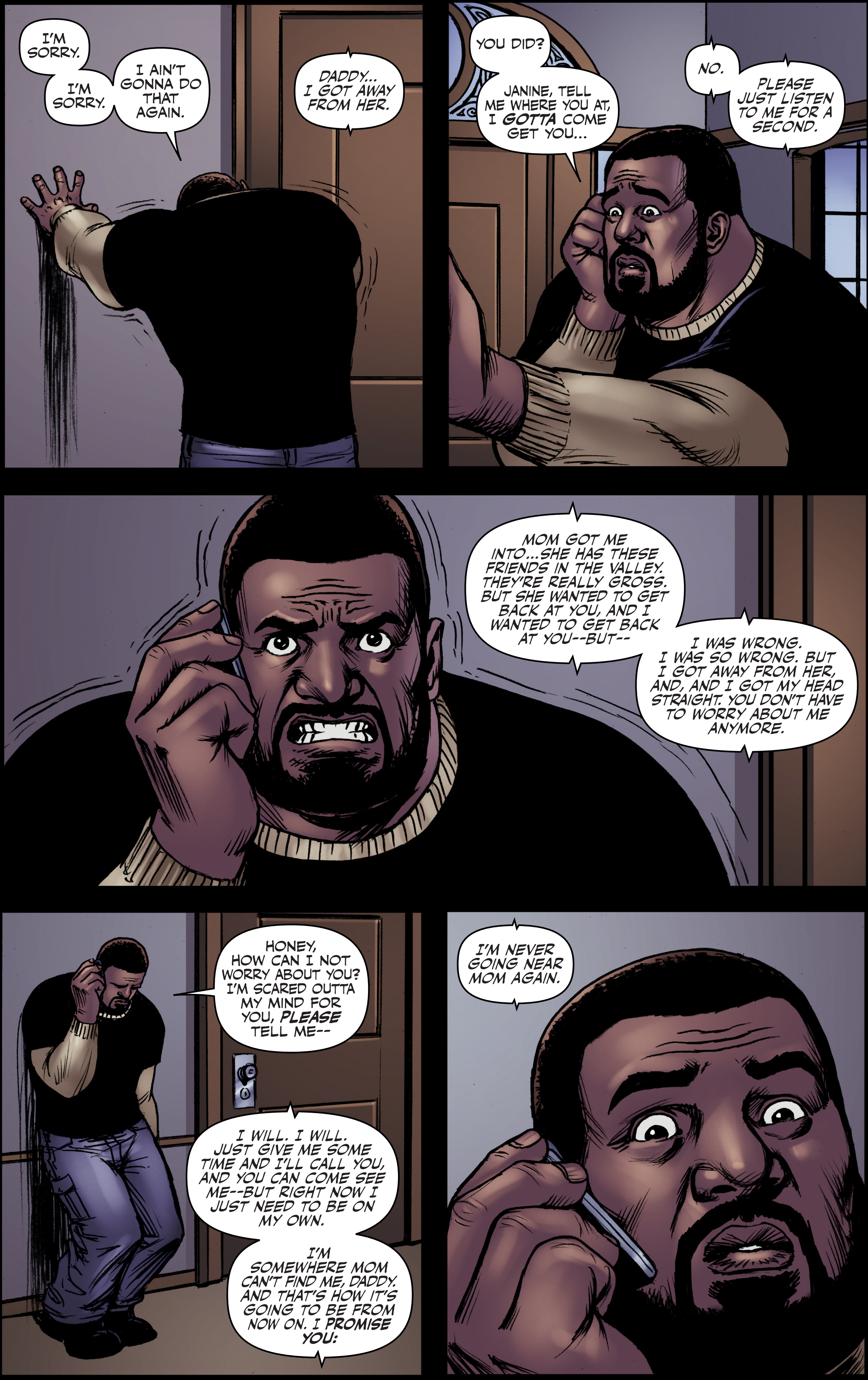

HHHH.
WHEN THE THING HAPPENED WI' ROBIN I WAS TELLIN' HER ABOUT GAY ALIENS. SO NOW THEY COME INTO MY DREAMS TO REMIND ME WHAT A HYPOCRITE I AM, OR SOMETHIN'.
ANYWAY.

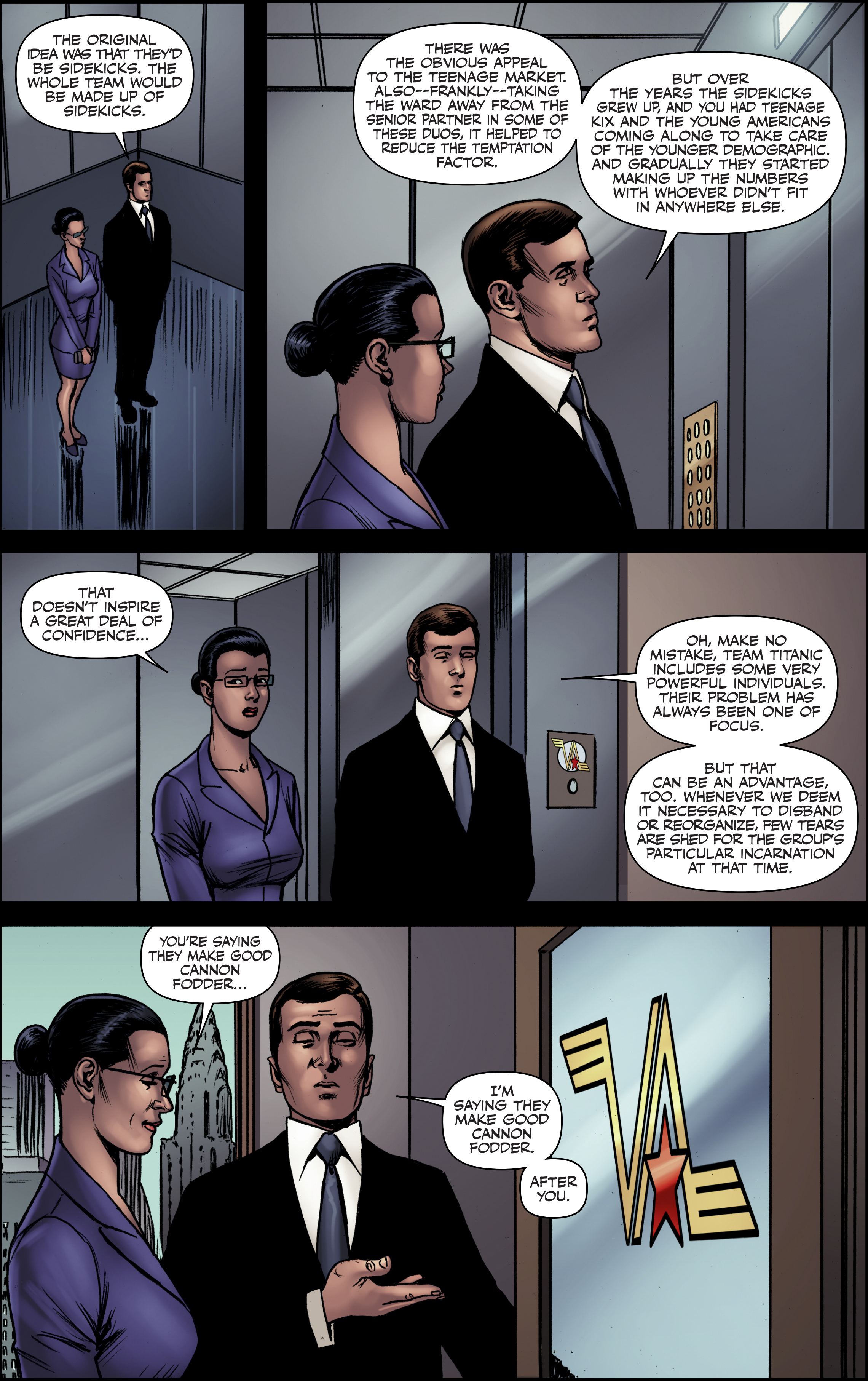

I SEE ROBIN. SHE'S WITH A-TRAIN. THEY LOOK REALLY, REALLY HAPPY, AN' THEN SHE TURNS INTO YOU.
YOU START DANCIN' WITH HIM. YOU SPIN ROUND AN' ROUND, FASTER AN' FASTER, AN' THEN--

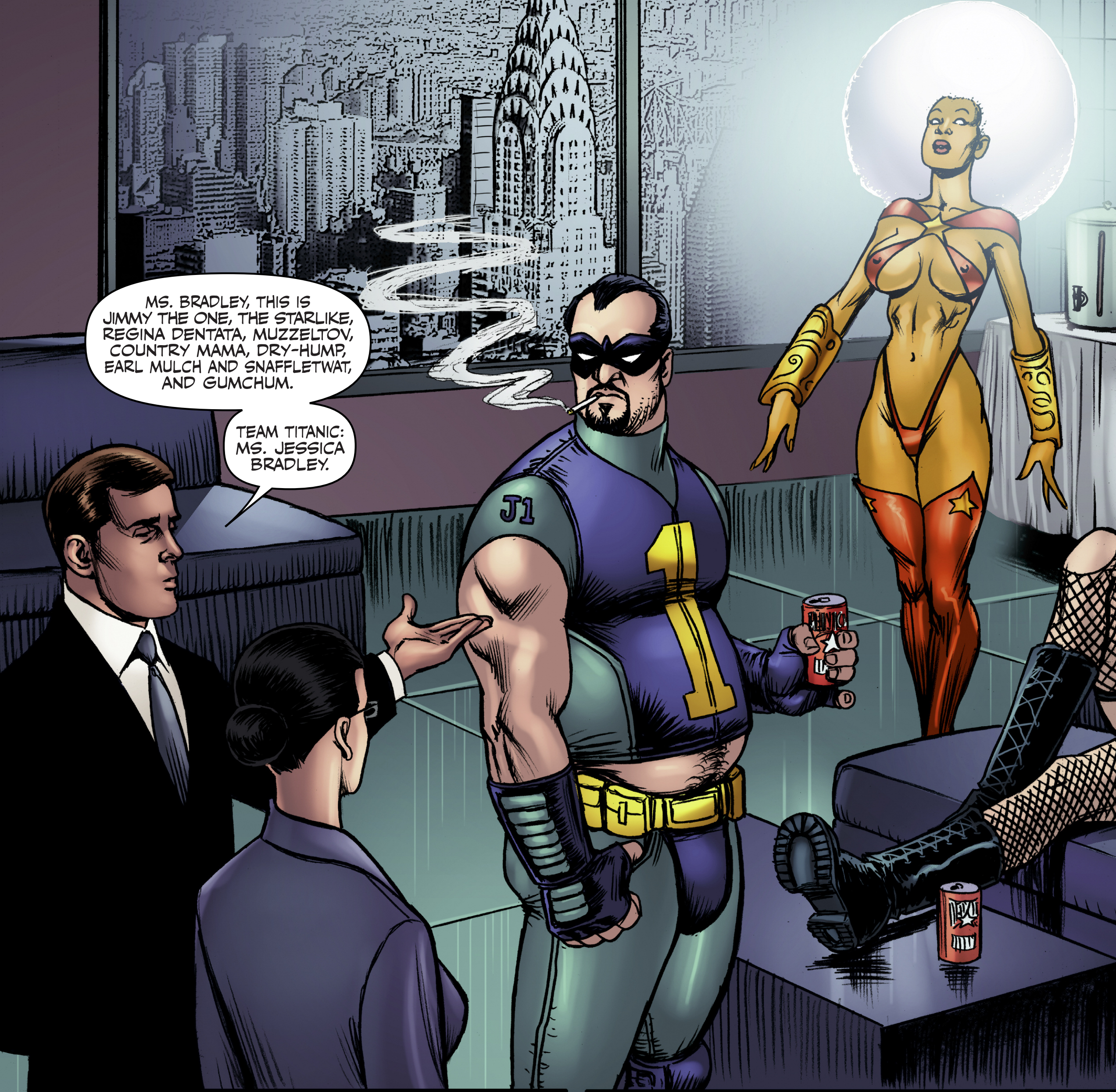

"WELL.
"IN THIS LATEST VERSION:"

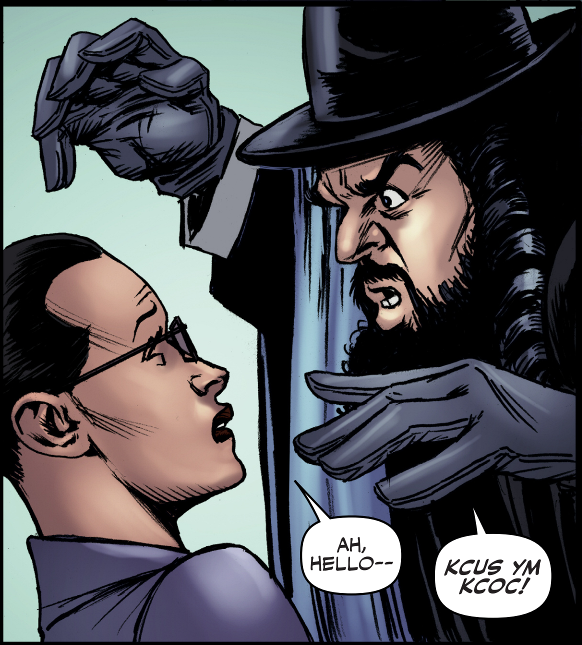

AND WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO SAY TO THAT?
EH--?
IT'S ALWAYS SOMETHING WITH YOU, HUGHIE. SOME NEW TWIST TO AGONIZE OVER, SOME REASON NOT TO MOVE ON AND BE HAPPY.
WE LIED TO EACH OTHER AND WE CAME CLEAN. AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED IT'S ALL DEBTS PAID, ALL SINS FORGIVEN. BUT YOU SEEM TO WANT TO WALLOW IN IT FOREVER.
I DON'T KNOW, MAYBE I'M JUST SICK OF THIS *MEN ARE THE NEW WOMEN* STUFF...
DO SOMETHING TO FIX IT.
PLEASE.

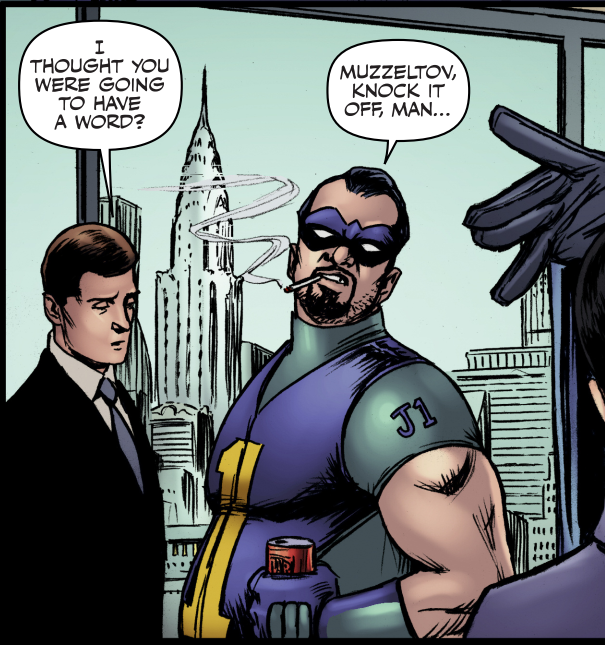

MOMMA, C'MON, KNOCK IT OFF--
MAH BOOYYYYY
MOMMA, I GOTTA ANSWER MY PHONE--!
MAH BOOYYYYY
DAMN.
YEAH?
DADDY?
JANINE?!
DADDY, I'M SO SORRY.
JANINE-- HONEY--OH JESUS--
DADDY, I'M OKAY. I'M GOING TO BE OKAY.
HONEY, TELL ME WHERE YOU AT--I GOTTA COME GET YOU, I GOTTA--
NO, DADDY, PLEASE DON'T DO THAT...
JANINE, WHAT THE FUCK THAT FUCKIN' CUNT DO TO YOU?!

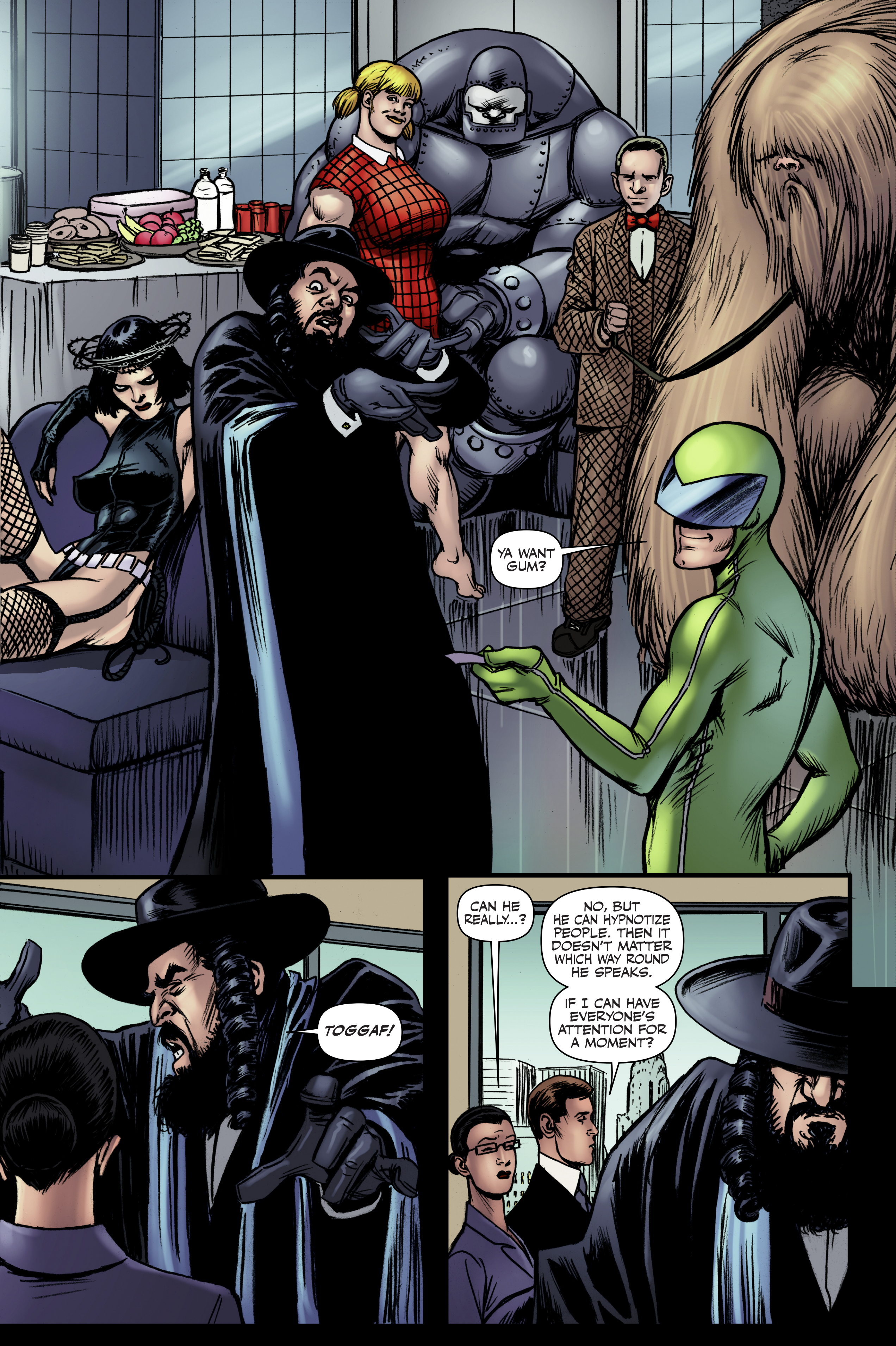

I'M SORRY.
I'M SORRY.
I AIN'T GONNA DO THAT AGAIN.
DADDY... I GOT AWAY FROM HER.
YOU DID?
JANINE, TELL ME WHERE YOU AT, I *GOTTA* COME GET YOU...
NO.
PLEASE JUST LISTEN TO ME FOR A SECOND.
MOM GOT ME INTO...SHE HAS THESE FRIENDS IN THE VALLEY. THEY'RE REALLY GROSS. BUT SHE WANTED TO GET BACK AT YOU, AND I WANTED TO GET BACK AT YOU--BUT--
I WAS WRONG. I WAS SO WRONG. BUT I GOT AWAY FROM HER, AND, AND I GOT MY HEAD STRAIGHT. YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT ME ANYMORE.
HONEY, HOW CAN I NOT WORRY ABOUT YOU? I'M SCARED OUTTA MY MIND FOR YOU, *PLEASE* TELL ME--
I WILL. I WILL. JUST GIVE ME SOME TIME AND I'LL CALL YOU, AND YOU CAN COME SEE ME--BUT RIGHT NOW I JUST NEED TO BE ON MY OWN.
I'M SOMEWHERE MOM CAN'T FIND ME, DADDY. AND THAT'S HOW IT'S GOING TO BE FROM NOW ON. I *PROMISE YOU:*
I'M NEVER GOING NEAR MOM AGAIN.

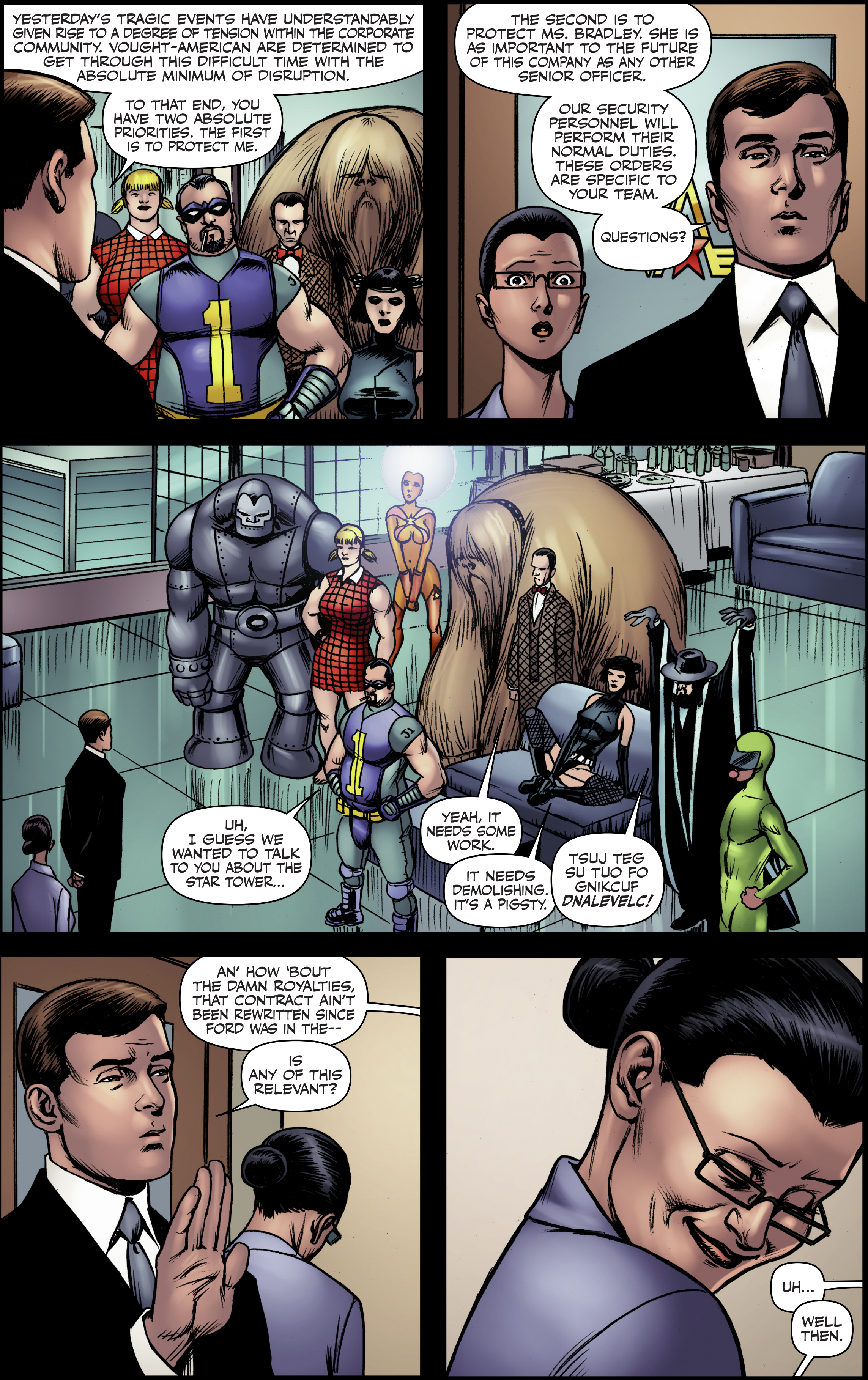

THE ORIGINAL IDEA WAS THAT THEY'D BE SIDEKICKS. THE WHOLE TEAM WOULD BE MADE UP OF SIDEKICKS.
THERE WAS THE OBVIOUS APPEAL TO THE TEENAGE MARKET. ALSO--FRANKLY--TAKING THE WARD AWAY FROM THE SENIOR PARTNER IN SOME OF THESE DUOS, IT HELPED TO REDUCE THE TEMPTATION FACTOR.
BUT OVER THE YEARS THE SIDEKICKS GREW UP, AND YOU HAD TEENAGE KIX AND THE YOUNG AMERICANS COMING ALONG TO TAKE CARE OF THE YOUNGER DEMOGRAPHIC. AND GRADUALLY THEY STARTED MAKING UP THE NUMBERS WITH WHOEVER DIDN'T FIT IN ANYWHERE ELSE.
THAT DOESN'T INSPIRE A GREAT DEAL OF CONFIDENCE...
OH, MAKE NO MISTAKE, TEAM TITANIC INCLUDES SOME VERY POWERFUL INDIVIDUALS. THEIR PROBLEM HAS ALWAYS BEEN ONE OF FOCUS.
BUT THAT CAN BE AN ADVANTAGE, TOO. WHENEVER WE DEEM IT NECESSARY TO DISBAND OR REORGANIZE, FEW TEARS ARE SHED FOR THE GROUP'S PARTICULAR INCARNATION AT THAT TIME.
YOU'RE SAYING THEY MAKE GOOD CANNON FODDER...
I'M SAYING THEY MAKE GOOD CANNON FODDER.
AFTER YOU.

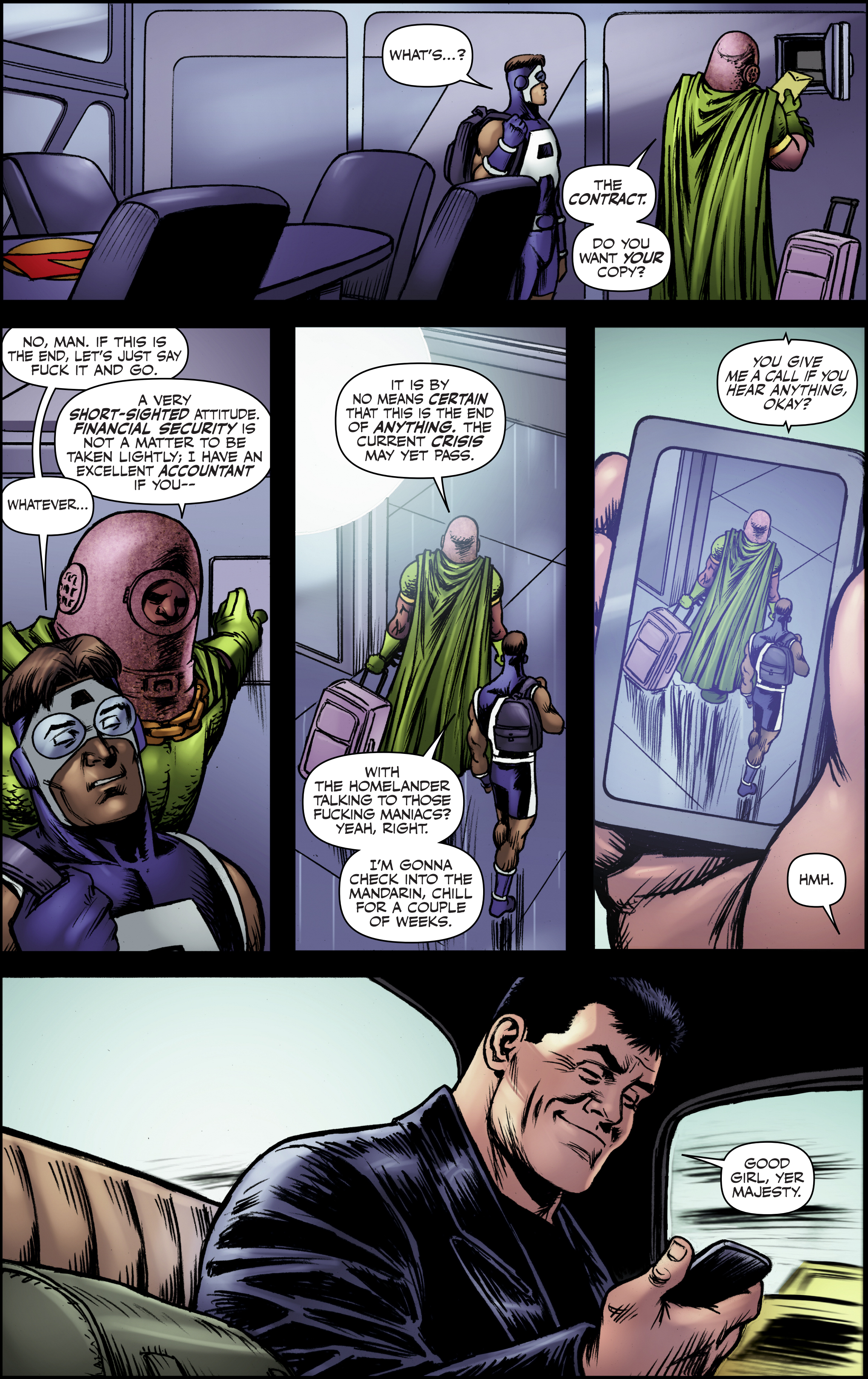

MS. BRADLEY, THIS IS JIMMY THE ONE, THE STARLIKE, REGINA DENTATA, MUZZELTOV, COUNTRY MAMA, DRY-HUMP, EARL MULCH AND SNAFFLETWAT, AND GUMCHUM.
TEAM TITANIC: MS. JESSICA BRADLEY.
J1
1

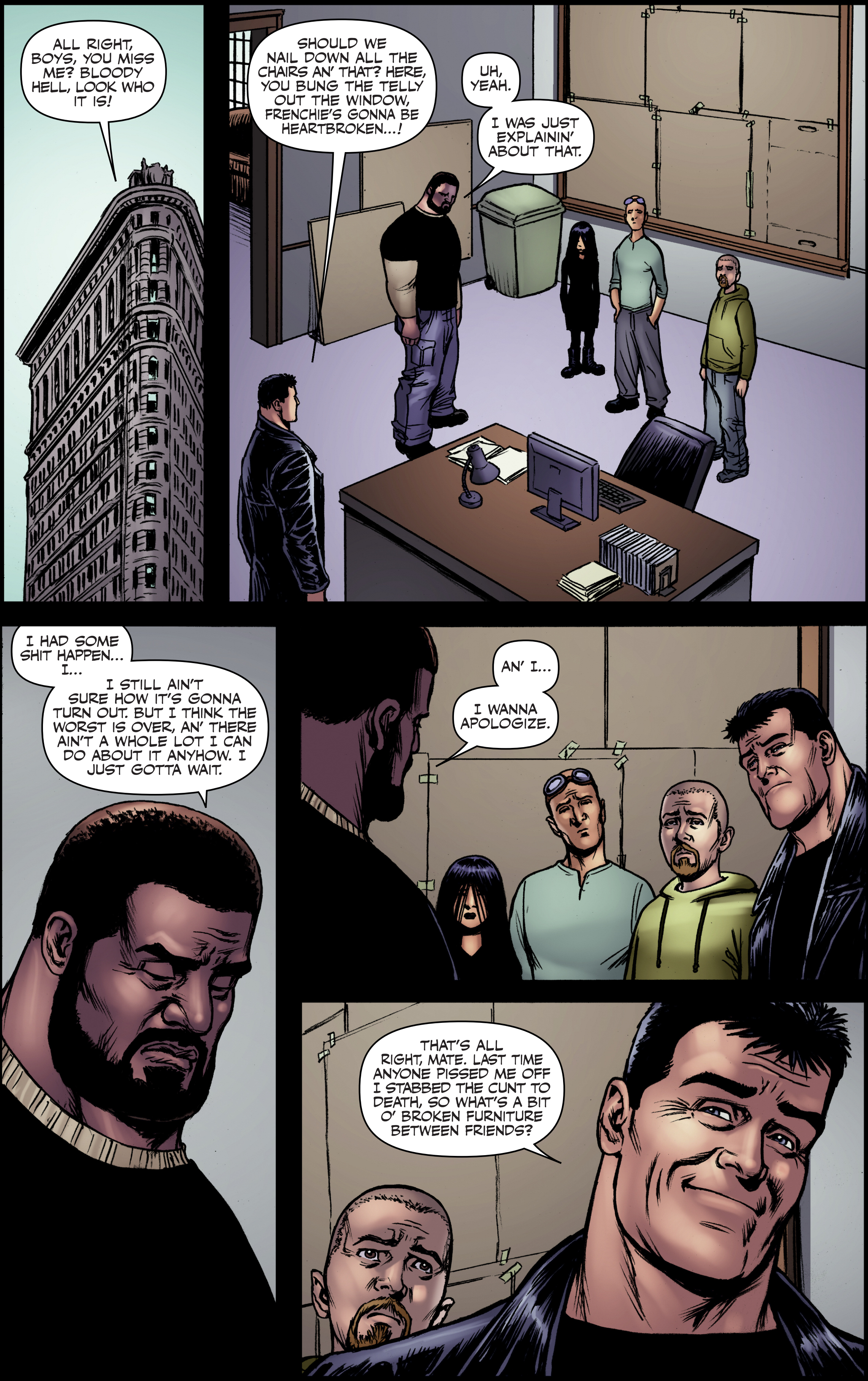

AH, HELLO--
KCUS YM KCOC!

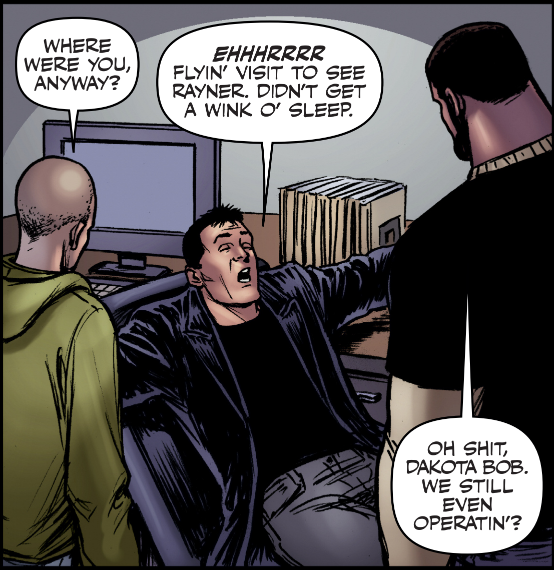

I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO HAVE A WORD?
MUZZELTOV, KNOCK IT OFF, MAN...
J1

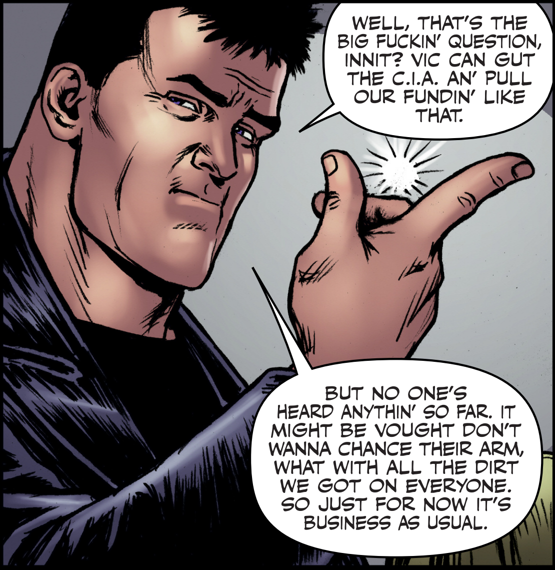

YA WANT GUM?
TOGGAF!
CAN HE REALLY...?
NO, BUT HE CAN HYPNOTIZE PEOPLE. THEN IT DOESN'T MATTER WHICH WAY ROUND HE SPEAKS.
IF I CAN HAVE EVERYONE'S ATTENTION FOR A MOMENT?

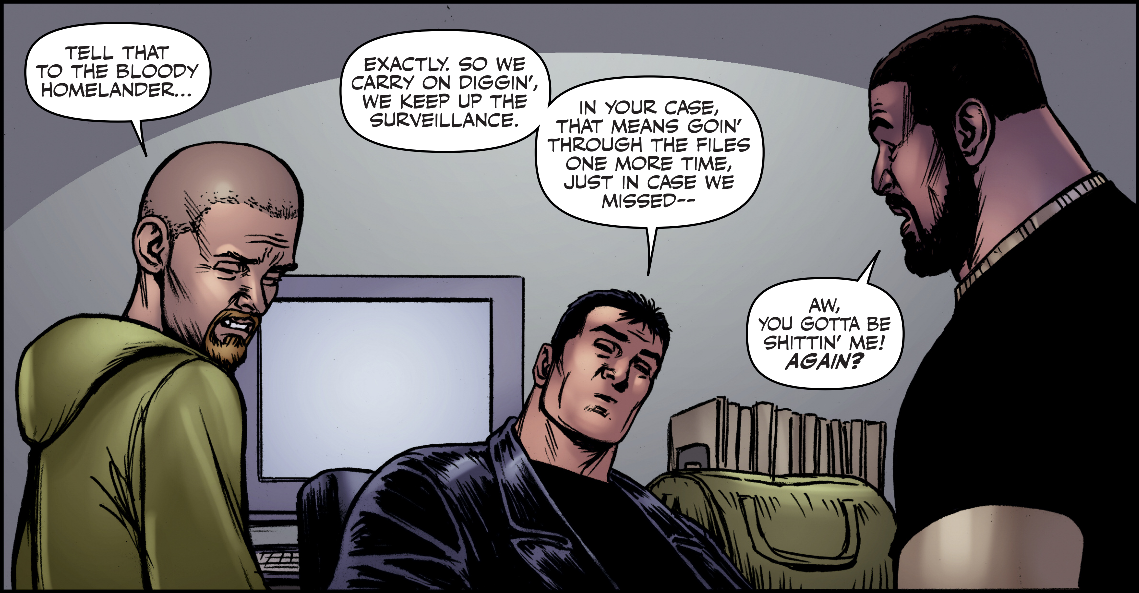

YESTERDAY'S TRAGIC EVENTS HAVE UNDERSTANDABLY GIVEN RISE TO A DEGREE OF TENSION WITHIN THE CORPORATE COMMUNITY. VOUGHT-AMERICAN ARE DETERMINED TO GET THROUGH THIS DIFFICULT TIME WITH THE ABSOLUTE MINIMUM OF DISRUPTION.
TO THAT END, YOU HAVE TWO ABSOLUTE PRIORITIES. THE FIRST IS TO PROTECT ME.
THE SECOND IS TO PROTECT MS. BRADLEY. SHE IS AS IMPORTANT TO THE FUTURE OF THIS COMPANY AS ANY OTHER SENIOR OFFICER.
OUR SECURITY PERSONNEL WILL PERFORM THEIR NORMAL DUTIES. THESE ORDERS ARE SPECIFIC TO YOUR TEAM.
QUESTIONS?
UH, I GUESS WE WANTED TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT THE STAR TOWER...
YEAH, IT NEEDS SOME WORK.
IT NEEDS DEMOLISHING. IT'S A PIGSTY.
TSUJ TEG SU TUO FO GNIKCUF *DNALEVELC!*
AN' HOW 'BOUT THE DAMN ROYALTIES, THAT CONTRACT AIN'T BEEN REWRITTEN SINCE FORD WAS IN THE--
IS ANY OF THIS RELEVANT?
UH...
WELL THEN.

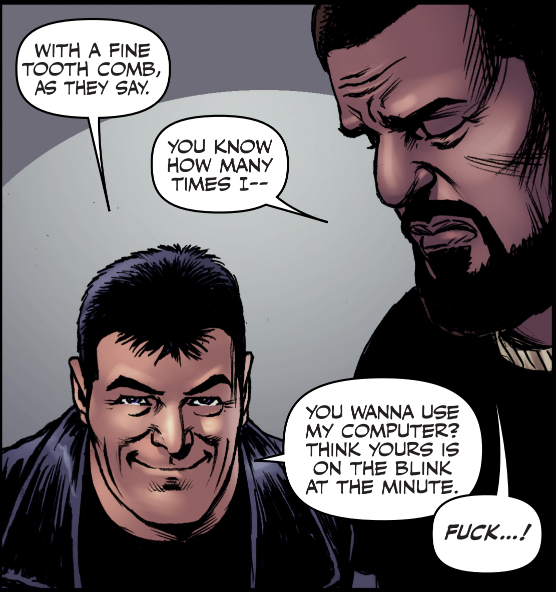

WHAT'S...?
THE *CONTRACT.*
DO YOU WANT *YOUR* COPY?
NO, MAN. IF THIS IS THE END, LET'S JUST SAY FUCK IT AND GO.
A VERY *SHORT-SIGHTED* ATTITUDE. *FINANCIAL SECURITY* IS NOT A MATTER TO BE TAKEN LIGHTLY; I HAVE AN EXCELLENT *ACCOUNTANT* IF YOU--
WHATEVER...
IT IS BY NO MEANS *CERTAIN* THAT THIS IS THE END OF *ANYTHING.* THE CURRENT *CRISIS* MAY YET PASS.
WITH THE HOMELANDER TALKING TO THOSE FUCKING MANIACS? YEAH, RIGHT.
I'M GONNA CHECK INTO THE MANDARIN, CHILL FOR A COUPLE OF WEEKS.
YOU GIVE ME A CALL IF YOU HEAR ANYTHING, OKAY?
HMH.
GOOD GIRL, YER MAJESTY.

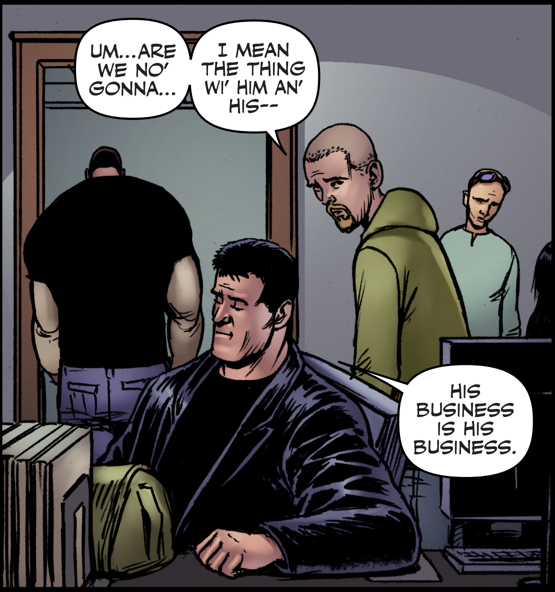

ALL RIGHT, BOYS, YOU MISS ME? BLOODY HELL, LOOK WHO IT IS!
SHOULD WE NAIL DOWN ALL THE CHAIRS AN' THAT? HERE, YOU BUNG THE TELLY OUT THE WINDOW, FRENCHIE'S GONNA BE HEARTBROKEN...!
UH, YEAH.
I WAS JUST EXPLAININ' ABOUT THAT.
I HAD SOME SHIT HAPPEN... I...
I STILL AIN'T SURE HOW IT'S GONNA TURN OUT. BUT I THINK THE WORST IS OVER, AN' THERE AIN'T A WHOLE LOT I CAN DO ABOUT IT ANYHOW. I JUST GOTTA WAIT.
AN' I...
I WANNA APOLOGIZE.
THAT'S ALL RIGHT, MATE. LAST TIME ANYONE PISSED ME OFF I STABBED THE CUNT TO DEATH, SO WHAT'S A BIT O' BROKEN FURNITURE BETWEEN FRIENDS?

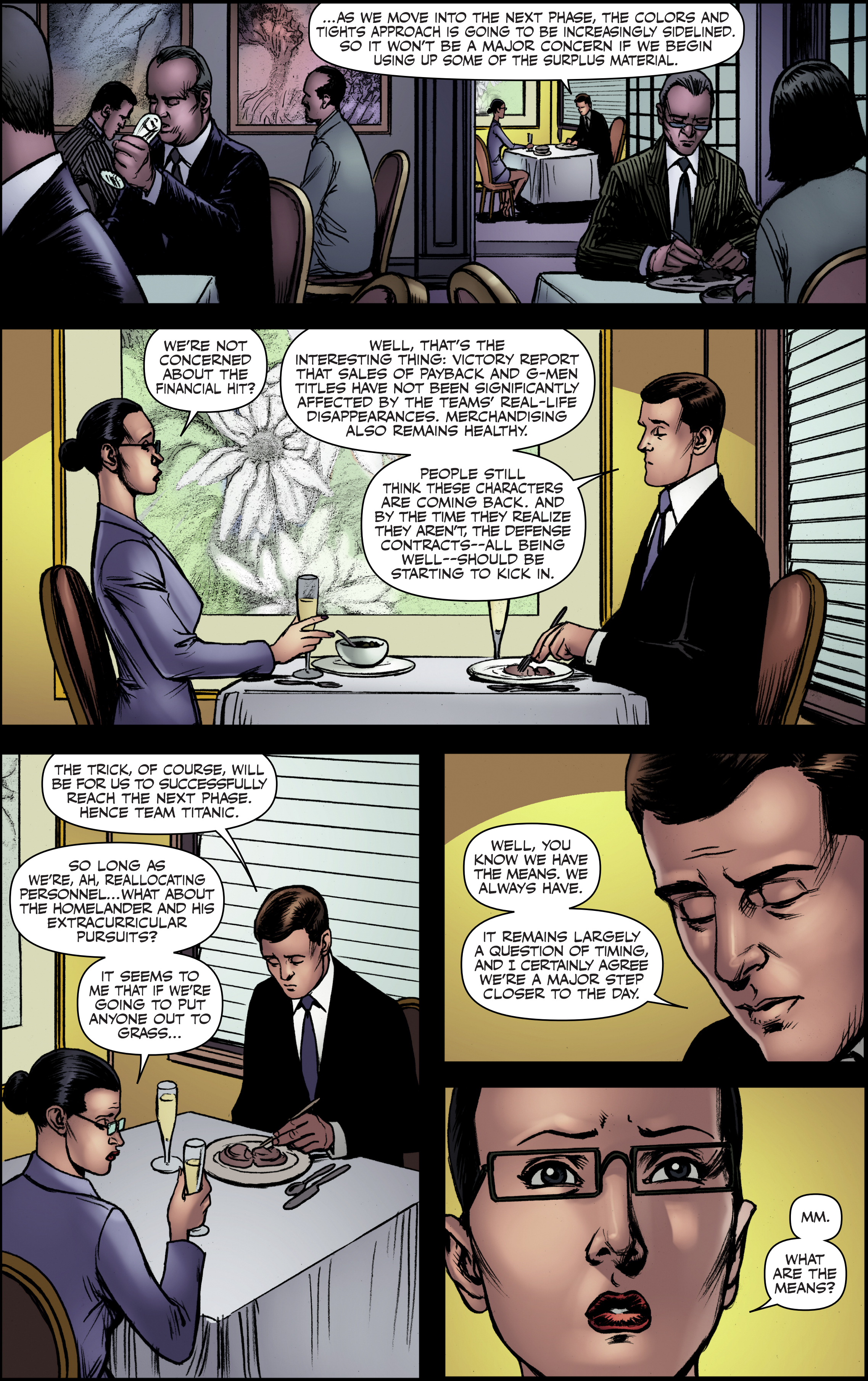

WHERE WERE YOU, ANYWAY?
EHHHRRRR FLYIN' VISIT TO SEE RAYNER. DIDN'T GET A WINK O' SLEEP.
OH SHIT, DAKOTA BOB. WE STILL EVEN OPERATIN'?

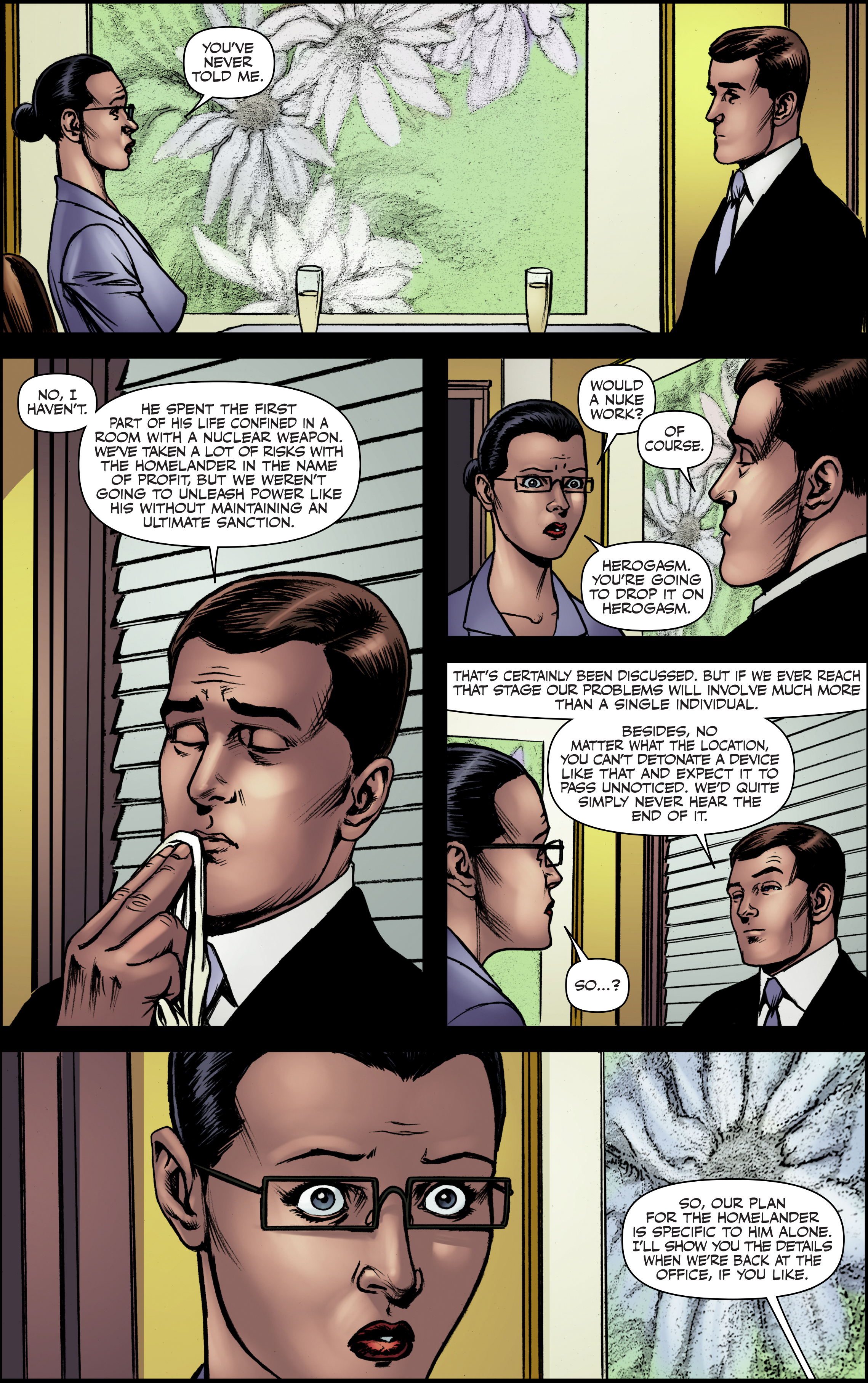

WELL, THAT'S THE BIG FUCKIN' QUESTION, INNIT? VIC CAN GUT THE C.I.A. AN' PULL OUR FUNDIN' LIKE THAT.
BUT NO ONE'S HEARD ANYTHIN' SO FAR. IT MIGHT BE VOUGHT DON'T WANNA CHANCE THEIR ARM, WHAT WITH ALL THE DIRT WE GOT ON EVERYONE. SO JUST FOR NOW IT'S BUSINESS AS USUAL.

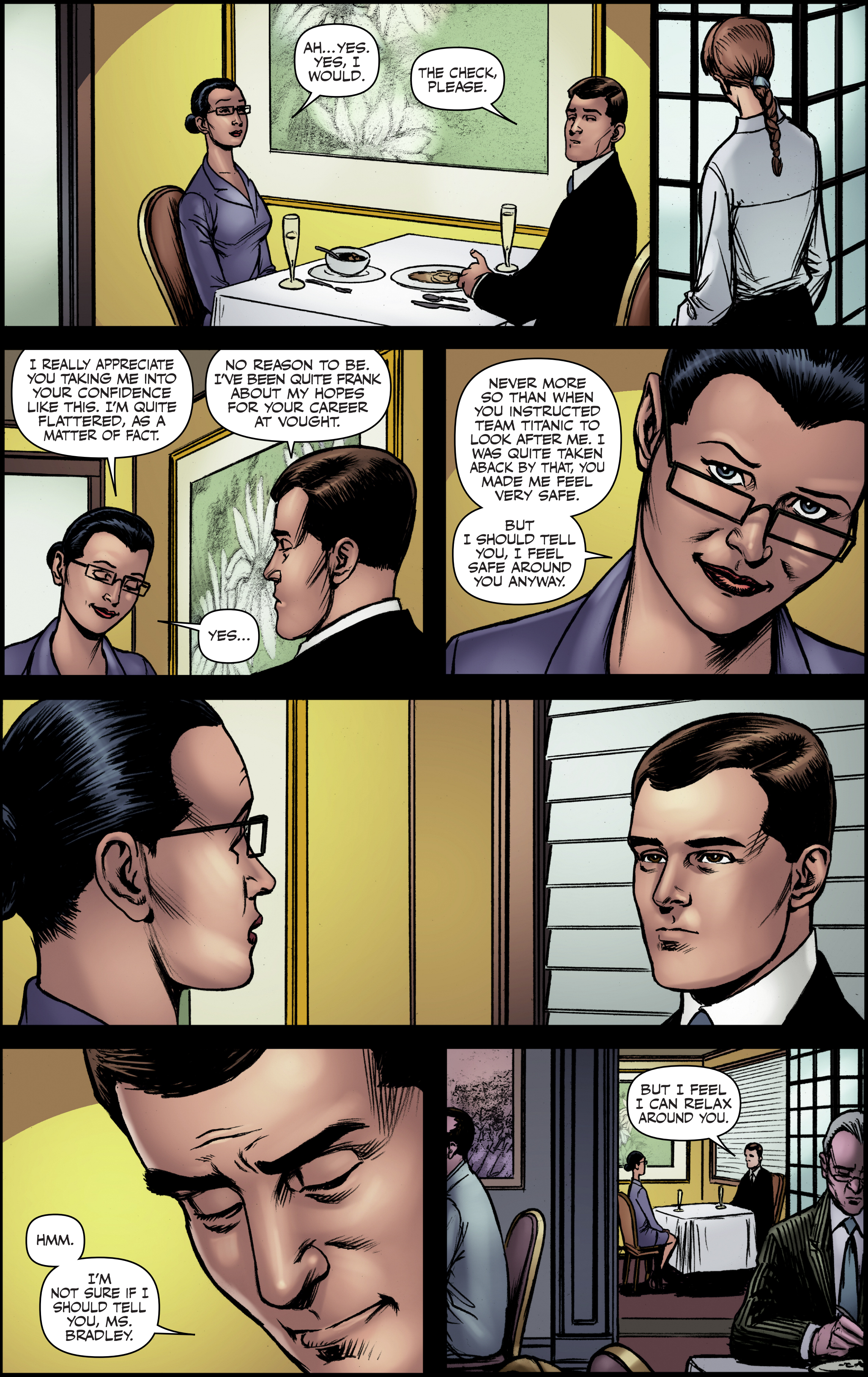

TELL THAT TO THE BLOODY HOMELANDER...
EXACTLY. SO WE CARRY ON DIGGIN', WE KEEP UP THE SURVEILLANCE.
IN YOUR CASE, THAT MEANS GOIN' THROUGH THE FILES ONE MORE TIME, JUST IN CASE WE MISSED--
AW, YOU GOTTA BE SHITTIN' ME! ***AGAIN?***

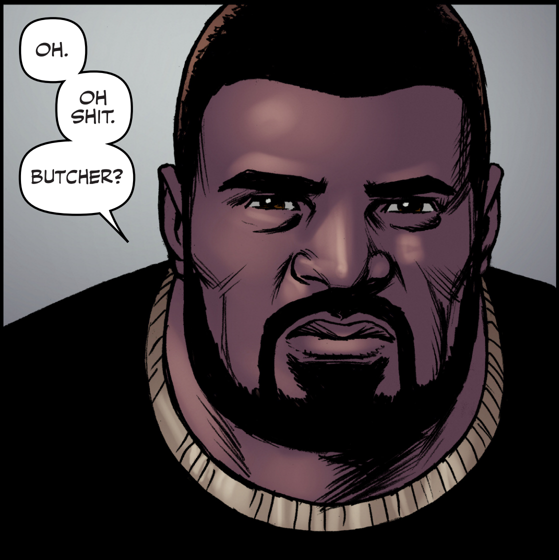

WITH A FINE TOOTH COMB, AS THEY SAY.
YOU KNOW HOW MANY TIMES I--
YOU WANNA USE MY COMPUTER? THINK YOURS IS ON THE BLINK AT THE MINUTE.
FUCK...!

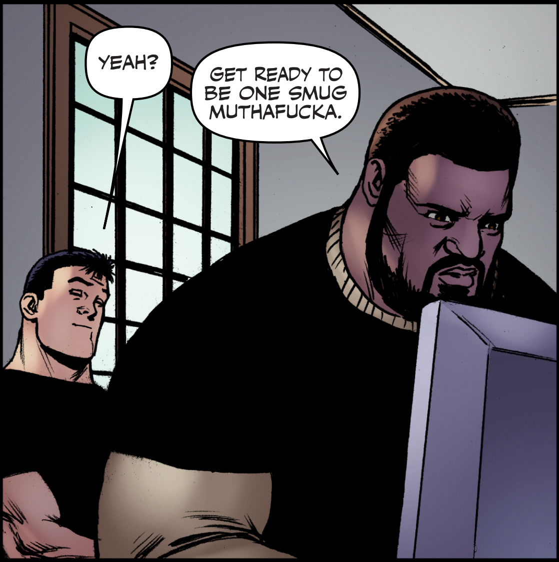

UM...ARE WE NO' GONNA...
I MEAN THE THING WI' HIM AN' HIS--
HIS BUSINESS IS HIS BUSINESS.

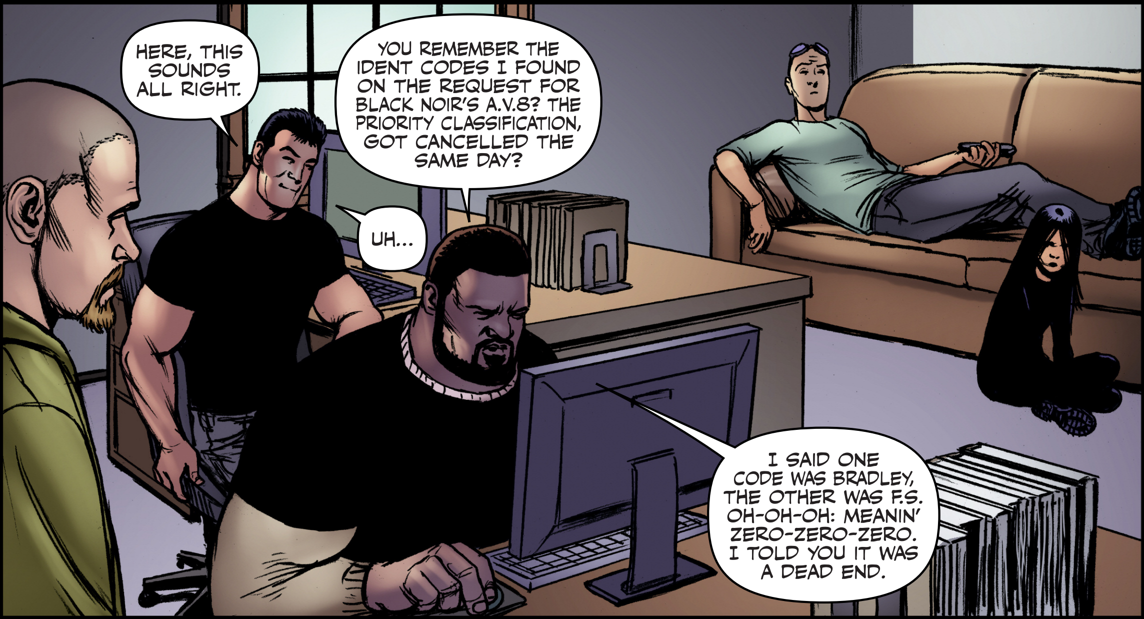

...AS WE MOVE INTO THE NEXT PHASE, THE COLORS AND TIGHTS APPROACH IS GOING TO BE INCREASINGLY SIDELINED. SO IT WON'T BE A MAJOR CONCERN IF WE BEGIN USING UP SOME OF THE SURPLUS MATERIAL.
WE'RE NOT CONCERNED ABOUT THE FINANCIAL HIT?
WELL, THAT'S THE INTERESTING THING: VICTORY REPORT THAT SALES OF PAYBACK AND G-MEN TITLES HAVE NOT BEEN SIGNIFICANTLY AFFECTED BY THE TEAMS' REAL-LIFE DISAPPEARANCES. MERCHANDISING ALSO REMAINS HEALTHY.
PEOPLE STILL THINK THESE CHARACTERS ARE COMING BACK. AND BY THE TIME THEY REALIZE THEY AREN'T, THE DEFENSE CONTRACTS--ALL BEING WELL--SHOULD BE STARTING TO KICK IN.
THE TRICK, OF COURSE, WILL BE FOR US TO SUCCESSFULLY REACH THE NEXT PHASE. HENCE TEAM TITANIC.
SO LONG AS WE'RE, AH, REALLOCATING PERSONNEL...WHAT ABOUT THE HOMELANDER AND HIS EXTRACURRICULAR PURSUITS?
IT SEEMS TO ME THAT IF WE'RE GOING TO PUT ANYONE OUT TO GRASS...
WELL, YOU KNOW WE HAVE THE MEANS. WE ALWAYS HAVE.
IT REMAINS LARGELY A QUESTION OF TIMING, AND I CERTAINLY AGREE WE'RE A MAJOR STEP CLOSER TO THE DAY.
MM.
WHAT ARE THE MEANS?

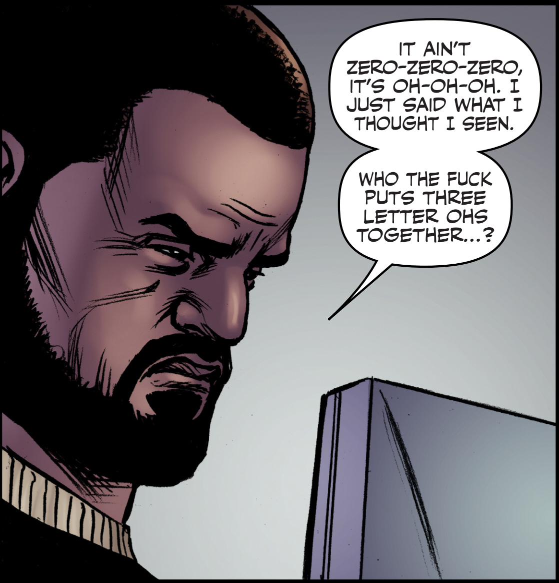

YOU'VE NEVER TOLD ME.
NO, I HAVEN'T.
HE SPENT THE FIRST PART OF HIS LIFE CONFINED IN A ROOM WITH A NUCLEAR WEAPON. WE'VE TAKEN A LOT OF RISKS WITH THE HOMELANDER IN THE NAME OF PROFIT, BUT WE WEREN'T GOING TO UNLEASH POWER LIKE HIS WITHOUT MAINTAINING AN ULTIMATE SANCTION.
WOULD A NUKE WORK?
OF COURSE.
HEROGASM. YOU'RE GOING TO DROP IT ON HEROGASM.
THAT'S CERTAINLY BEEN DISCUSSED. BUT IF WE EVER REACH THAT STAGE OUR PROBLEMS WILL INVOLVE MUCH MORE THAN A SINGLE INDIVIDUAL.
BESIDES, NO MATTER WHAT THE LOCATION, YOU CAN'T DETONATE A DEVICE LIKE THAT AND EXPECT IT TO PASS UNNOTICED. WE'D QUITE SIMPLY NEVER HEAR THE END OF IT.
SO...?
SO, OUR PLAN FOR THE HOMELANDER IS SPECIFIC TO HIM ALONE. I'LL SHOW YOU THE DETAILS WHEN WE'RE BACK AT THE OFFICE, IF YOU LIKE.

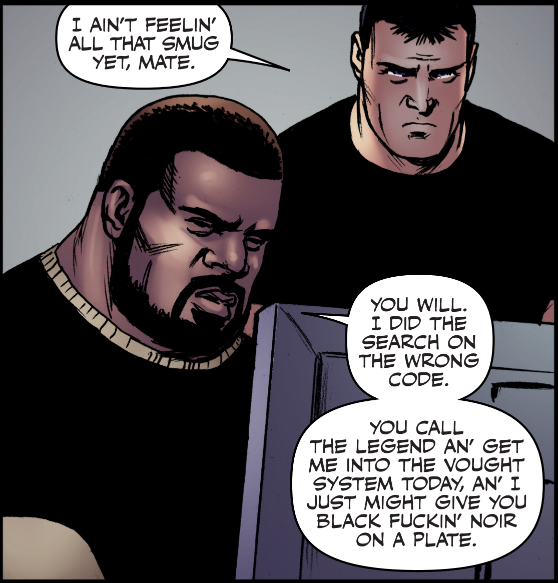

AH...YES. YES, I WOULD.
THE CHECK, PLEASE.
I REALLY APPRECIATE YOU TAKING ME INTO YOUR CONFIDENCE LIKE THIS. I'M QUITE FLATTERED, AS A MATTER OF FACT.
NO REASON TO BE. I'VE BEEN QUITE FRANK ABOUT MY HOPES FOR YOUR CAREER AT VOUGHT.
YES...
NEVER MORE SO THAN WHEN YOU INSTRUCTED TEAM TITANIC TO LOOK AFTER ME. I WAS QUITE TAKEN ABACK BY THAT, YOU MADE ME FEEL VERY SAFE.
BUT I SHOULD TELL YOU, I FEEL SAFE AROUND YOU ANYWAY.
HMM.
I'M NOT SURE IF I SHOULD TELL YOU, MS. BRADLEY.
BUT I FEEL I CAN RELAX AROUND YOU.

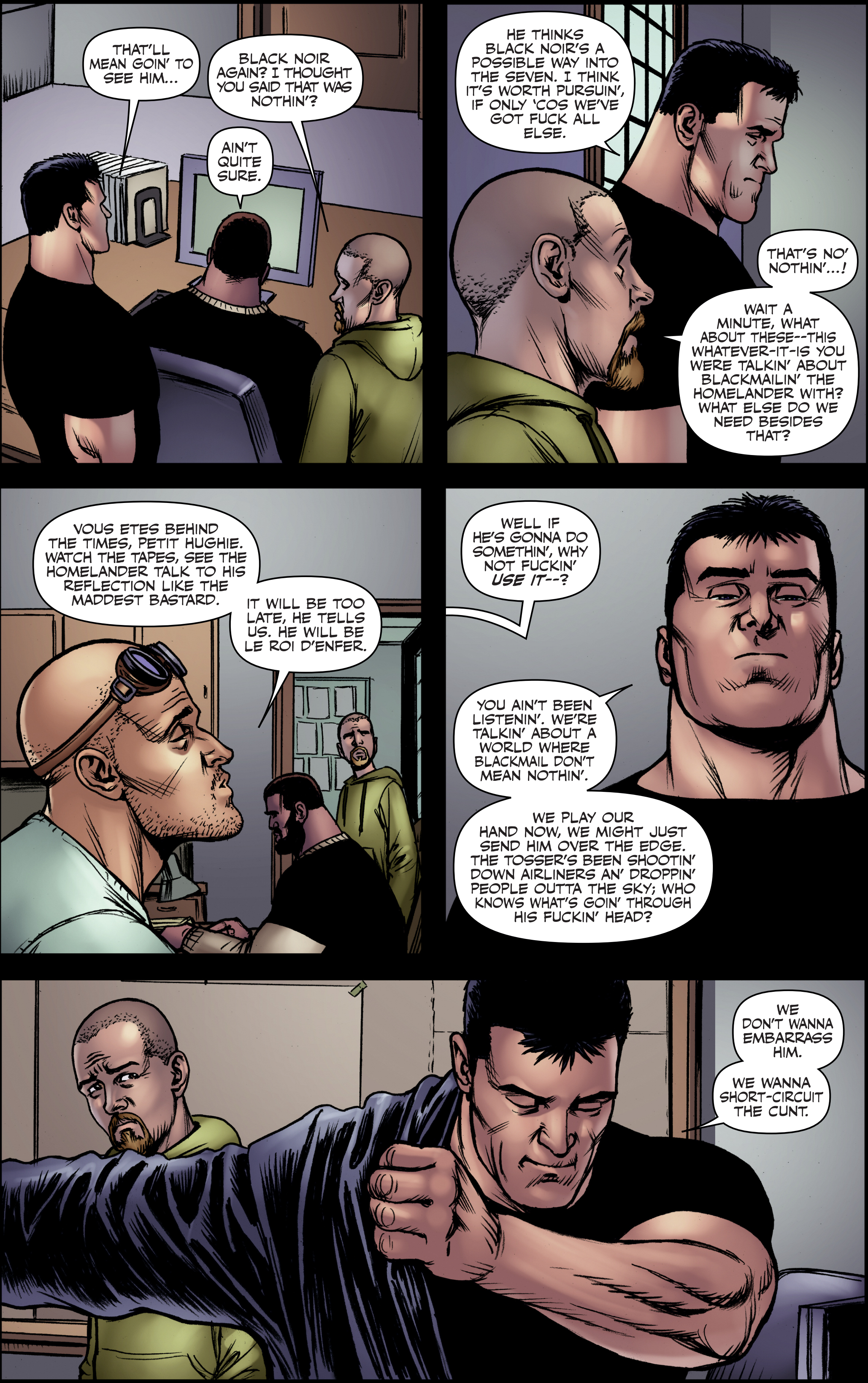

OH.
OH SHIT.
BUTCHER?

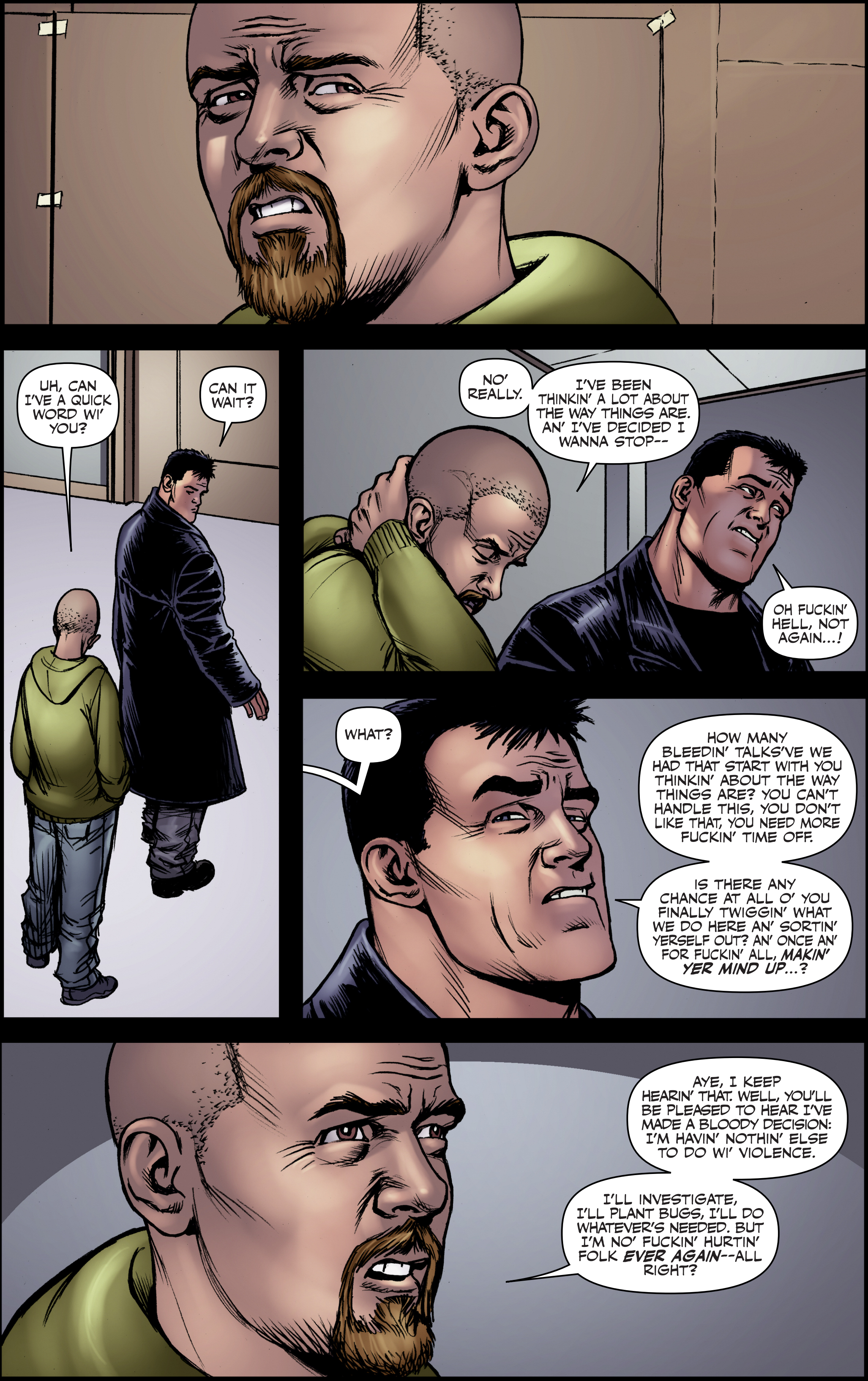

YEAH?
GET READY TO BE ONE SMUG MUTHAFUCKA.

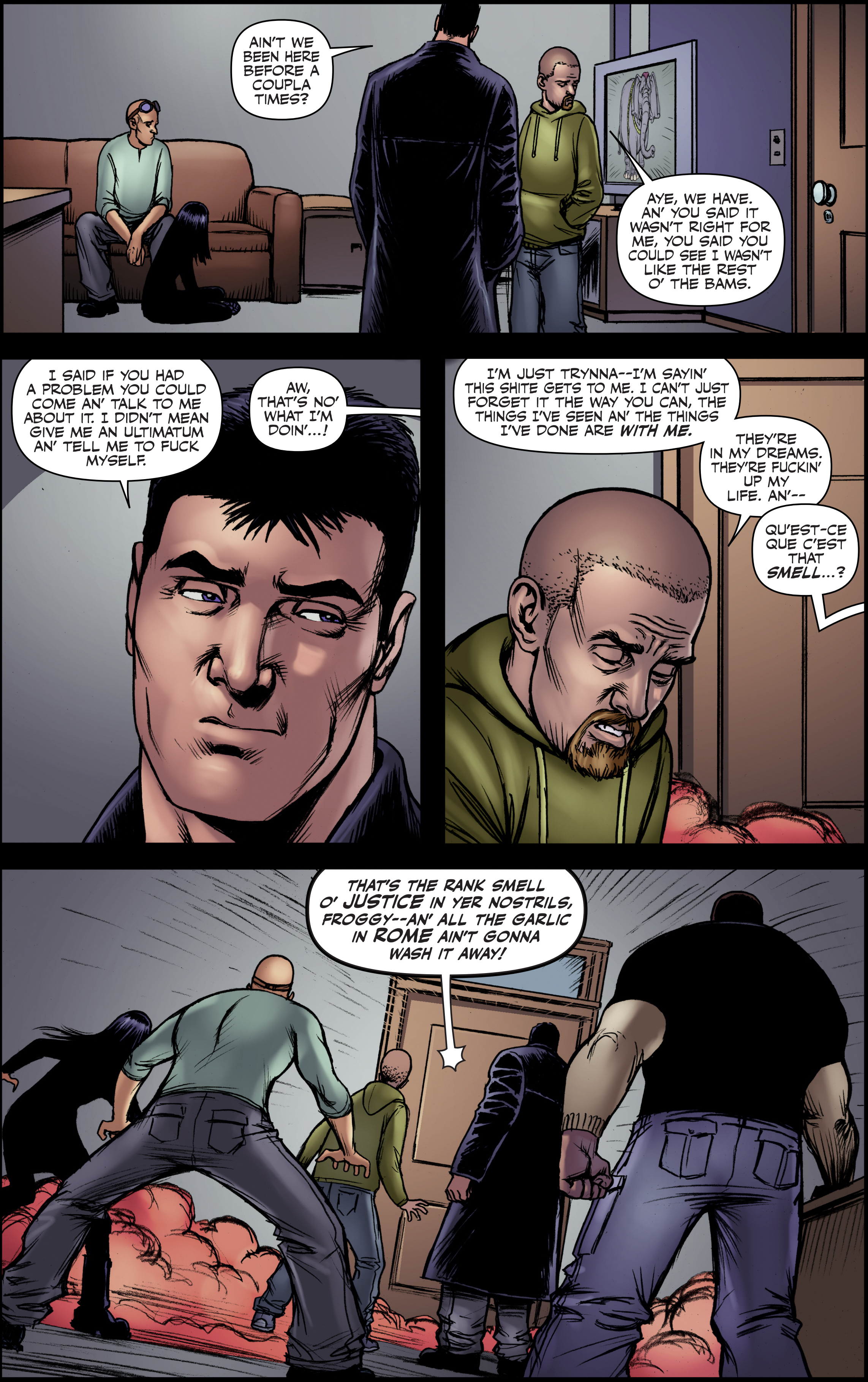

HERE, THIS SOUNDS ALL RIGHT.
YOU REMEMBER THE IDENT CODES I FOUND ON THE REQUEST FOR BLACK NOIR'S A.V.8? THE PRIORITY CLASSIFICATION, GOT CANCELLED THE SAME DAY?
UH...
I SAID ONE CODE WAS BRADLEY, THE OTHER WAS F.S. OH-OH-OH: MEANIN' ZERO-ZERO-ZERO. I TOLD YOU IT WAS A DEAD END.

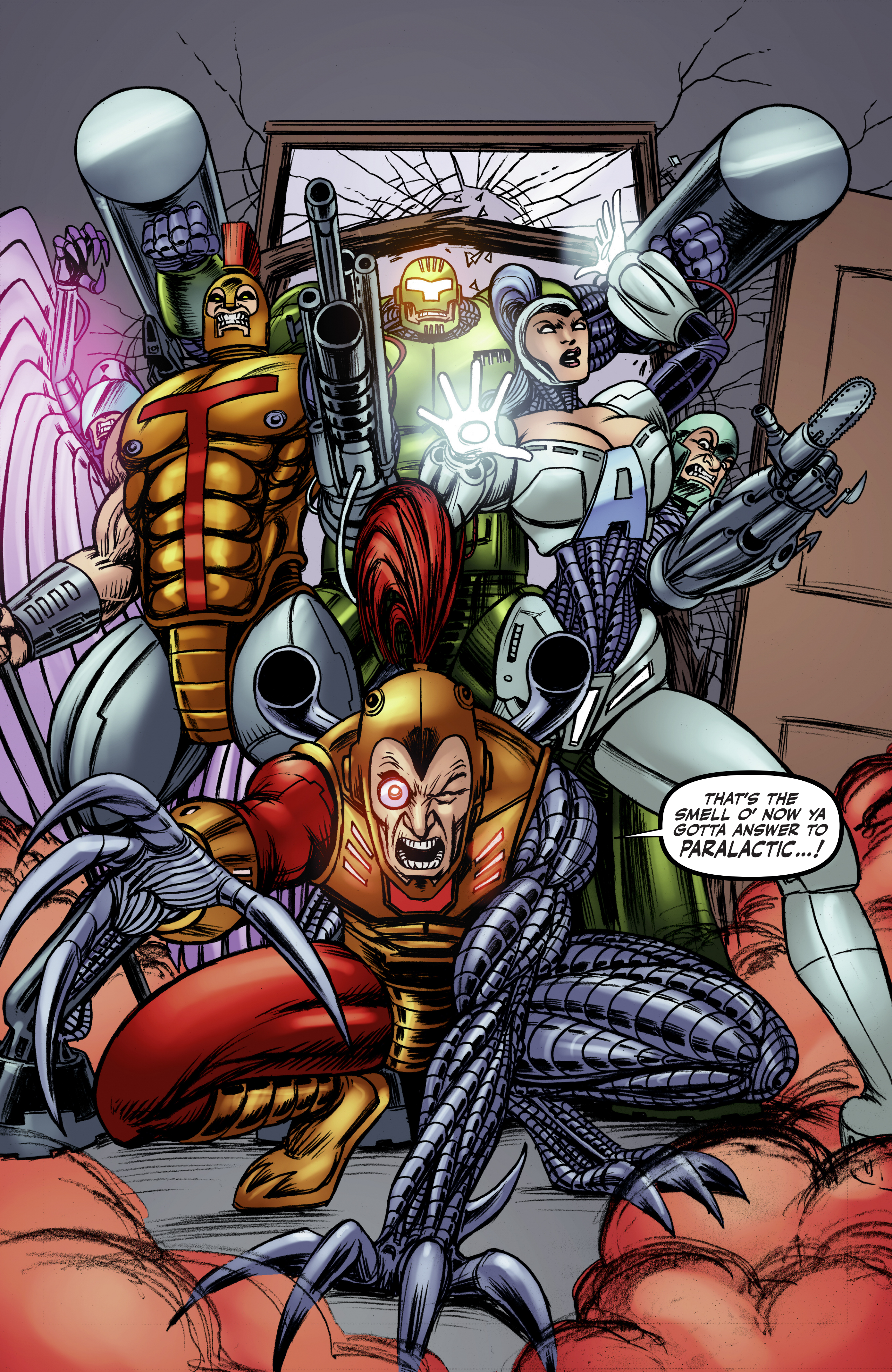

IT AIN'T ZERO-ZERO-ZERO, IT'S OH-OH-OH. I JUST SAID WHAT I THOUGHT I SEEN.
WHO THE FUCK PUTS THREE LETTER OHS TOGETHER...?

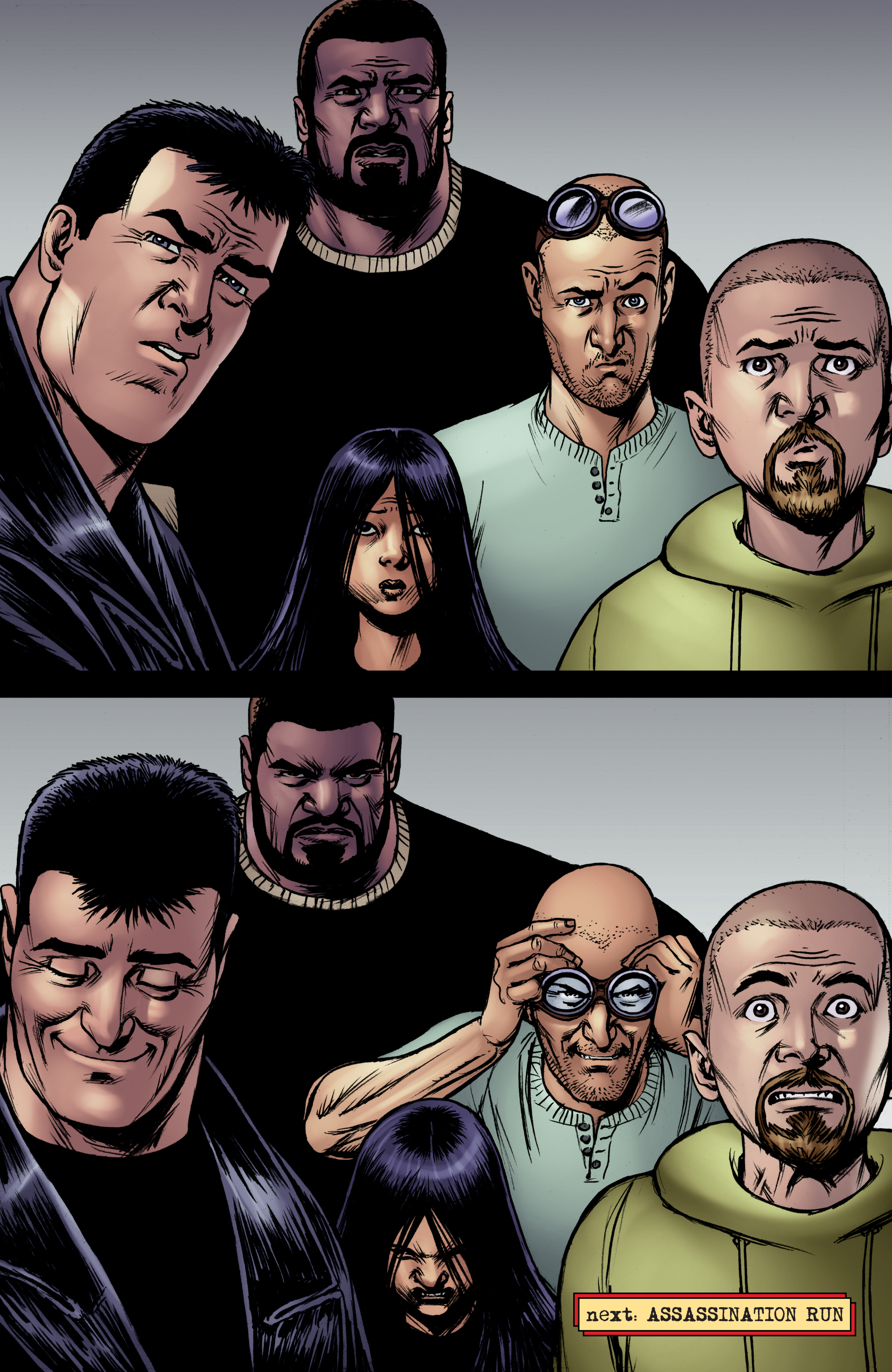

I AIN'T FEELIN' ALL THAT SMUG YET, MATE.
YOU WILL. I DID THE SEARCH ON THE WRONG CODE.
YOU CALL THE LEGEND AN' GET ME INTO THE VOUGHT SYSTEM TODAY, AN' I JUST MIGHT GIVE YOU BLACK FUCKIN' NOIR ON A PLATE.


THAT'LL MEAN GOIN' TO SEE HIM...
BLACK NOIR AGAIN? I THOUGHT YOU SAID THAT WAS NOTHIN'?
AIN'T QUITE SURE.
HE THINKS BLACK NOIR'S A POSSIBLE WAY INTO THE SEVEN. I THINK IT'S WORTH PURSUIN', IF ONLY 'COS WE'VE GOT FUCK ALL ELSE.
THAT'S NO' NOTHIN'...!
WAIT A MINUTE, WHAT ABOUT THESE--THIS WHATEVER-IT-IS YOU WERE TALKIN' ABOUT BLACKMAILIN' THE HOMELANDER WITH? WHAT ELSE DO WE NEED BESIDES THAT?
VOUS ETES BEHIND THE TIMES, PETIT HUGHIE. WATCH THE TAPES, SEE THE HOMELANDER TALK TO HIS REFLECTION LIKE THE MADDEST BASTARD.
IT WILL BE TOO LATE, HE TELLS US. HE WILL BE LE ROI D'ENFER.
WELL IF HE'S GONNA DO SOMETHIN', WHY NOT FUCKIN' *USE IT*--?
YOU AIN'T BEEN LISTENIN'. WE'RE TALKIN' ABOUT A WORLD WHERE BLACKMAIL DON'T MEAN NOTHIN'.
WE PLAY OUR HAND NOW, WE MIGHT JUST SEND HIM OVER THE EDGE. THE TOSSER'S BEEN SHOOTIN' DOWN AIRLINERS AN' DROPPIN' PEOPLE OUTTA THE SKY; WHO KNOWS WHAT'S GOIN' THROUGH HIS FUCKIN' HEAD?
WE DON'T WANNA EMBARRASS HIM.
WE WANNA SHORT-CIRCUIT THE CUNT.

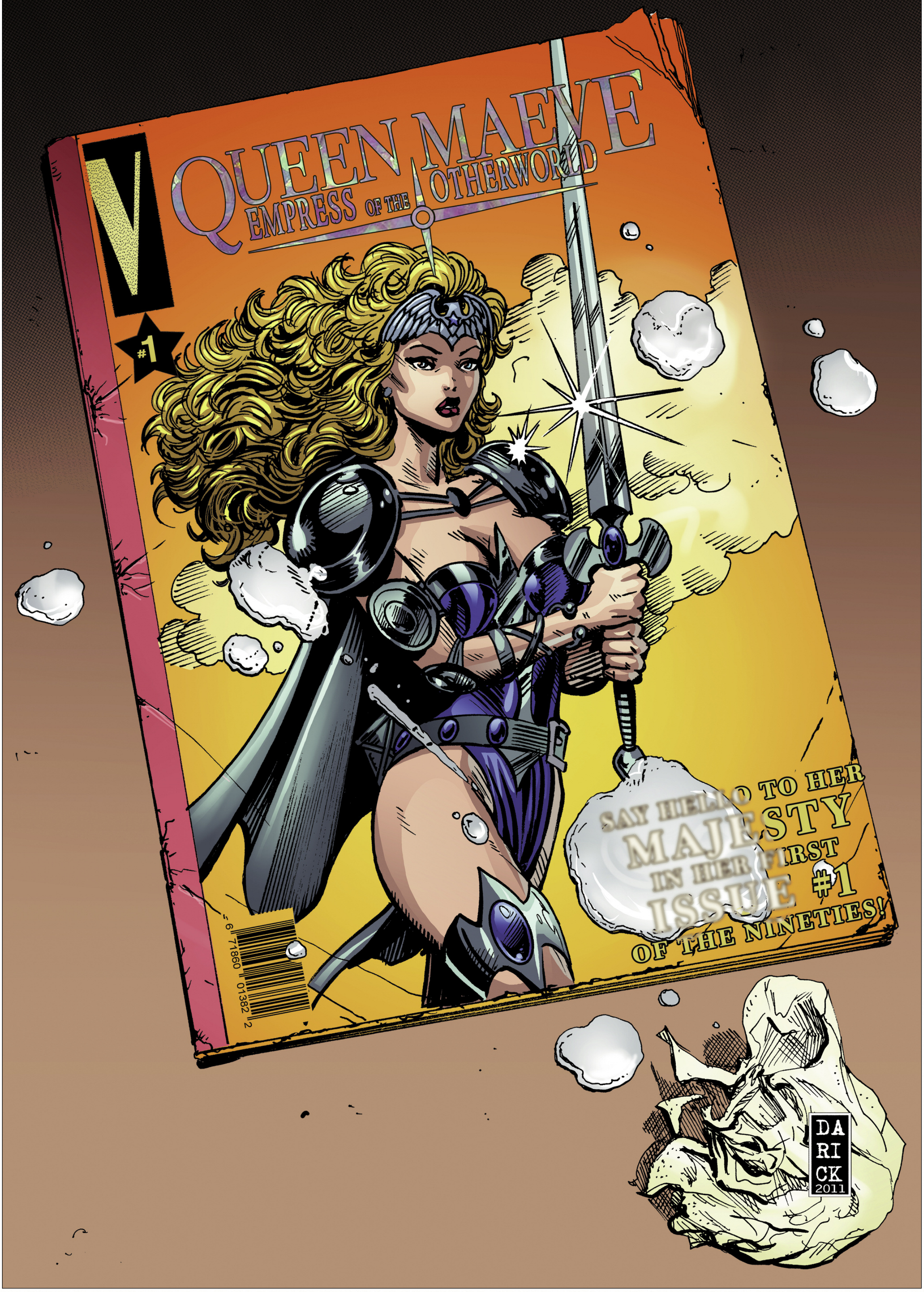

UH, CAN I'VE A QUICK WORD WI' YOU?
CAN IT WAIT?
NO' REALLY.
I'VE BEEN THINKIN' A LOT ABOUT THE WAY THINGS ARE. AN' I'VE DECIDED I WANNA STOP--
OH FUCKIN' HELL, NOT AGAIN...!
WHAT?
HOW MANY BLEEDIN' TALKS'VE WE HAD THAT START WITH YOU THINKIN' ABOUT THE WAY THINGS ARE? YOU CAN'T HANDLE THIS, YOU DON'T LIKE THAT, YOU NEED MORE FUCKIN' TIME OFF.
IS THERE ANY CHANCE AT ALL O' YOU FINALLY TWIGGIN' WHAT WE DO HERE AN' SORTIN' YERSELF OUT? AN' ONCE AN' FOR FUCKIN' ALL, *MAKIN' YER MIND UP*...?
AYE, I KEEP HEARIN' THAT. WELL, YOU'LL BE PLEASED TO HEAR I'VE MADE A BLOODY DECISION: I'M HAVIN' NOTHIN' ELSE TO DO WI' VIOLENCE.
I'LL INVESTIGATE, I'LL PLANT BUGS, I'LL DO WHATEVER'S NEEDED. BUT I'M NO' FUCKIN' HURTIN' FOLK *EVER AGAIN*--ALL RIGHT?

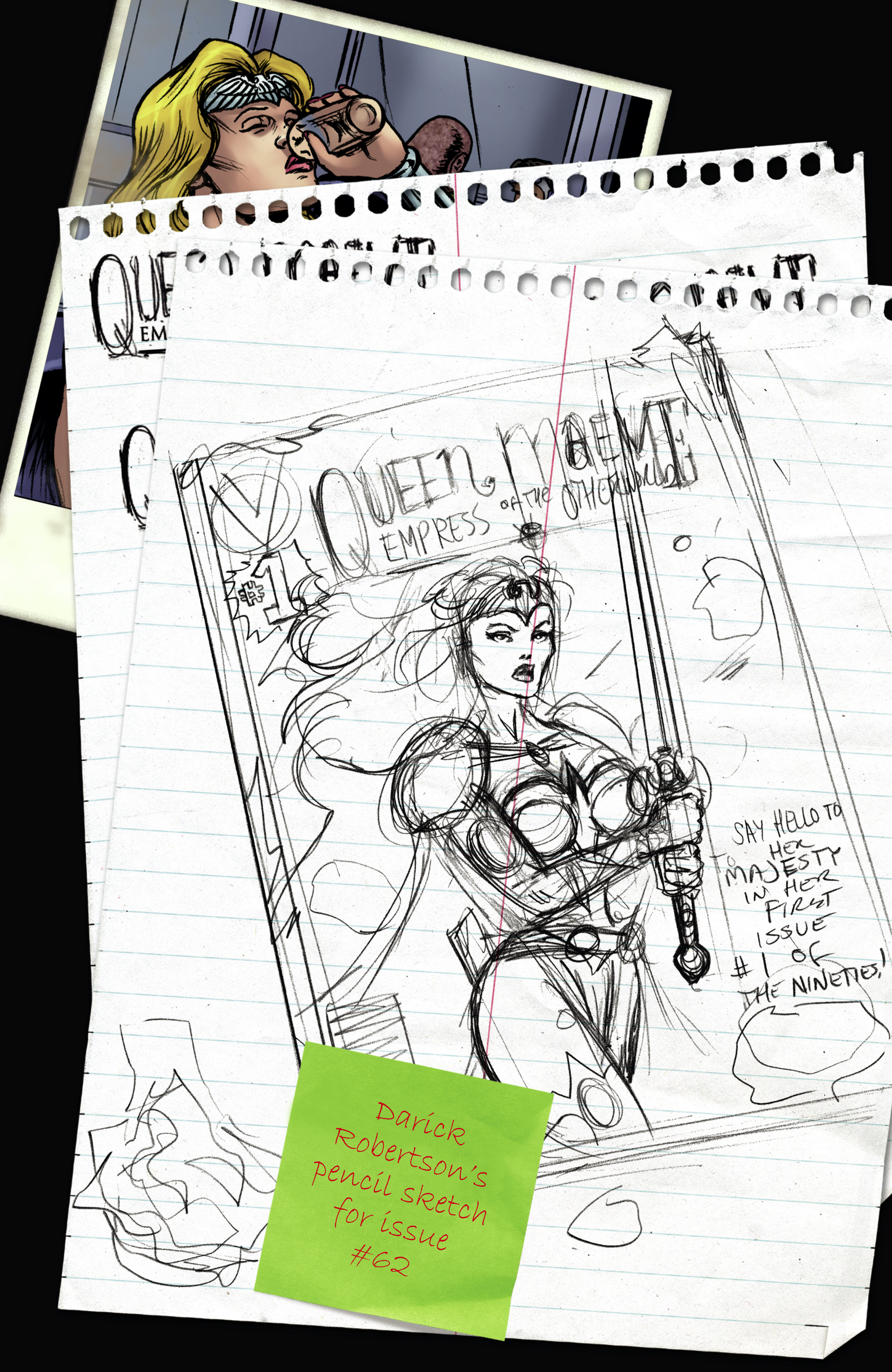

AIN'T WE BEEN HERE BEFORE A COUPLA TIMES?
AYE, WE HAVE. AN' YOU SAID IT WASN'T RIGHT FOR ME, YOU SAID YOU COULD SEE I WASN'T LIKE THE REST O' THE BAMS.
I SAID IF YOU HAD A PROBLEM YOU COULD COME AN' TALK TO ME ABOUT IT. I DIDN'T MEAN GIVE ME AN ULTIMATUM AN' TELL ME TO FUCK MYSELF.
AW, THAT'S NO' WHAT I'M DOIN'...!
I'M JUST TRYNNA--I'M SAYIN' THIS SHITE GETS TO ME. I CAN'T JUST FORGET IT THE WAY YOU CAN, THE THINGS I'VE SEEN AN' THE THINGS I'VE DONE ARE *WITH ME.*
THEY'RE IN MY DREAMS. THEY'RE FUCKIN' UP MY LIFE. AN'--
QU'EST-CE QUE C'EST THAT *SMELL*...?
THAT'S THE RANK SMELL O' JUSTICE IN YER NOSTRILS, FROGGY--AN' ALL THE GARLIC IN ROME AIN'T GONNA WASH IT AWAY!


THAT'S THE SMELL O' NOW YA GOTTA ANSWER TO PARALACTIC...!

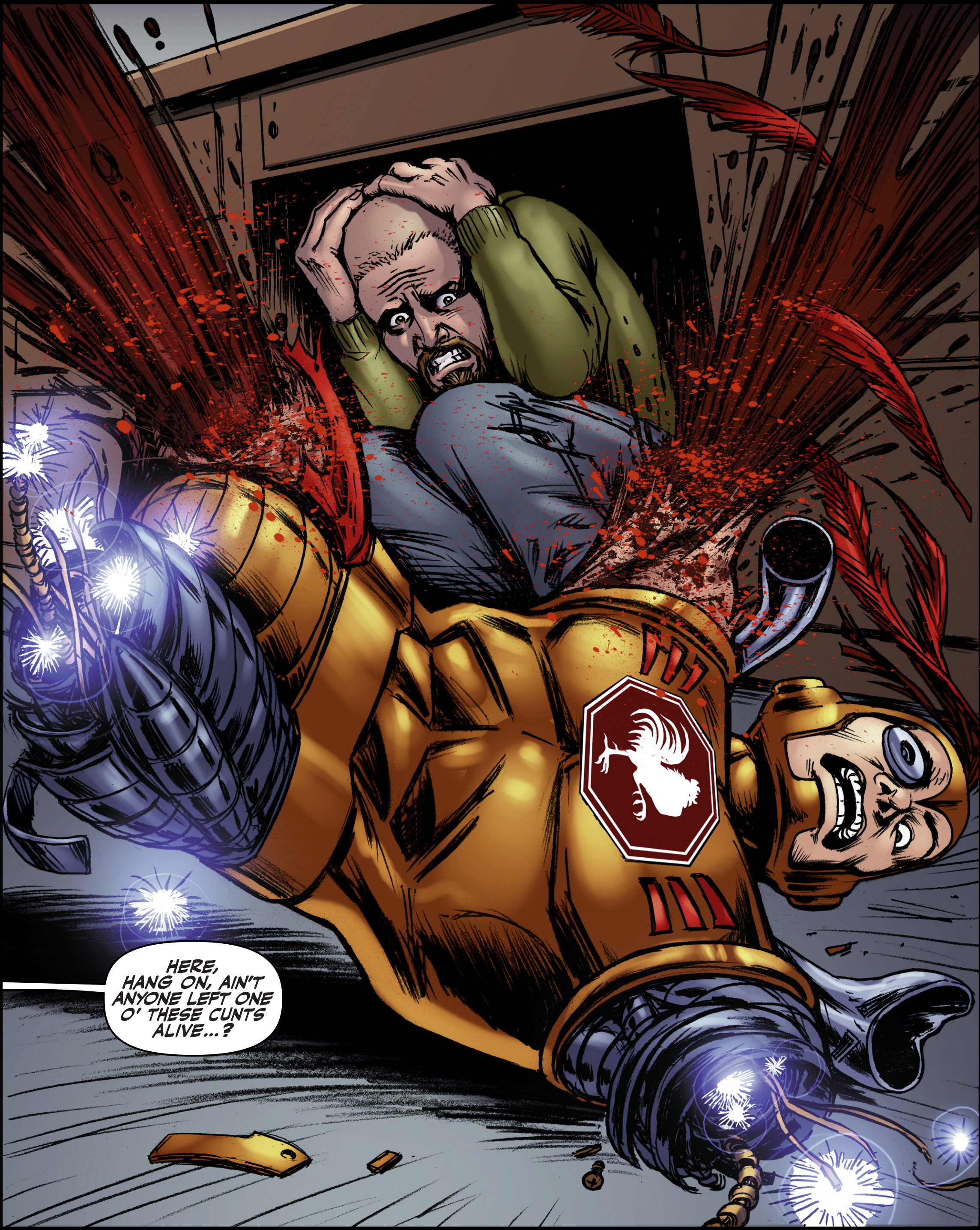

next: ASSASSINATION RUN

SIXTY-TWO


V
#1
QUEEN MAEVE
EMPRESS OF THE OTHERWORLD
SAY HELLO TO HER
MAJESTY
IN HER FIRST
ISSUE #1
OF THE NINETIES!
6 71860 01382 2
DARICK 2011

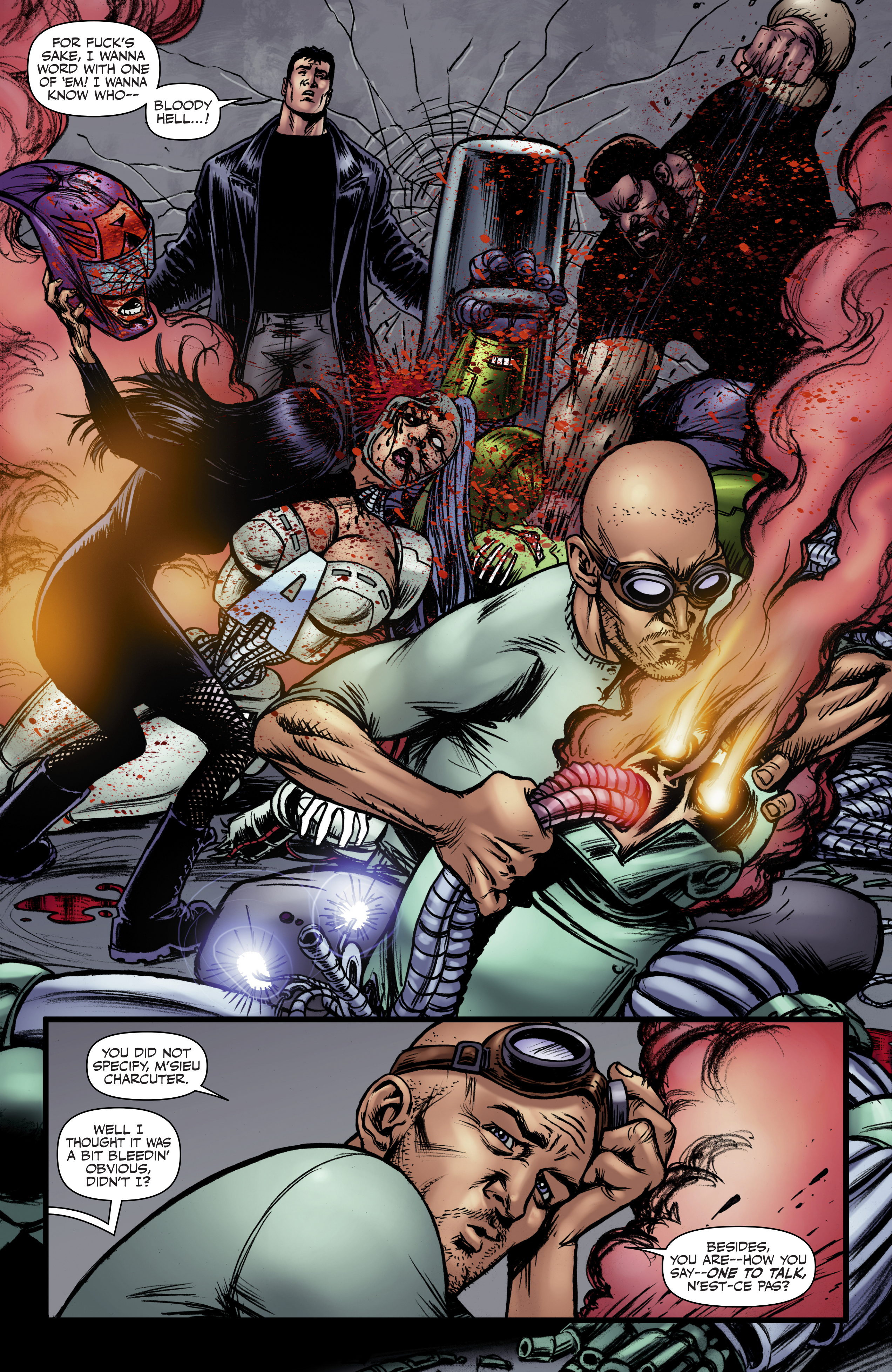

QUEEN MAEME
EMPRESS OF THE OTHERWORLD
#1
SAY HELLO TO HER MAJESTY IN HER FIRST ISSUE #1 OF THE NINETIES!

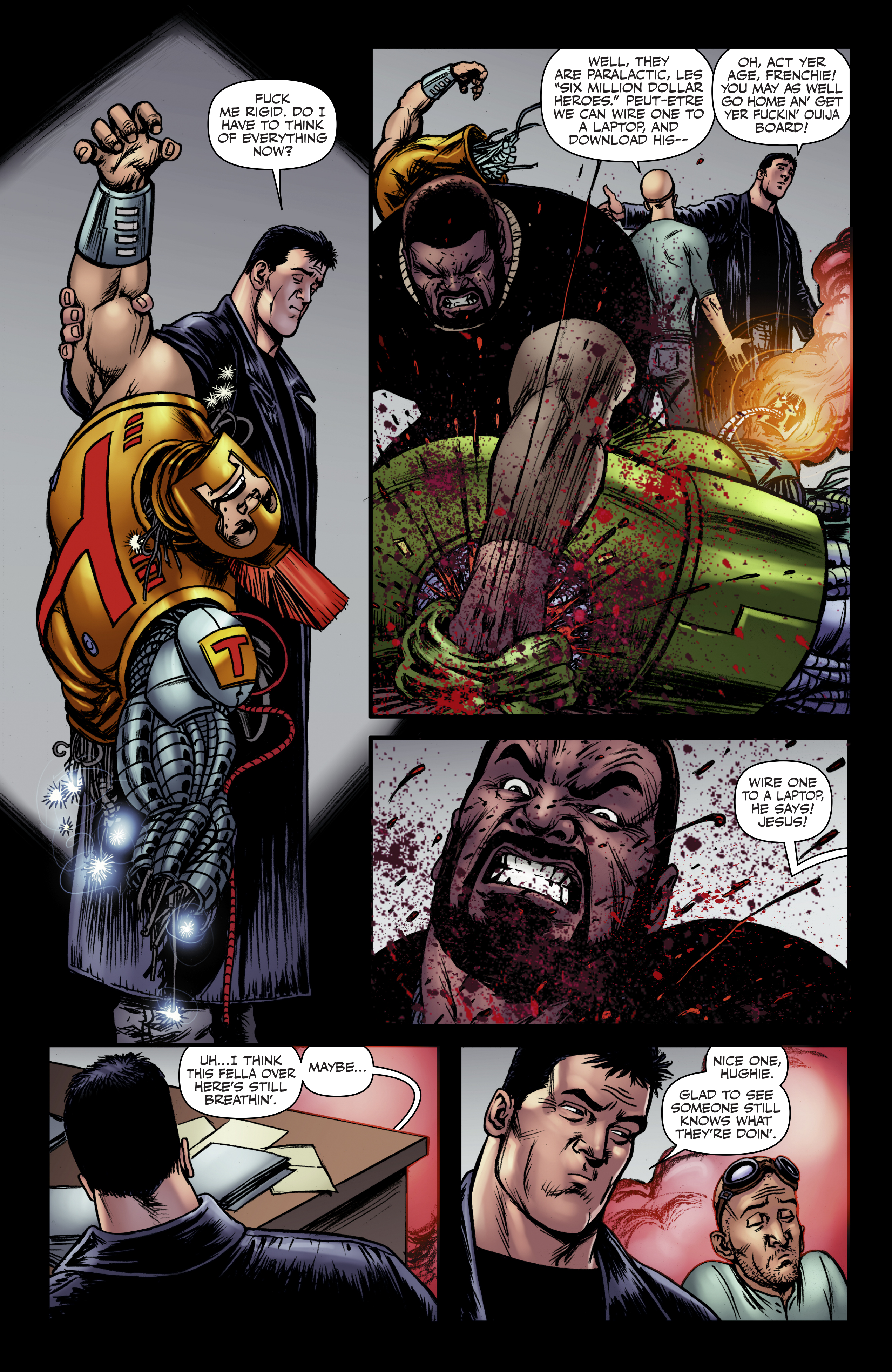
Darick Robertson's pencil sketch for issue #62

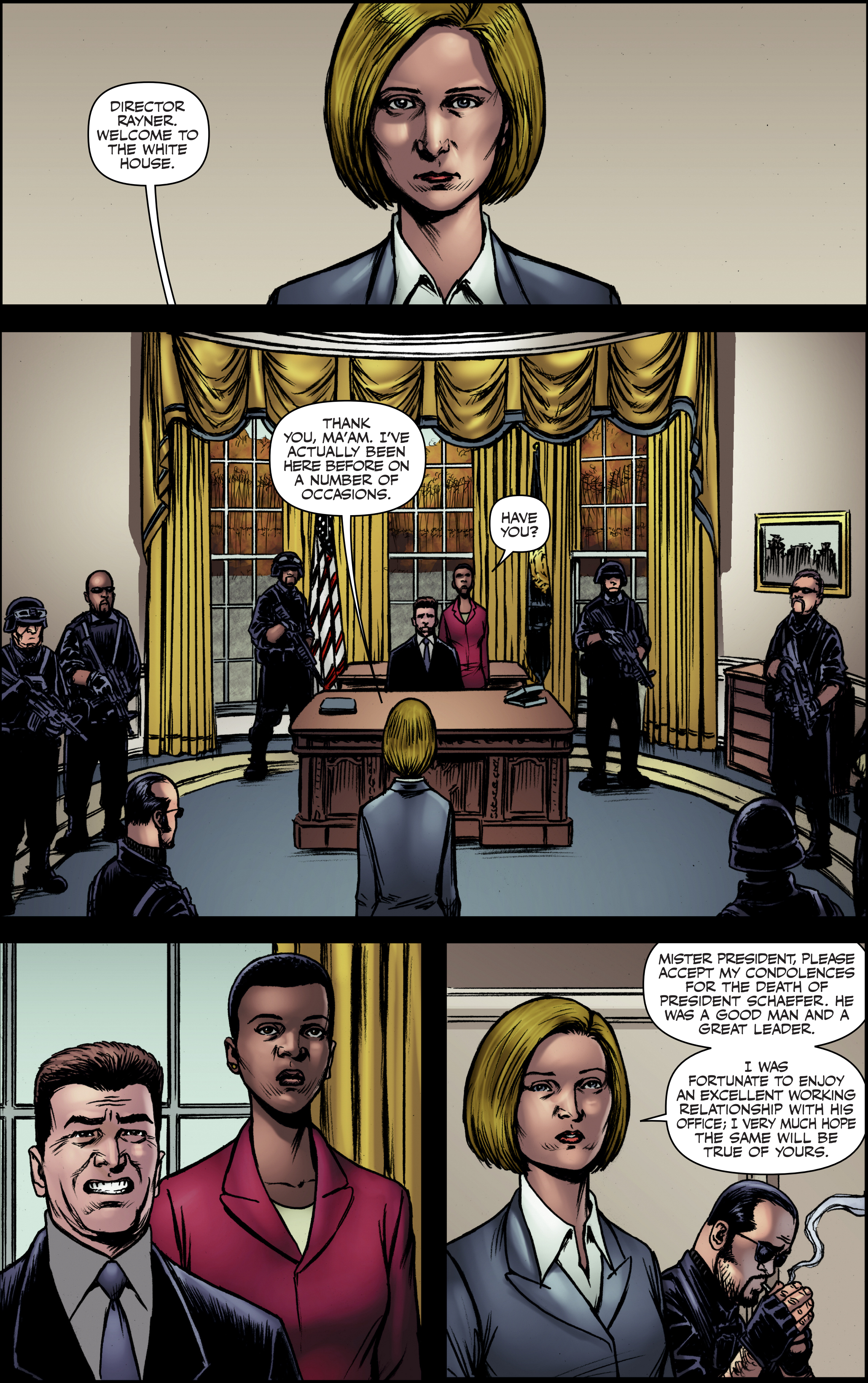

HERE, HANG ON, AIN'T ANYONE LEFT ONE O' THESE CUNTS ALIVE...?

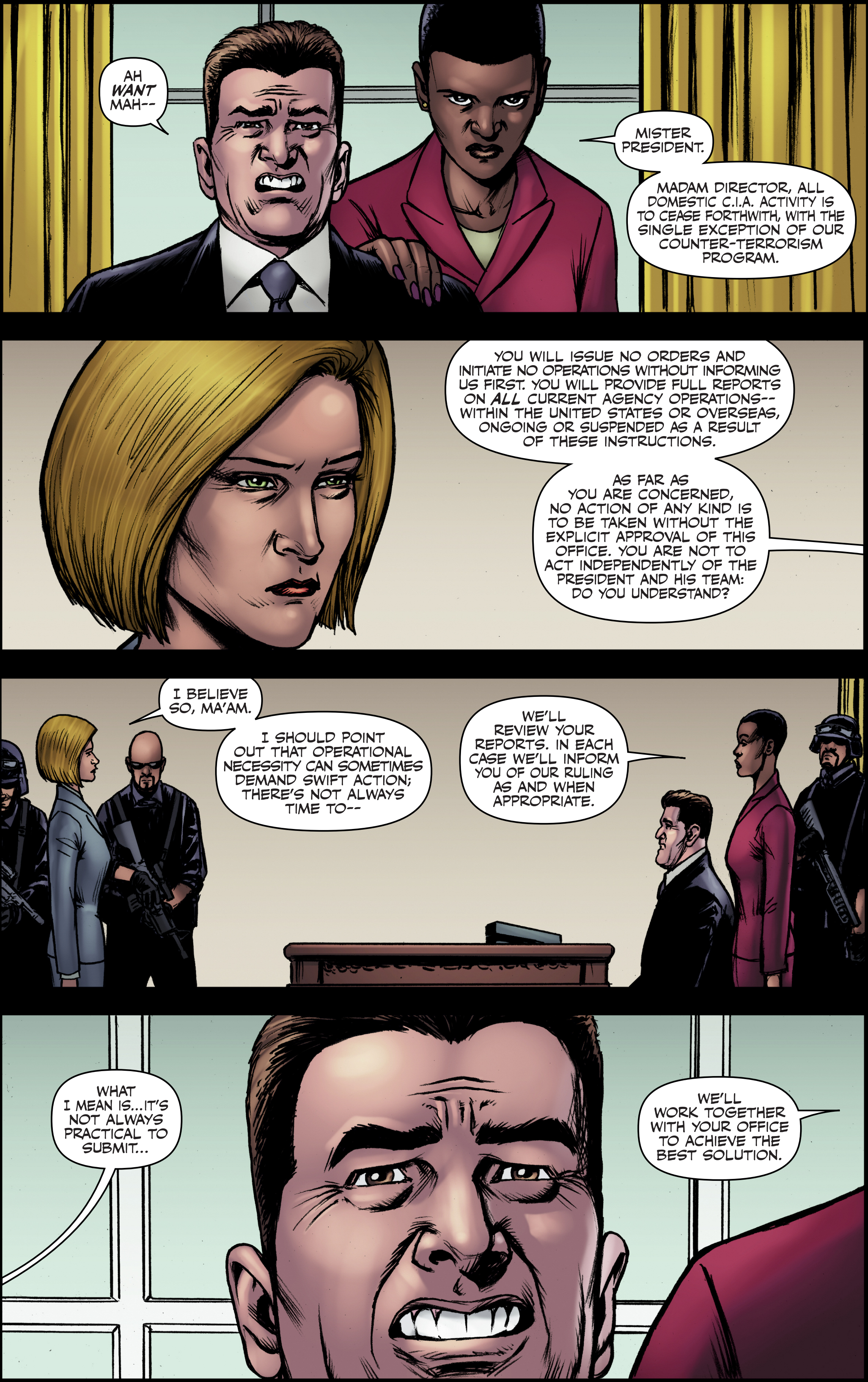
OVER THE HILL WITH THE SWORDS OF A THOUSAND MEN

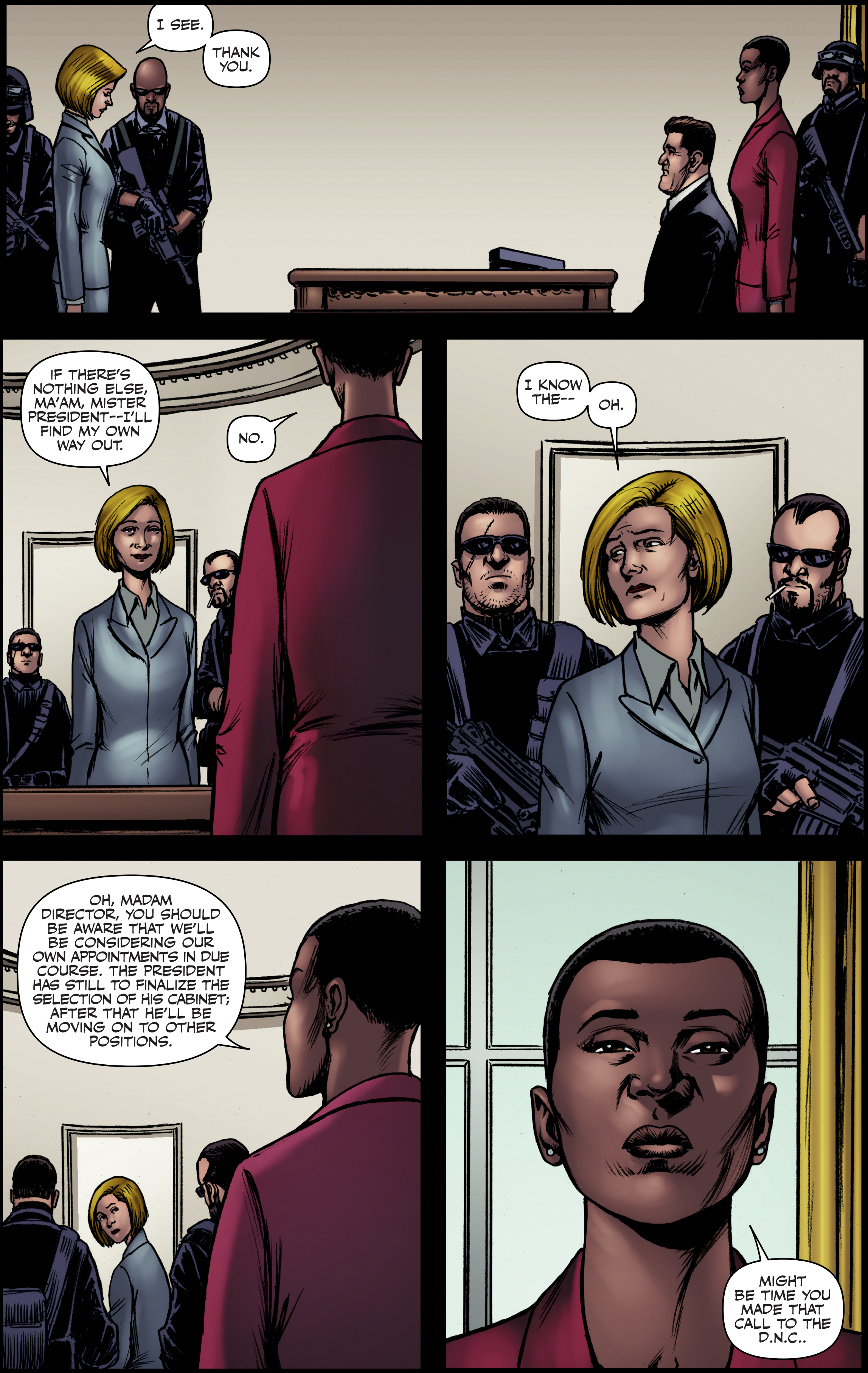
part three

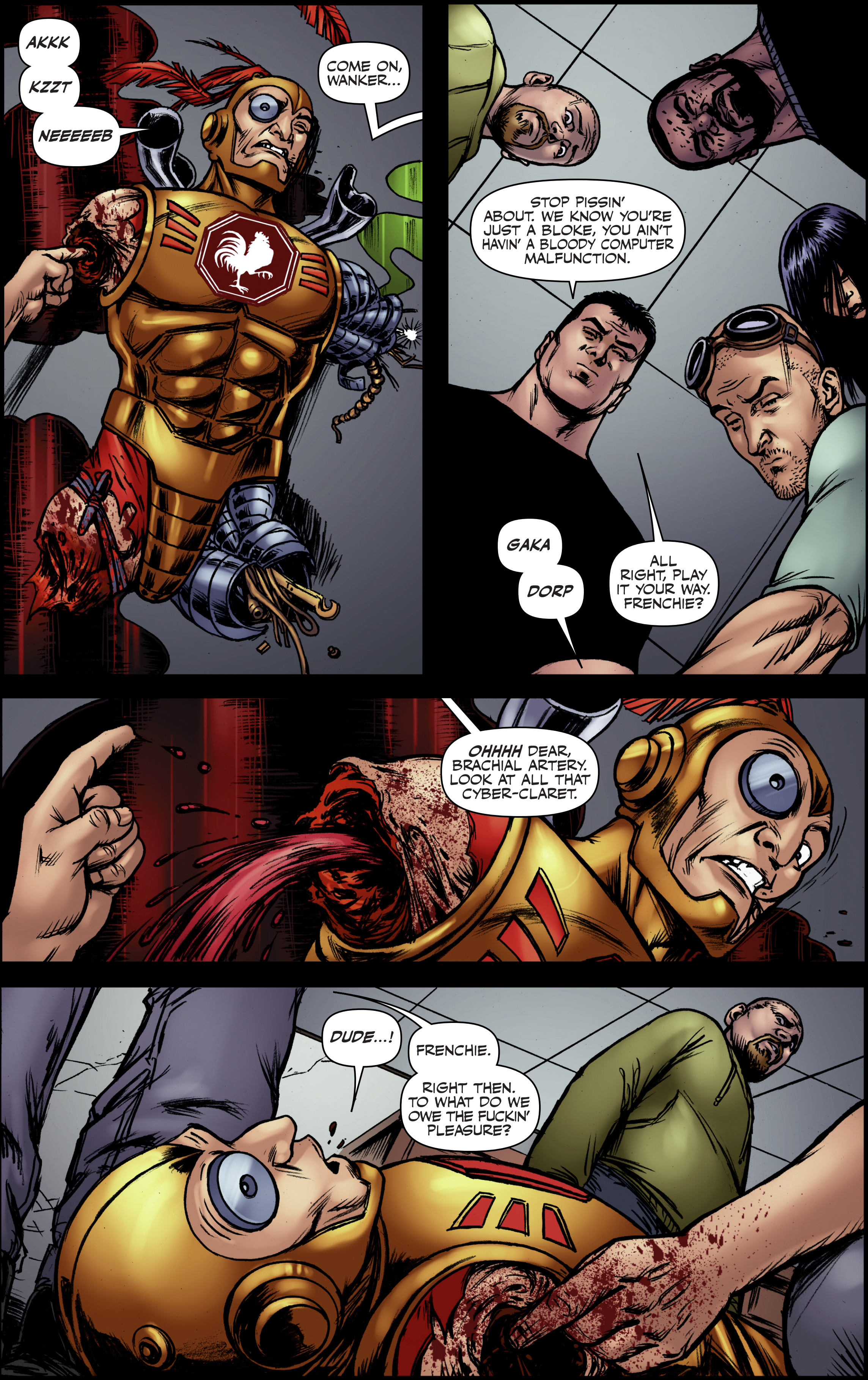

FOR FUCK'S SAKE, I WANNA WORD WITH ONE OF 'EM! I WANNA KNOW WHO--
BLOODY HELL...!
YOU DID NOT SPECIFY, M'SIEU CHARCUTER.
WELL I THOUGHT IT WAS A BIT BLEEDIN' OBVIOUS, DIDN'T I?
BESIDES, YOU ARE--HOW YOU SAY--*ONE TO TALK,* N'EST-CE PAS?

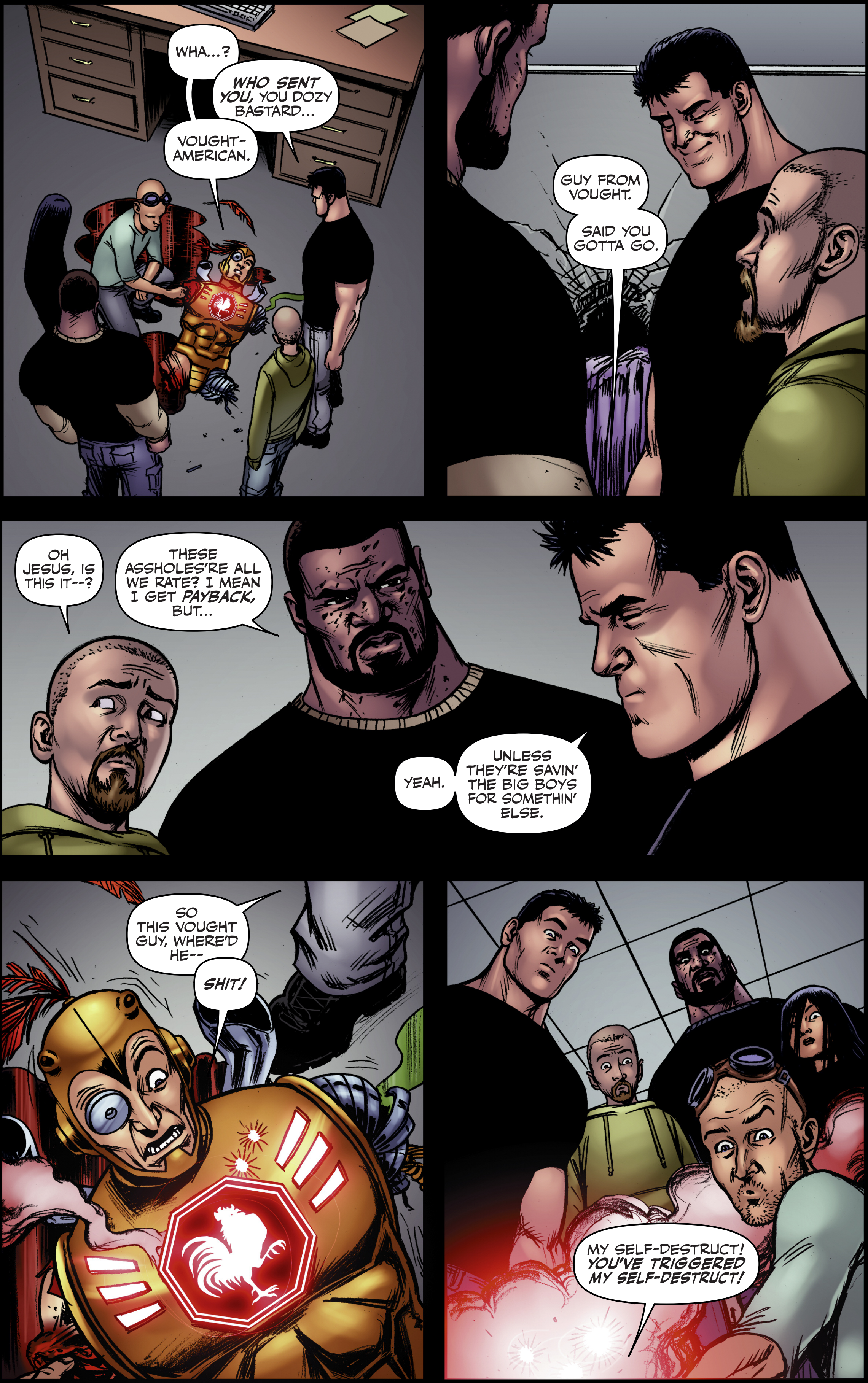

FUCK ME RIGID. DO I HAVE TO THINK OF EVERYTHING NOW?
WELL, THEY ARE PARALACTIC, LES "SIX MILLION DOLLAR HEROES." PEUT-ETRE WE CAN WIRE ONE TO A LAPTOP, AND DOWNLOAD HIS--
OH, ACT YER AGE, FRENCHIE! YOU MAY AS WELL GO HOME AN' GET YER FUCKIN' OUIJA BOARD!
WIRE ONE TO A LAPTOP, HE SAYS! JESUS!
UH...I THINK THIS FELLA OVER HERE'S STILL BREATHIN'.
MAYBE...
NICE ONE, HUGHIE.
GLAD TO SEE SOMEONE STILL KNOWS WHAT THEY'RE DOIN'.

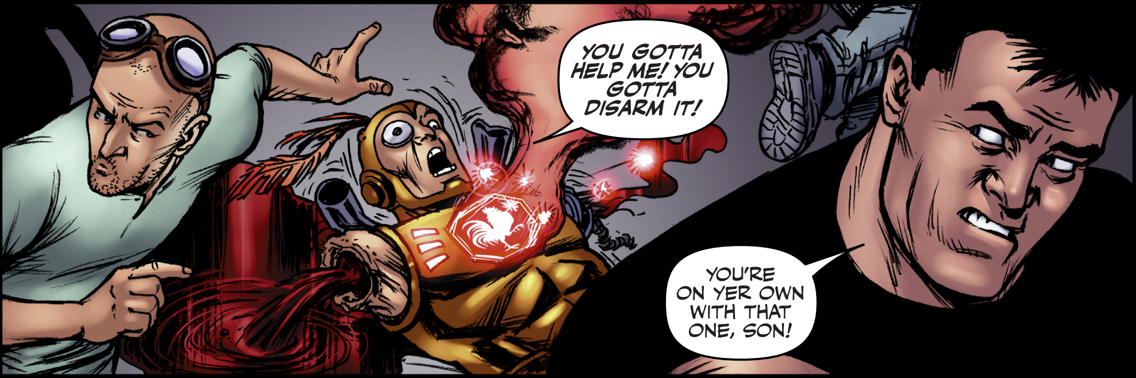

DIRECTOR RAYNER. WELCOME TO THE WHITE HOUSE.
THANK YOU, MA'AM. I'VE ACTUALLY BEEN HERE BEFORE ON A NUMBER OF OCCASIONS.
HAVE YOU?
MISTER PRESIDENT, PLEASE ACCEPT MY CONDOLENCES FOR THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT SCHAEFER. HE WAS A GOOD MAN AND A GREAT LEADER.
I WAS FORTUNATE TO ENJOY AN EXCELLENT WORKING RELATIONSHIP WITH HIS OFFICE; I VERY MUCH HOPE THE SAME WILL BE TRUE OF YOURS.

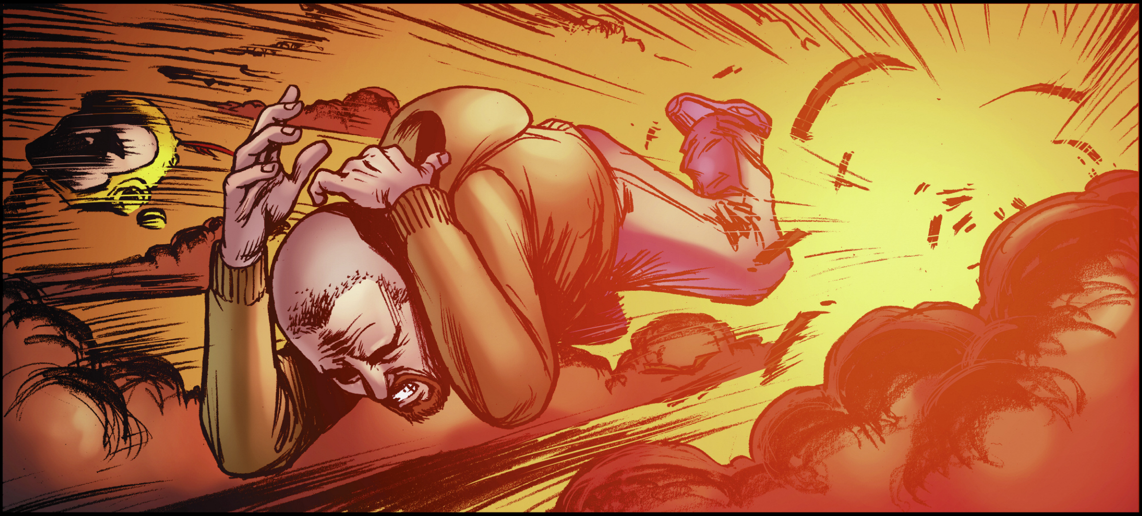

AH *WANT* MAH--
MISTER PRESIDENT.
MADAM DIRECTOR, ALL DOMESTIC C.I.A. ACTIVITY IS TO CEASE FORTHWITH, WITH THE SINGLE EXCEPTION OF OUR COUNTER-TERRORISM PROGRAM.
YOU WILL ISSUE NO ORDERS AND INITIATE NO OPERATIONS WITHOUT INFORMING US FIRST. YOU WILL PROVIDE FULL REPORTS ON *ALL* CURRENT AGENCY OPERATIONS-- WITHIN THE UNITED STATES OR OVERSEAS, ONGOING OR SUSPENDED AS A RESULT OF THESE INSTRUCTIONS.
AS FAR AS YOU ARE CONCERNED, NO ACTION OF ANY KIND IS TO BE TAKEN WITHOUT THE EXPLICIT APPROVAL OF THIS OFFICE. YOU ARE NOT TO ACT INDEPENDENTLY OF THE PRESIDENT AND HIS TEAM: DO YOU UNDERSTAND?
I BELIEVE SO, MA'AM.
I SHOULD POINT OUT THAT OPERATIONAL NECESSITY CAN SOMETIMES DEMAND SWIFT ACTION; THERE'S NOT ALWAYS TIME TO--
WE'LL REVIEW YOUR REPORTS. IN EACH CASE WE'LL INFORM YOU OF OUR RULING AS AND WHEN APPROPRIATE.
WHAT I MEAN IS...IT'S NOT ALWAYS PRACTICAL TO SUBMIT...
WE'LL WORK TOGETHER WITH YOUR OFFICE TO ACHIEVE THE BEST SOLUTION.

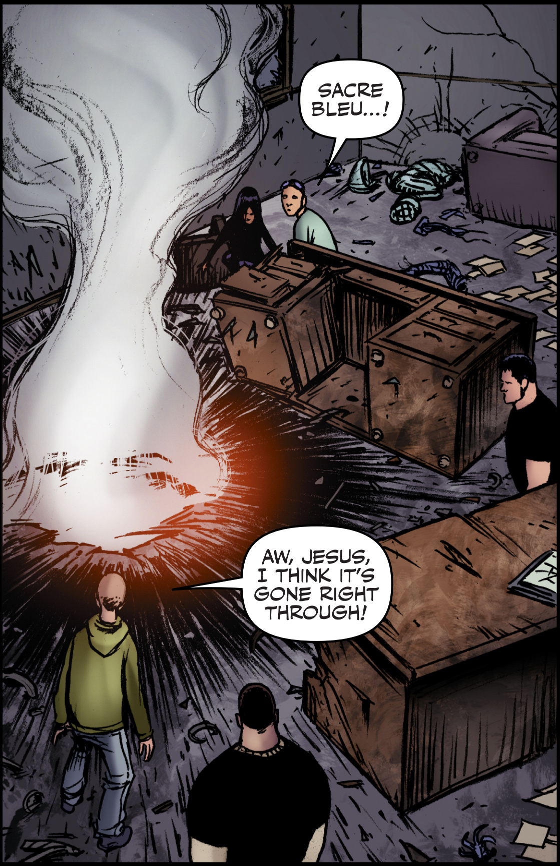

I SEE.
THANK YOU.
IF THERE'S NOTHING ELSE, MA'AM, MISTER PRESIDENT--I'LL FIND MY OWN WAY OUT.
NO.
I KNOW THE--
OH.
OH, MADAM DIRECTOR, YOU SHOULD BE AWARE THAT WE'LL BE CONSIDERING OUR OWN APPOINTMENTS IN DUE COURSE. THE PRESIDENT HAS STILL TO FINALIZE THE SELECTION OF HIS CABINET; AFTER THAT HE'LL BE MOVING ON TO OTHER POSITIONS.
MIGHT BE TIME YOU MADE THAT CALL TO THE D.N.C..

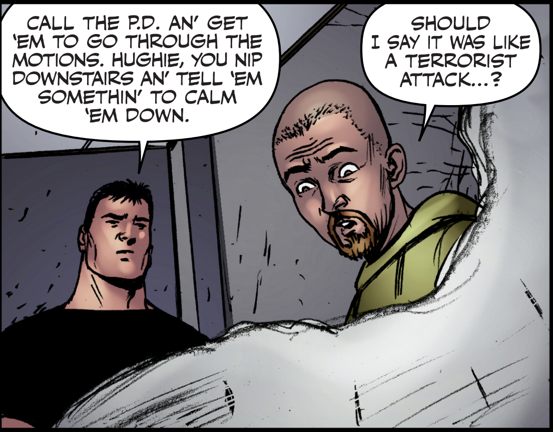

AKKK
KZZT
NEEEEEB
COME ON, WANKER...
STOP PISSIN' ABOUT. WE KNOW YOU'RE JUST A BLOKE, YOU AIN'T HAVIN' A BLOODY COMPUTER MALFUNCTION.
GAKA
DORP
ALL RIGHT, PLAY IT YOUR WAY. FRENCHIE?
OHHHH DEAR, BRACHIAL ARTERY. LOOK AT ALL THAT CYBER-CLARET.
DUDE...!
FRENCHIE.
RIGHT THEN. TO WHAT DO WE OWE THE FUCKIN' PLEASURE?

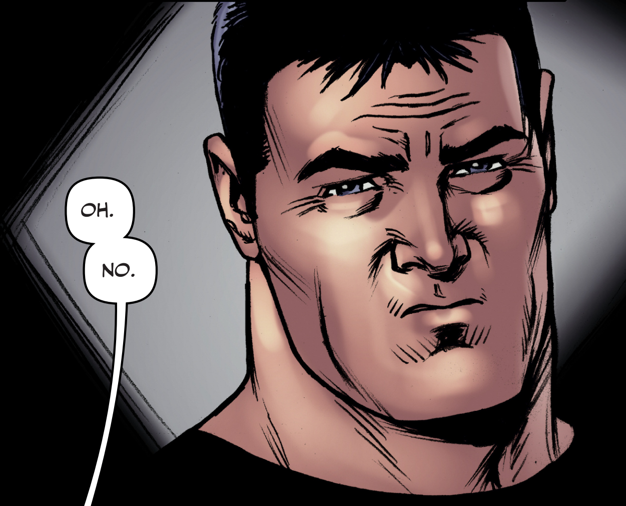

WHA...?
WHO SENT YOU, YOU DOZY BASTARD...
VOUGHT-AMERICAN.
GUY FROM VOUGHT.
SAID YOU GOTTA GO.
OH JESUS, IS THIS IT--?
THESE ASSHOLES'RE ALL WE RATE? I MEAN I GET PAYBACK, BUT...
YEAH.
UNLESS THEY'RE SAVIN' THE BIG BOYS FOR SOMETHIN' ELSE.
SO THIS VOUGHT GUY, WHERE'D HE--
SHIT!
MY SELF-DESTRUCT! YOU'VE TRIGGERED MY SELF-DESTRUCT!

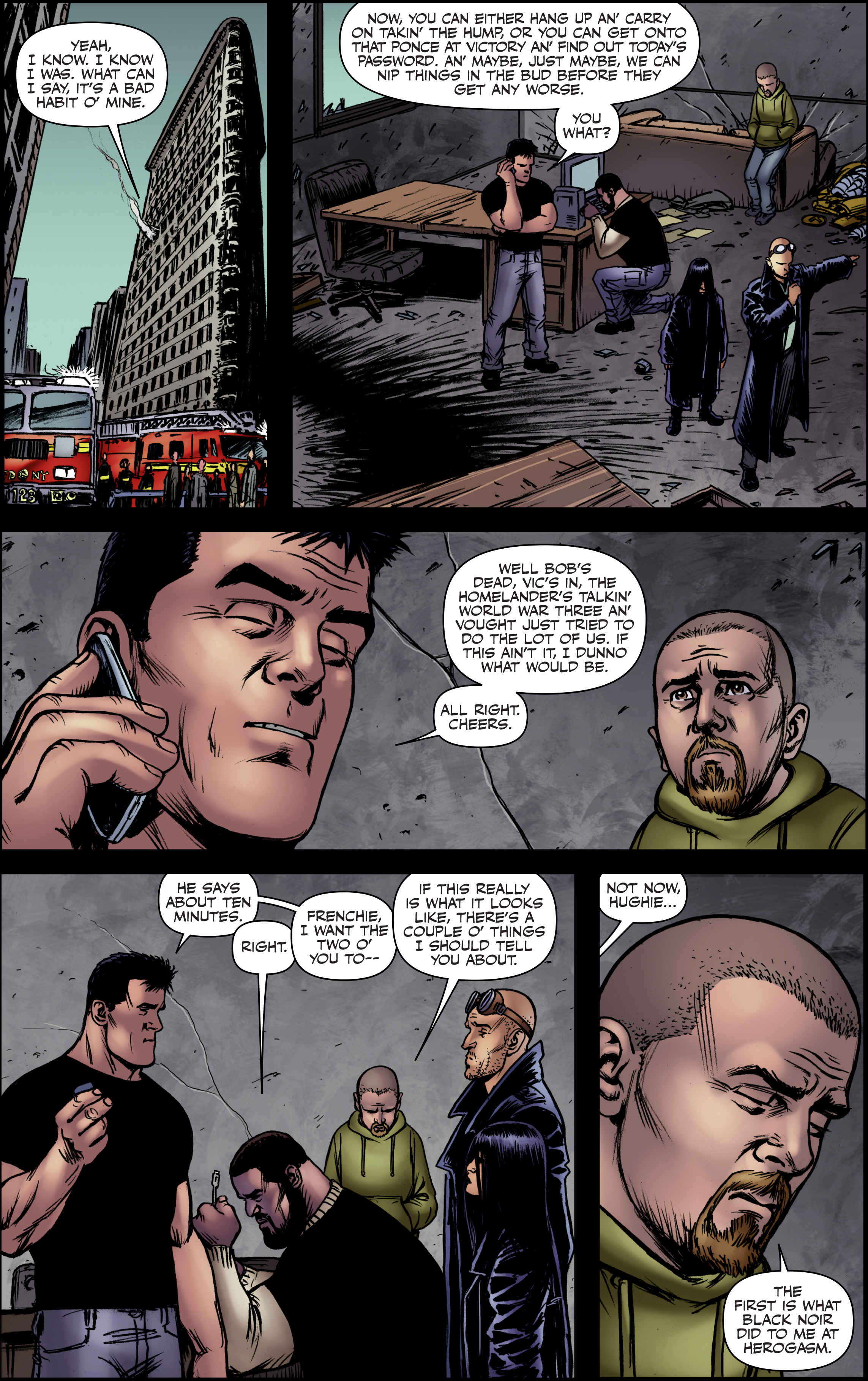

YOU GOTTA HELP ME! YOU GOTTA DISARM IT!
YOU'RE ON YER OWN WITH THAT ONE, SON!

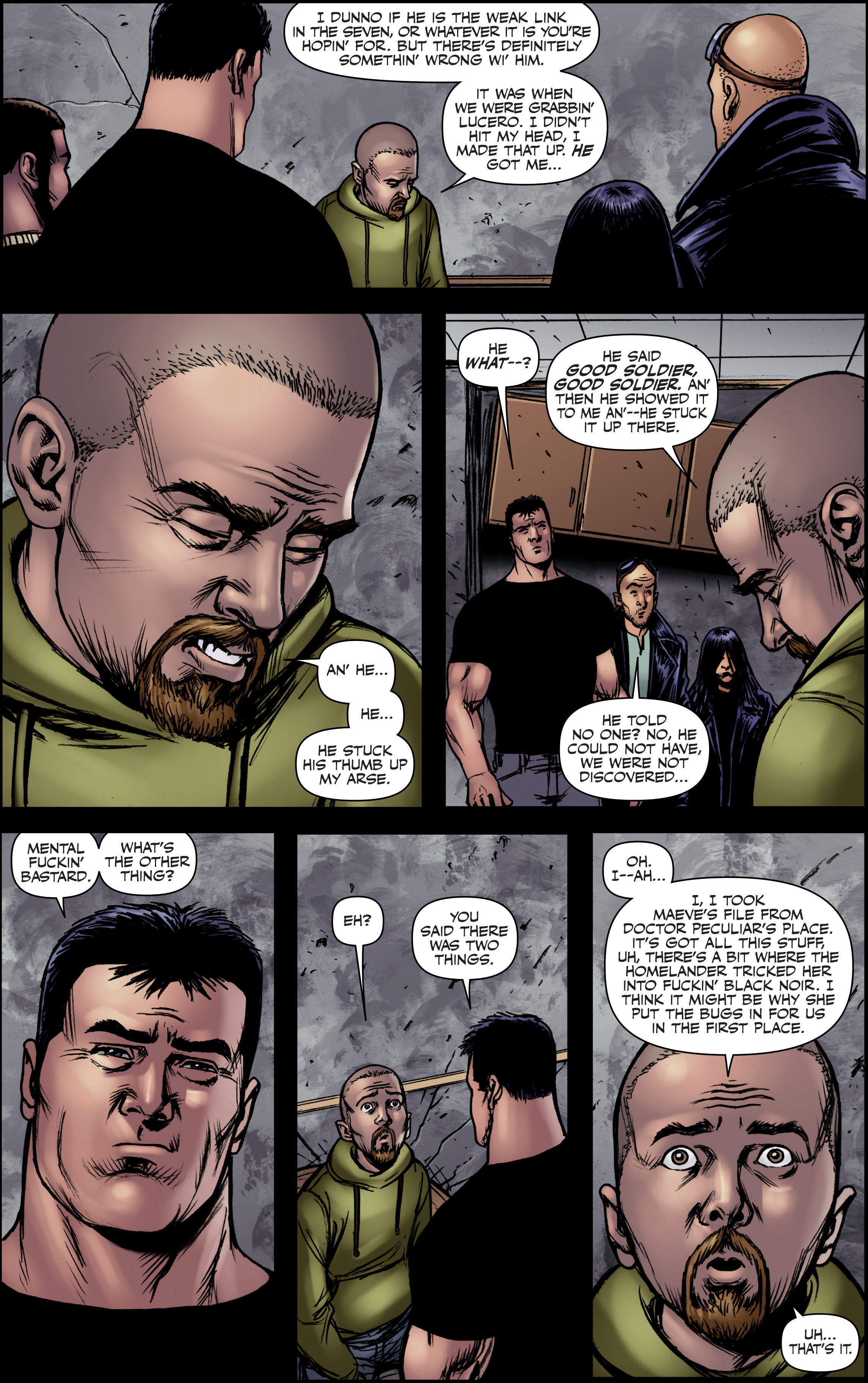


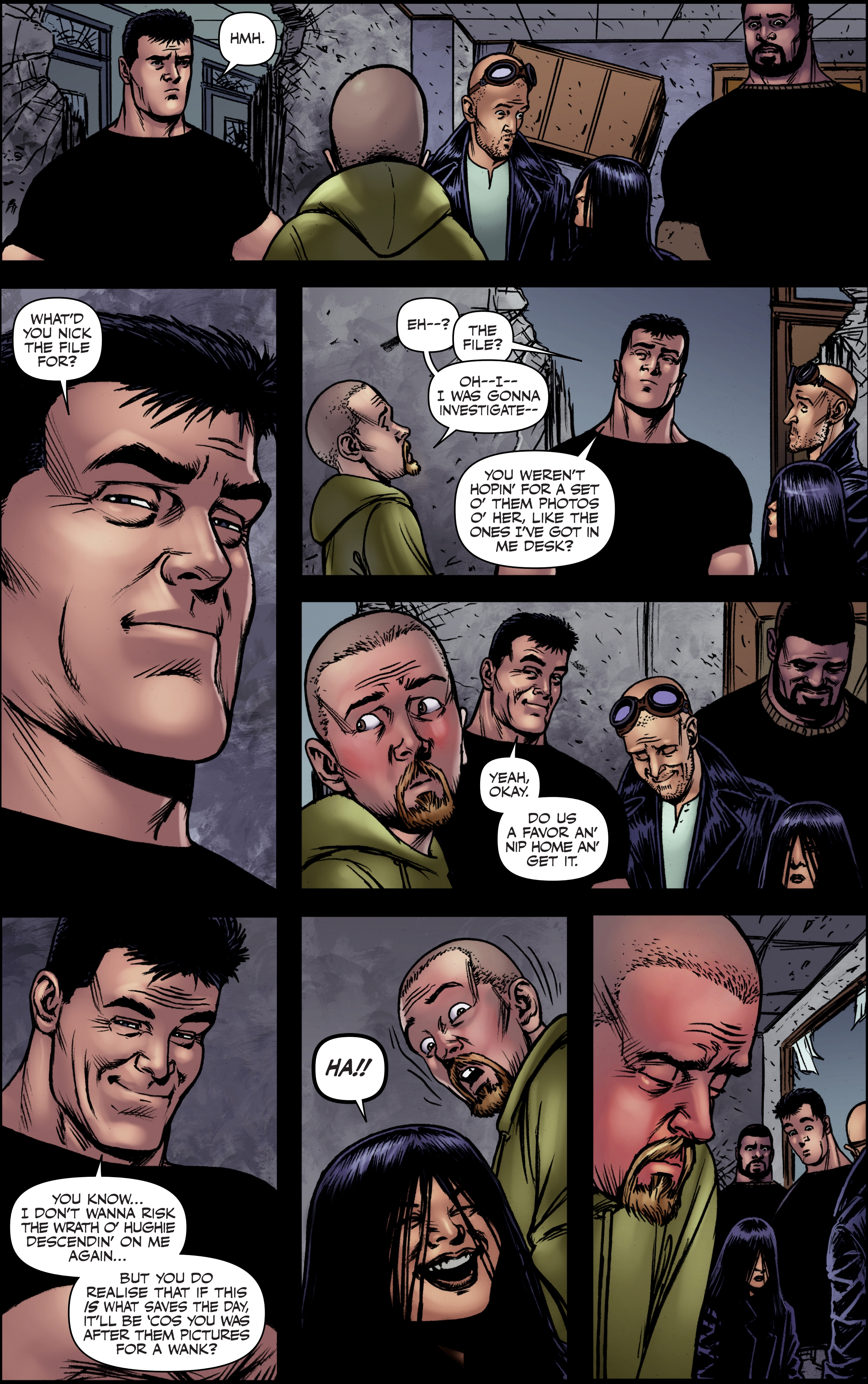

SACRE BLEU...!
AW, JESUS, I THINK IT'S GONE RIGHT THROUGH!

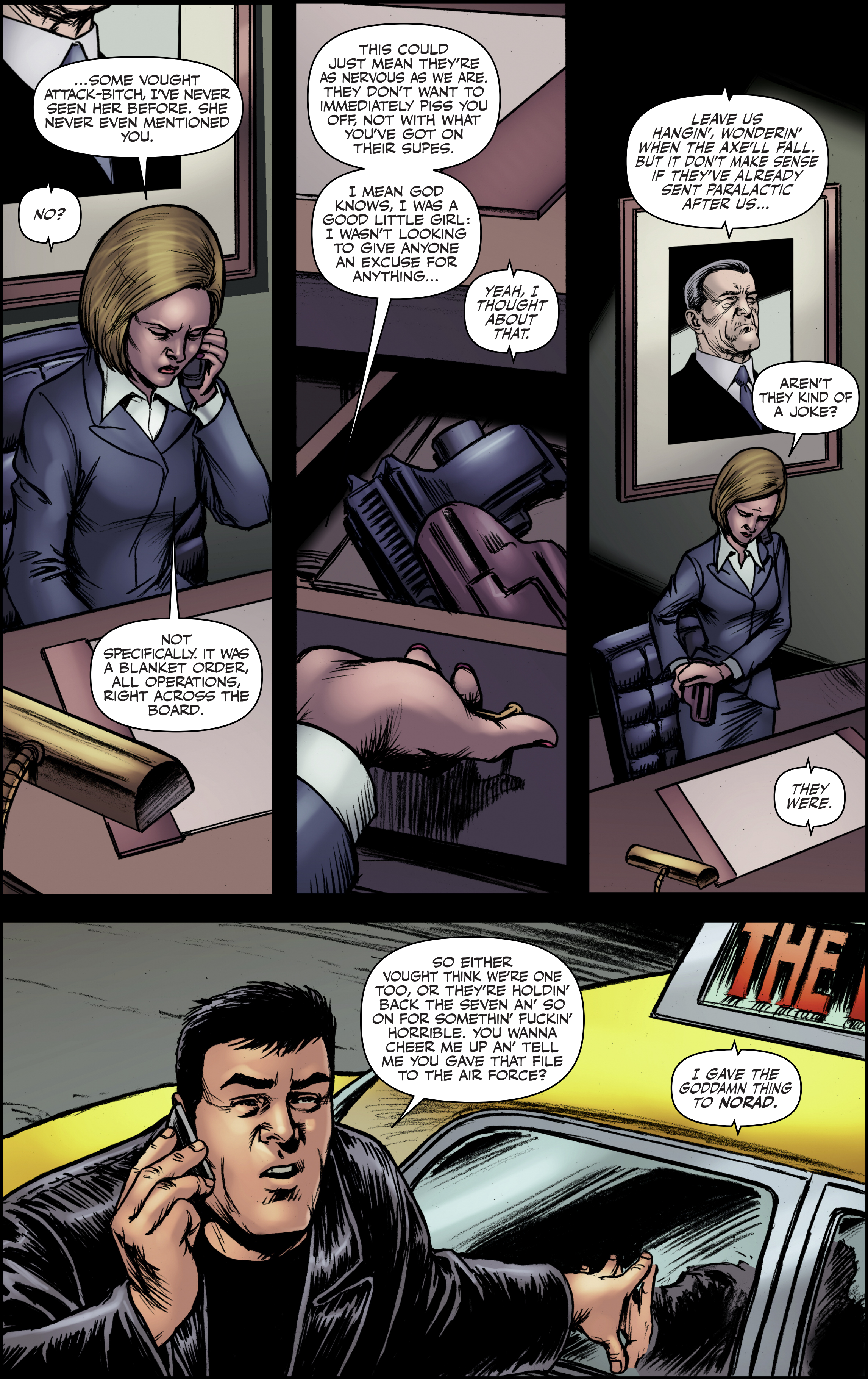

CALL THE P.D. AN' GET 'EM TO GO THROUGH THE MOTIONS. HUGHIE, YOU NIP DOWNSTAIRS AN' TELL 'EM SOMETHIN' TO CALM 'EM DOWN.
SHOULD I SAY IT WAS LIKE A TERRORIST ATTACK...?

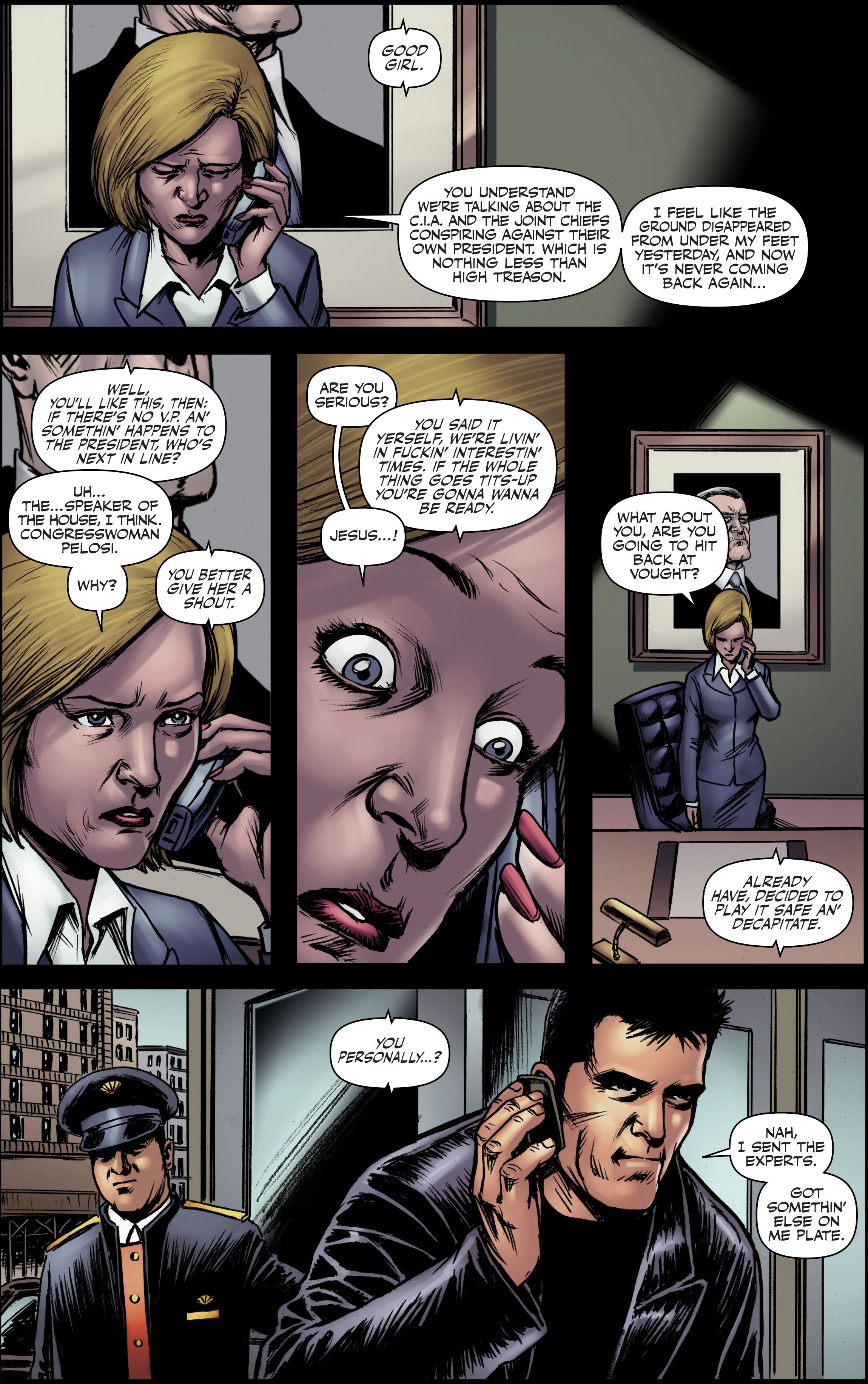

OH.
NO.

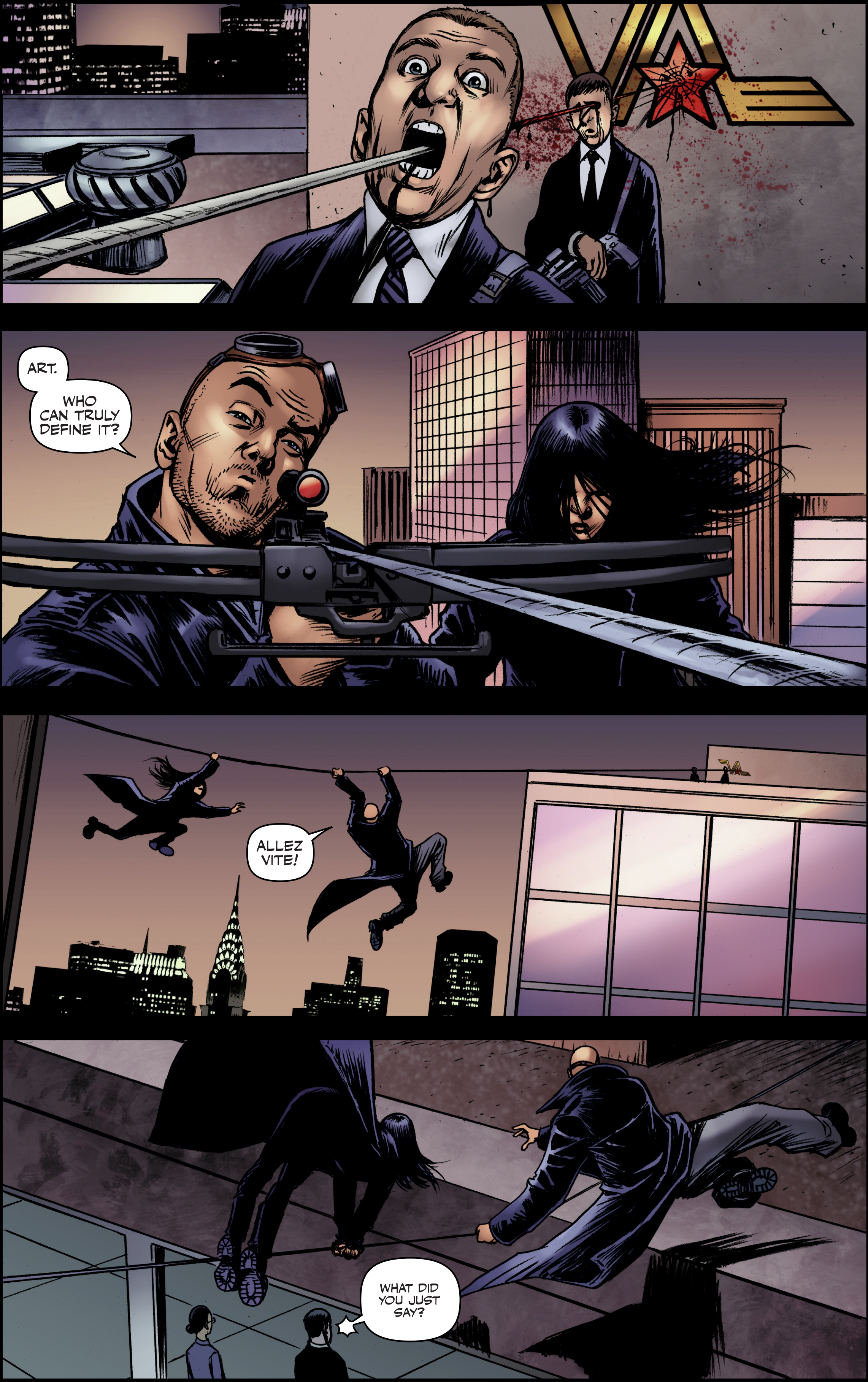

YEAH, I KNOW. I KNOW I WAS. WHAT CAN I SAY, IT'S A BAD HABIT O' MINE.
NOW, YOU CAN EITHER HANG UP AN' CARRY ON TAKIN' THE HUMP, OR YOU CAN GET ONTO THAT PONCE AT VICTORY AN' FIND OUT TODAY'S PASSWORD. AN' MAYBE, JUST MAYBE, WE CAN NIP THINGS IN THE BUD BEFORE THEY GET ANY WORSE.
YOU WHAT?
WELL BOB'S DEAD, VIC'S IN, THE HOMELANDER'S TALKIN' WORLD WAR THREE AN' VOUGHT JUST TRIED TO DO THE LOT OF US. IF THIS AIN'T IT, I DUNNO WHAT WOULD BE.
ALL RIGHT. CHEERS.
HE SAYS ABOUT TEN MINUTES.
RIGHT.
FRENCHIE, I WANT THE TWO O' YOU TO--
IF THIS REALLY IS WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE, THERE'S A COUPLE O' THINGS I SHOULD TELL YOU ABOUT.
NOT NOW, HUGHIE...
THE FIRST IS WHAT BLACK NOIR DID TO ME AT HEROGASM.

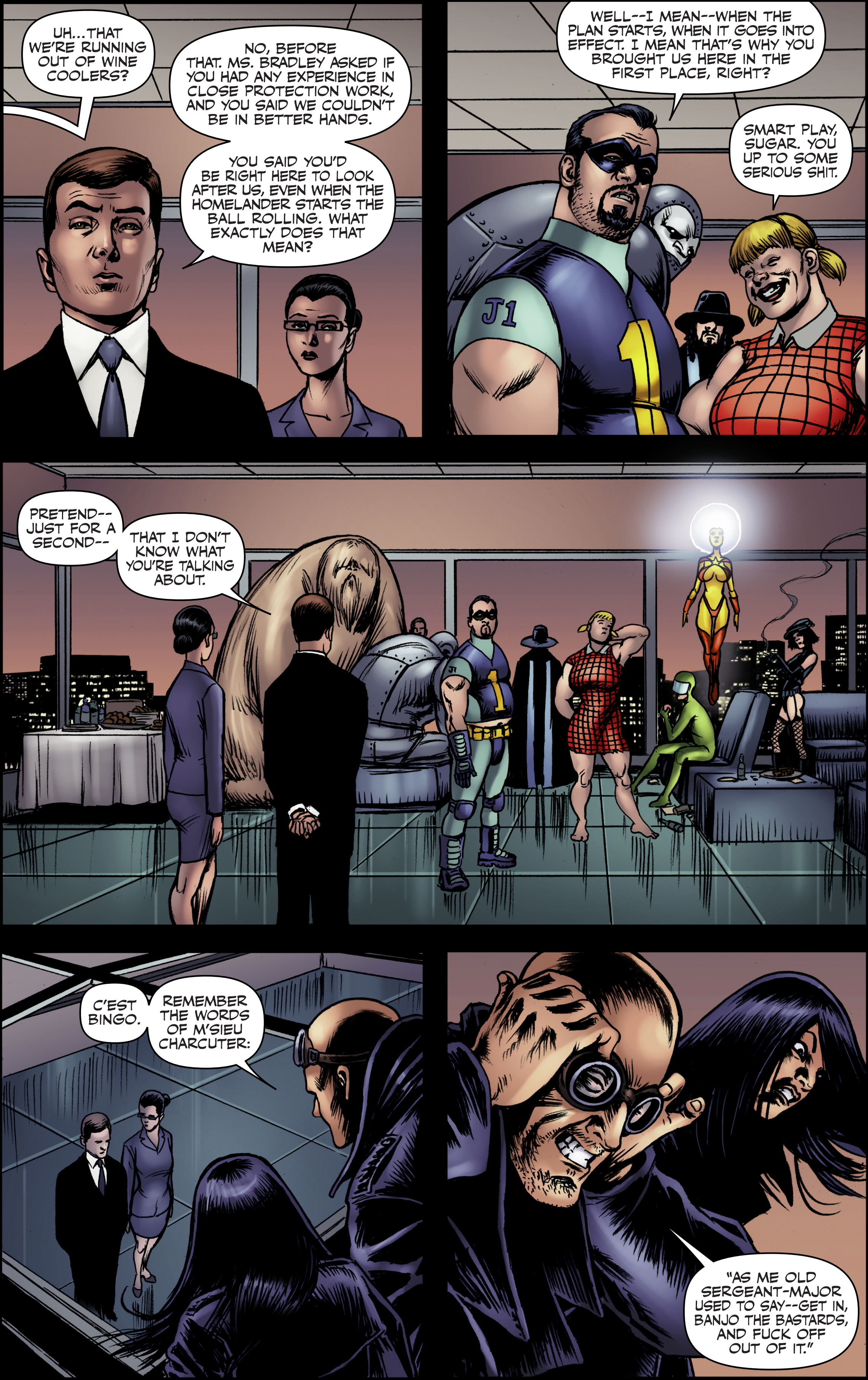

I DUNNO IF HE IS THE WEAK LINK IN THE SEVEN, OR WHATEVER IT IS YOU'RE HOPIN' FOR. BUT THERE'S DEFINITELY SOMETHIN' WRONG WI' HIM.
IT WAS WHEN WE WERE GRABBIN' LUCERO. I DIDN'T HIT MY HEAD, I MADE THAT UP. ***HE*** GOT ME...
AN' HE...
HE...
HE STUCK HIS THUMB UP MY ARSE.
HE ***WHAT--?***
HE SAID ***GOOD SOLDIER, GOOD SOLDIER.*** AN' THEN HE SHOWED IT TO ME AN'--HE STUCK IT UP THERE.
HE TOLD NO ONE? NO, HE COULD NOT HAVE, WE WERE NOT DISCOVERED...
MENTAL FUCKIN' BASTARD.
WHAT'S THE OTHER THING?
EH?
YOU SAID THERE WAS TWO THINGS.
OH. I--AH...
I, I TOOK MAEVE'S FILE FROM DOCTOR PECULIAR'S PLACE. IT'S GOT ALL THIS STUFF, UH, THERE'S A BIT WHERE THE HOMELANDER TRICKED HER INTO FUCKIN' BLACK NOIR. I THINK IT MIGHT BE WHY SHE PUT THE BUGS IN FOR US IN THE FIRST PLACE.
UH... THAT'S IT.

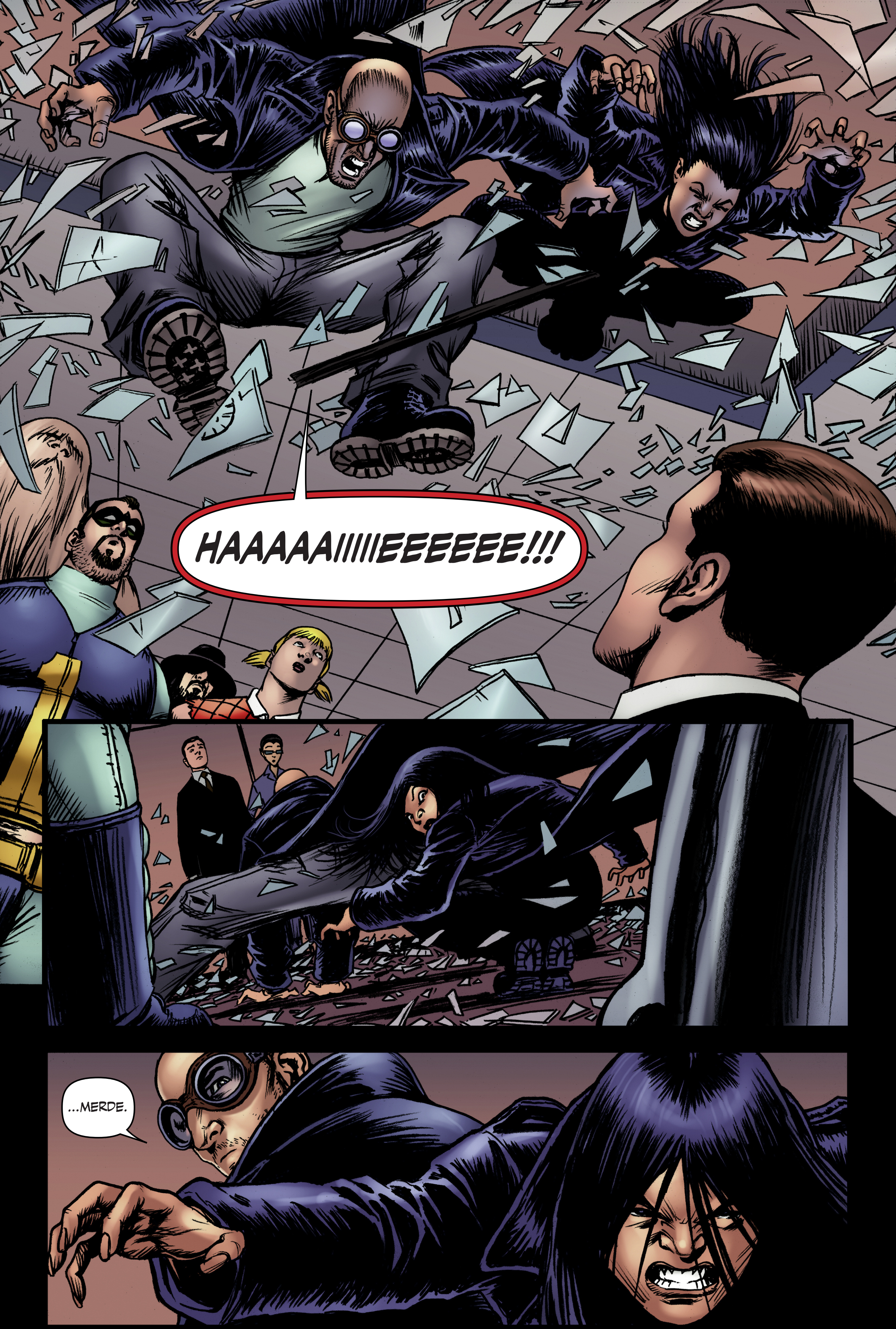

HMH.
WHAT'D YOU NICK THE FILE FOR?
EH--?
THE FILE?
OH--I-- I WAS GONNA INVESTIGATE--
YOU WEREN'T HOPIN' FOR A SET O' THEM PHOTOS O' HER, LIKE THE ONES I'VE GOT IN ME DESK?
YEAH, OKAY.
DO US A FAVOR AN' NIP HOME AN' GET IT.
YOU KNOW... I DON'T WANNA RISK THE WRATH O' HUGHIE DESCENDIN' ON ME AGAIN...
BUT YOU DO REALISE THAT IF THIS *IS* WHAT SAVES THE DAY, IT'LL BE 'COS YOU WAS AFTER THEM PICTURES FOR A WANK?
HA!!

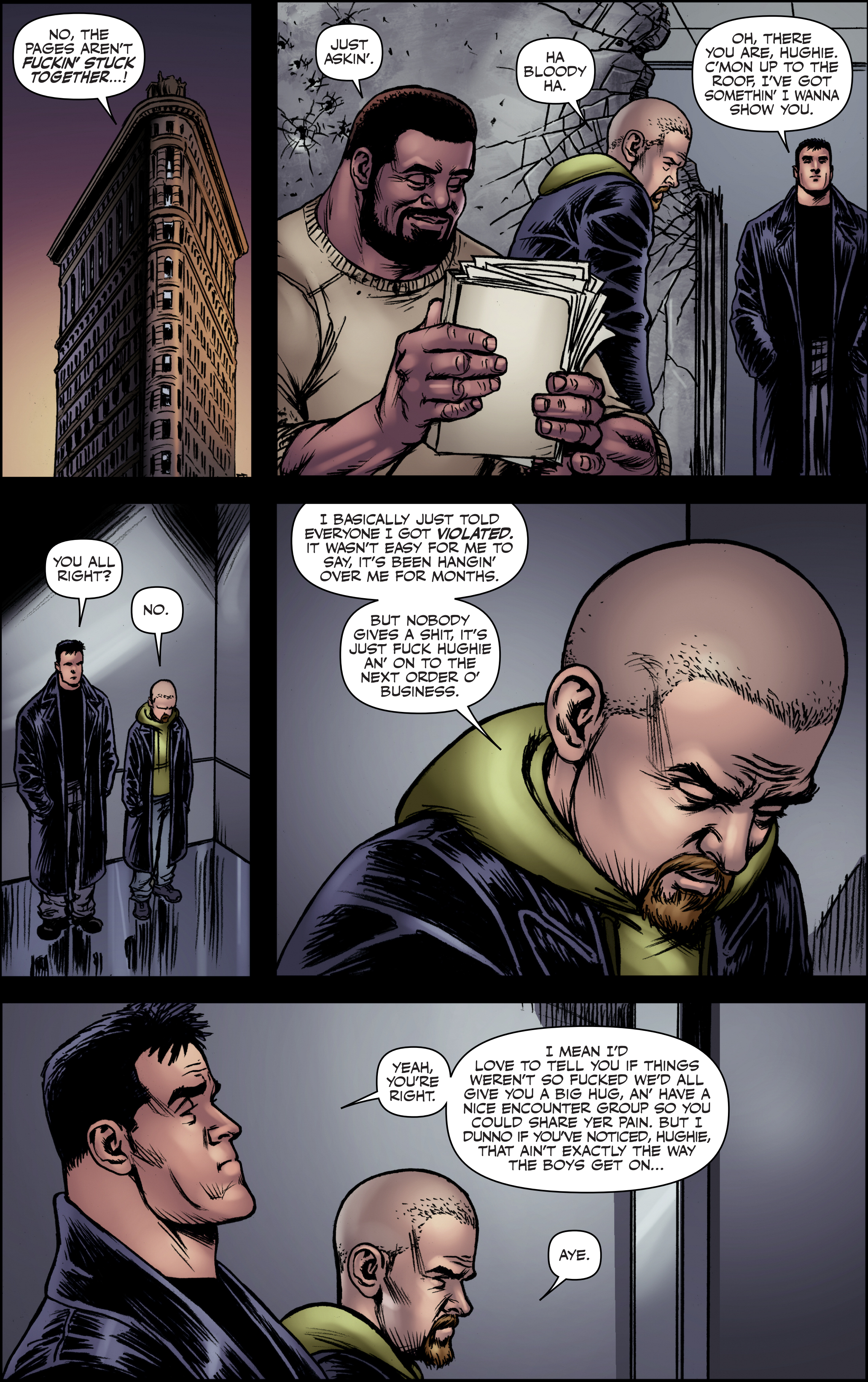

...SOME VOUGHT ATTACK-BITCH, I'VE NEVER SEEN HER BEFORE. SHE NEVER EVEN MENTIONED YOU.
NO?
NOT SPECIFICALLY. IT WAS A BLANKET ORDER, ALL OPERATIONS, RIGHT ACROSS THE BOARD.
THIS COULD JUST MEAN THEY'RE AS NERVOUS AS WE ARE. THEY DON'T WANT TO IMMEDIATELY PISS YOU OFF, NOT WITH WHAT YOU'VE GOT ON THEIR SUPES.
I MEAN GOD KNOWS, I WAS A GOOD LITTLE GIRL: I WASN'T LOOKING TO GIVE ANYONE AN EXCUSE FOR ANYTHING...
YEAH, I THOUGHT ABOUT THAT.
LEAVE US HANGIN', WONDERIN' WHEN THE AXE'LL FALL. BUT IT DON'T MAKE SENSE IF THEY'VE ALREADY SENT PARALACTIC AFTER US...
AREN'T THEY KIND OF A JOKE?
THEY WERE.
THE
SO EITHER VOUGHT THINK WE'RE ONE TOO, OR THEY'RE HOLDIN' BACK THE SEVEN AN' SO ON FOR SOMETHIN' FUCKIN' HORRIBLE. YOU WANNA CHEER ME UP AN' TELL ME YOU GAVE THAT FILE TO THE AIR FORCE?
*I GAVE THE GODDAMN THING TO **NORAD.***

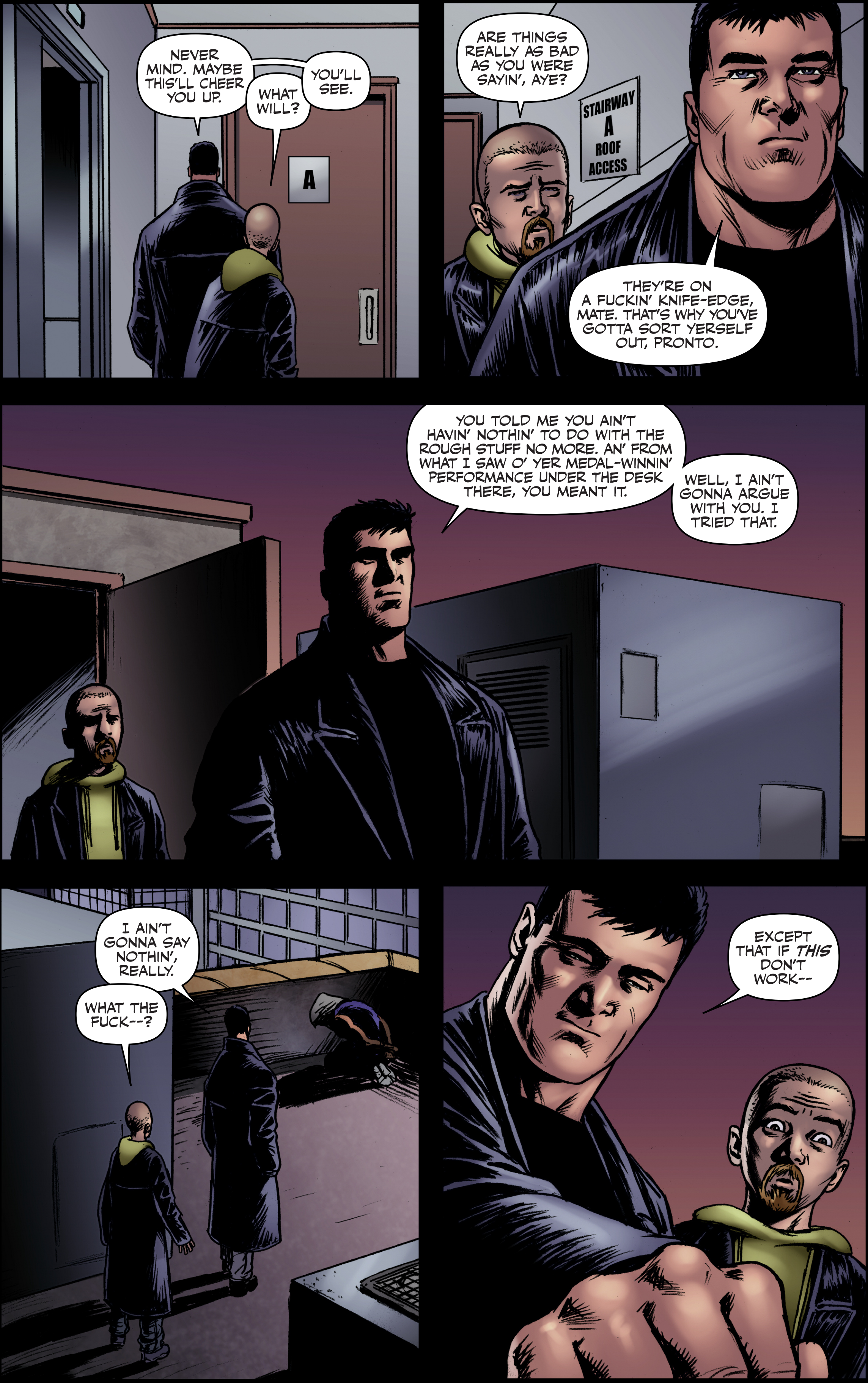

GOOD GIRL.
YOU UNDERSTAND WE'RE TALKING ABOUT THE C.I.A. AND THE JOINT CHIEFS CONSPIRING AGAINST THEIR OWN PRESIDENT. WHICH IS NOTHING LESS THAN HIGH TREASON.
I FEEL LIKE THE GROUND DISAPPEARED FROM UNDER MY FEET YESTERDAY, AND NOW IT'S NEVER COMING BACK AGAIN...
WELL, YOU'LL LIKE THIS, THEN: IF THERE'S NO V.P. AN' SOMETHIN' HAPPENS TO THE PRESIDENT, WHO'S NEXT IN LINE?
UH... THE...SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE, I THINK. CONGRESSWOMAN PELOSI.
WHY?
YOU BETTER GIVE HER A SHOUT.
ARE YOU SERIOUS?
YOU SAID IT YERSELF, WE'RE LIVIN' IN FUCKIN' INTERESTIN' TIMES. IF THE WHOLE THING GOES TITS-UP YOU'RE GONNA WANNA BE READY.
JESUS...!
WHAT ABOUT YOU, ARE YOU GOING TO HIT BACK AT VOUGHT?
ALREADY HAVE, DECIDED TO PLAY IT SAFE AN' DECAPITATE.
YOU PERSONALLY...?
NAH, I SENT THE EXPERTS.
GOT SOMETHIN' ELSE ON ME PLATE.

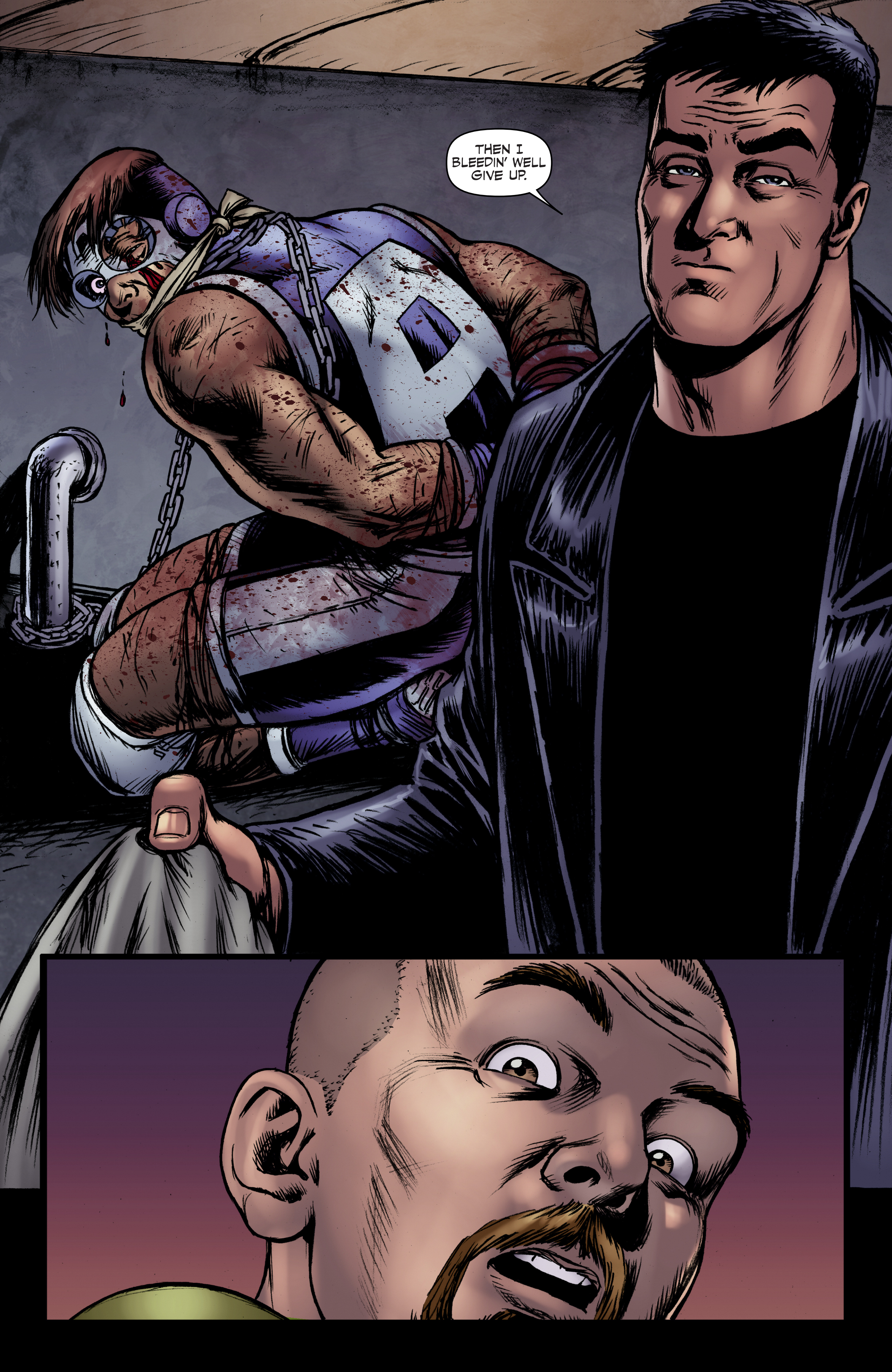

ART.
WHO CAN TRULY DEFINE IT?
ALLEZ VITE!
WHAT DID YOU JUST SAY?

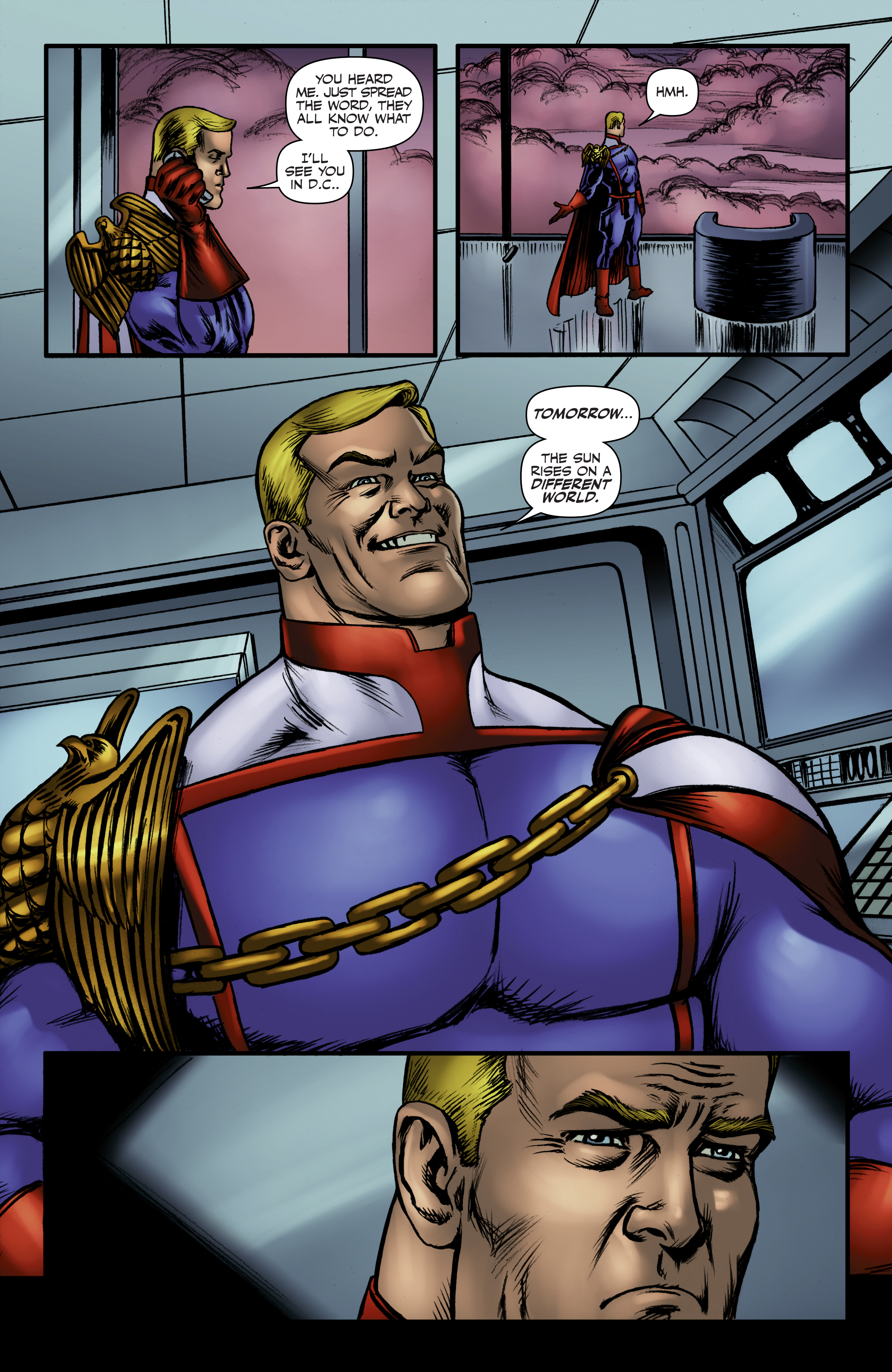

UH...THAT WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF WINE COOLERS?
NO, BEFORE THAT. MS. BRADLEY ASKED IF YOU HAD ANY EXPERIENCE IN CLOSE PROTECTION WORK, AND YOU SAID WE COULDN'T BE IN BETTER HANDS.
YOU SAID YOU'D BE RIGHT HERE TO LOOK AFTER US, EVEN WHEN THE HOMELANDER STARTS THE BALL ROLLING. WHAT EXACTLY DOES THAT MEAN?
WELL--I MEAN--WHEN THE PLAN STARTS, WHEN IT GOES INTO EFFECT. I MEAN THAT'S WHY YOU BROUGHT US HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE, RIGHT?
SMART PLAY, SUGAR. YOU UP TO SOME SERIOUS SHIT.
J1
PRETEND--JUST FOR A SECOND--
THAT I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.
C'EST BINGO.
REMEMBER THE WORDS OF M'SIEU CHARCUTER:
"AS ME OLD SERGEANT-MAJOR USED TO SAY--GET IN, BANJO THE BASTARDS, AND FUCK OFF OUT OF IT."

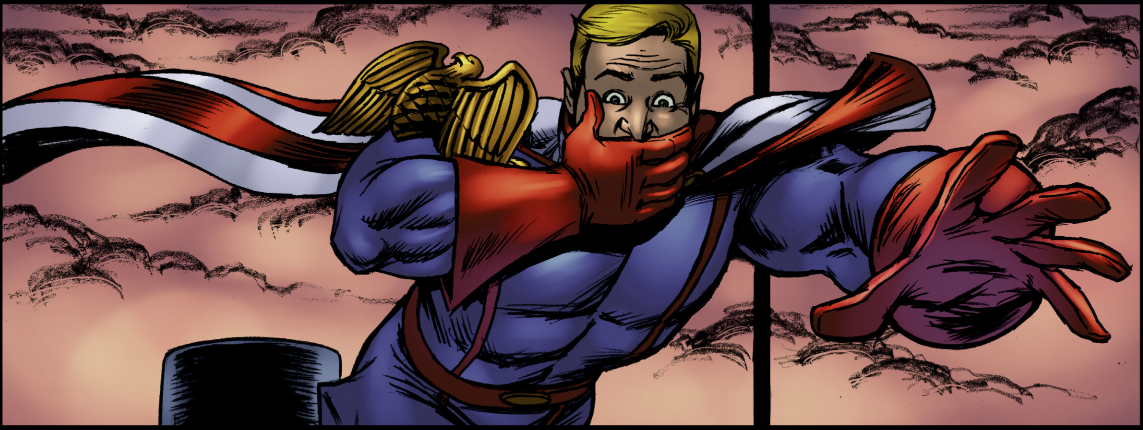

HAAAAAIIIIIIEEEEEEE!!!
...MERDE.

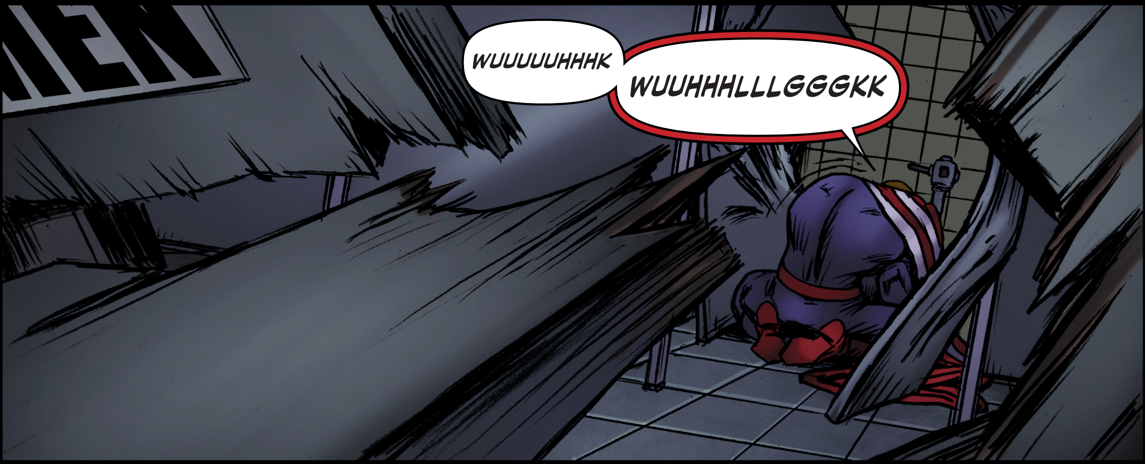

NO, THE PAGES AREN'T *FUCKIN' STUCK TOGETHER...!*
JUST ASKIN'.
HA BLOODY HA.
OH, THERE YOU ARE, HUGHIE. C'MON UP TO THE ROOF, I'VE GOT SOMETHIN' I WANNA SHOW YOU.
YOU ALL RIGHT?
NO.
I BASICALLY JUST TOLD EVERYONE I GOT *VIOLATED.* IT WASN'T EASY FOR ME TO SAY, IT'S BEEN HANGIN' OVER ME FOR MONTHS.
BUT NOBODY GIVES A SHIT, IT'S JUST FUCK HUGHIE AN' ON TO THE NEXT ORDER O' BUSINESS.
YEAH, YOU'RE RIGHT.
I MEAN I'D LOVE TO TELL YOU IF THINGS WEREN'T SO FUCKED WE'D ALL GIVE YOU A BIG HUG, AN' HAVE A NICE ENCOUNTER GROUP SO YOU COULD SHARE YER PAIN. BUT I DUNNO IF YOU'VE NOTICED, HUGHIE, THAT AIN'T EXACTLY THE WAY THE BOYS GET ON...
AYE.

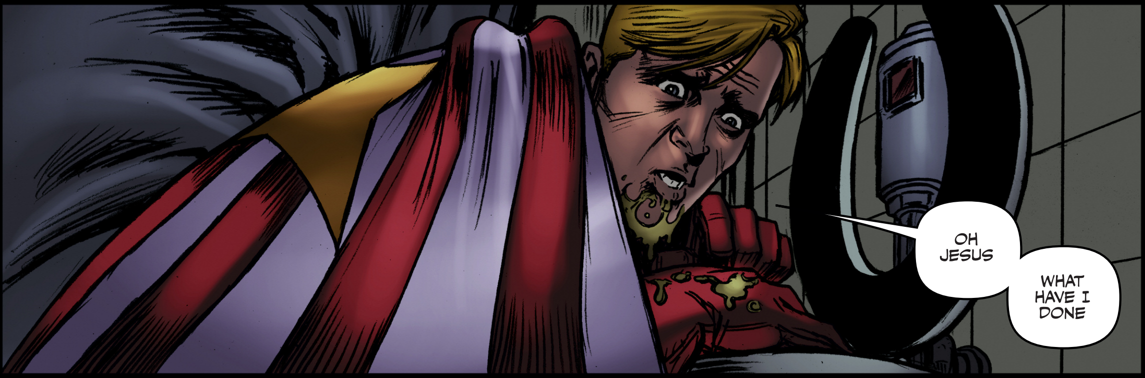

NEVER MIND. MAYBE THIS'LL CHEER YOU UP.
WHAT WILL?
YOU'LL SEE.
A
ARE THINGS REALLY AS BAD AS YOU WERE SAYIN', AYE?
STAIRWAY A ROOF ACCESS
THEY'RE ON A FUCKIN' KNIFE-EDGE, MATE. THAT'S WHY YOU'VE GOTTA SORT YERSELF OUT, PRONTO.
YOU TOLD ME YOU AIN'T HAVIN' NOTHIN' TO DO WITH THE ROUGH STUFF NO MORE. AN' FROM WHAT I SAW O' YER MEDAL-WINNIN' PERFORMANCE UNDER THE DESK THERE, YOU MEANT IT.
WELL, I AIN'T GONNA ARGUE WITH YOU. I TRIED THAT.
I AIN'T GONNA SAY NOTHIN', REALLY.
WHAT THE FUCK--?
EXCEPT THAT IF *THIS* DON'T WORK--

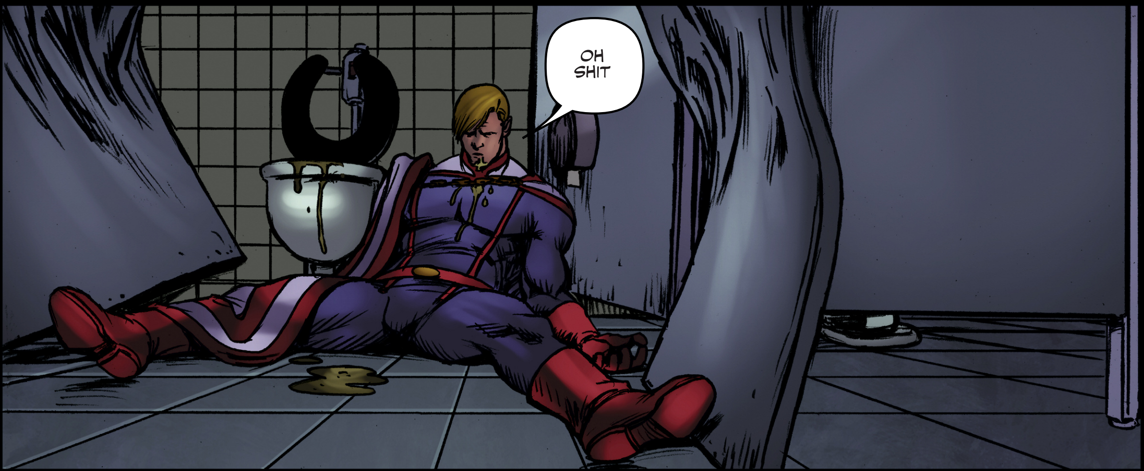

THEN I BLEEDIN' WELL GIVE UP.


YOU HEARD ME. JUST SPREAD THE WORD, THEY ALL KNOW WHAT TO DO.
I'LL SEE YOU IN D.C..
HMH.
TOMORROW...
THE SUN RISES ON A *DIFFERENT WORLD.*

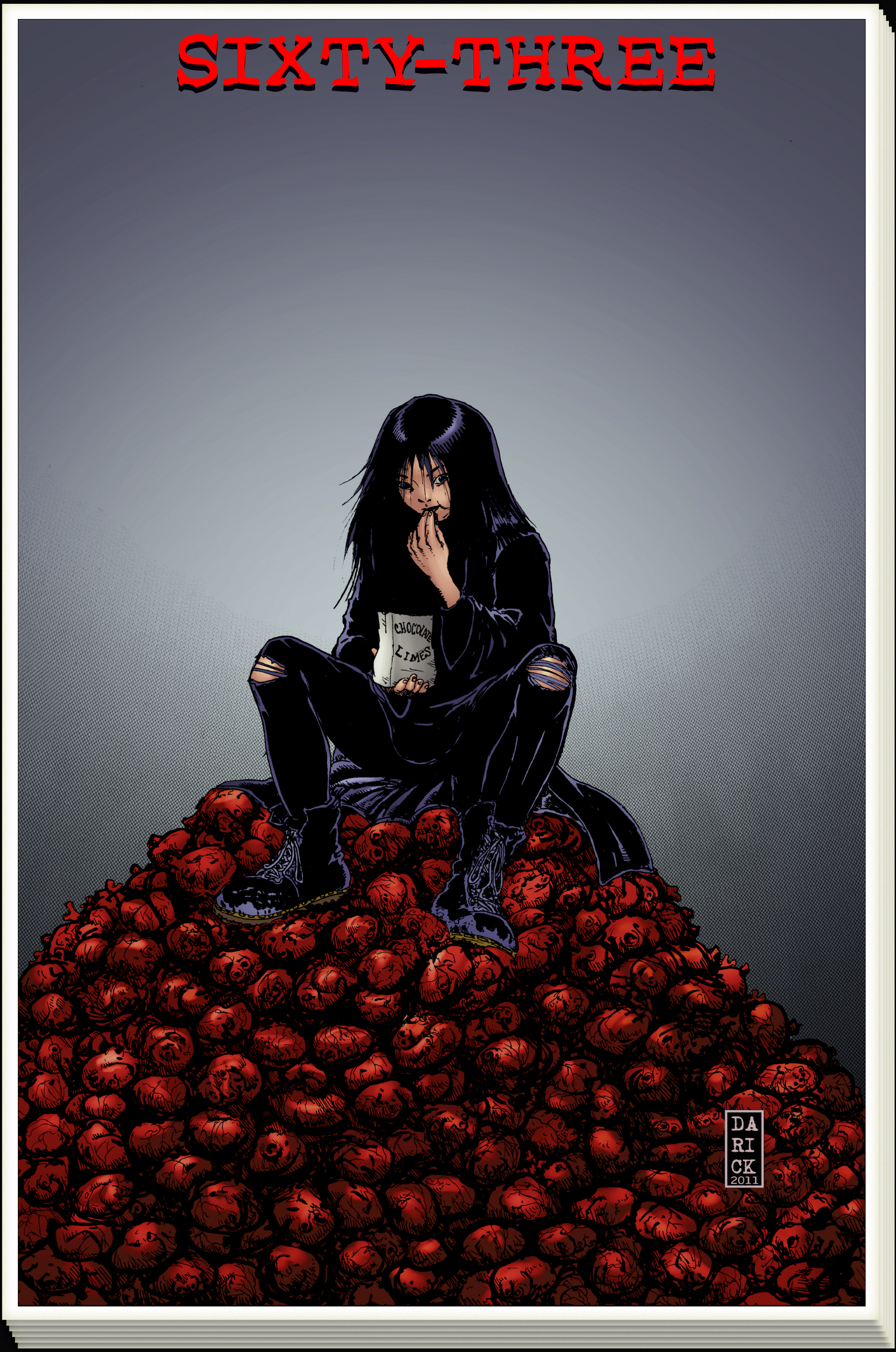


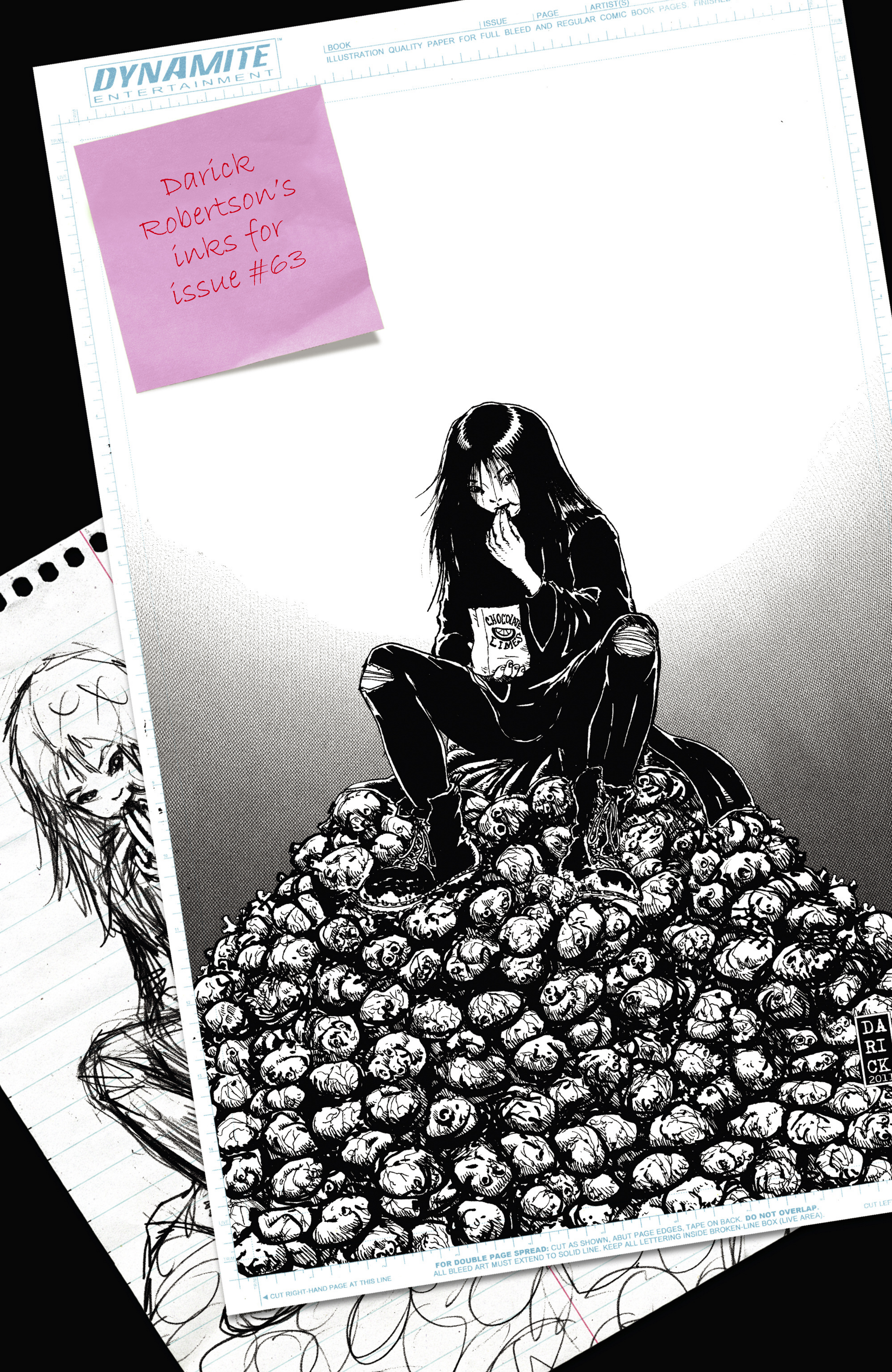

WUUUUUHHHK
WUUHHHLLLGGGKK


OH JESUS
WHAT HAVE I DONE



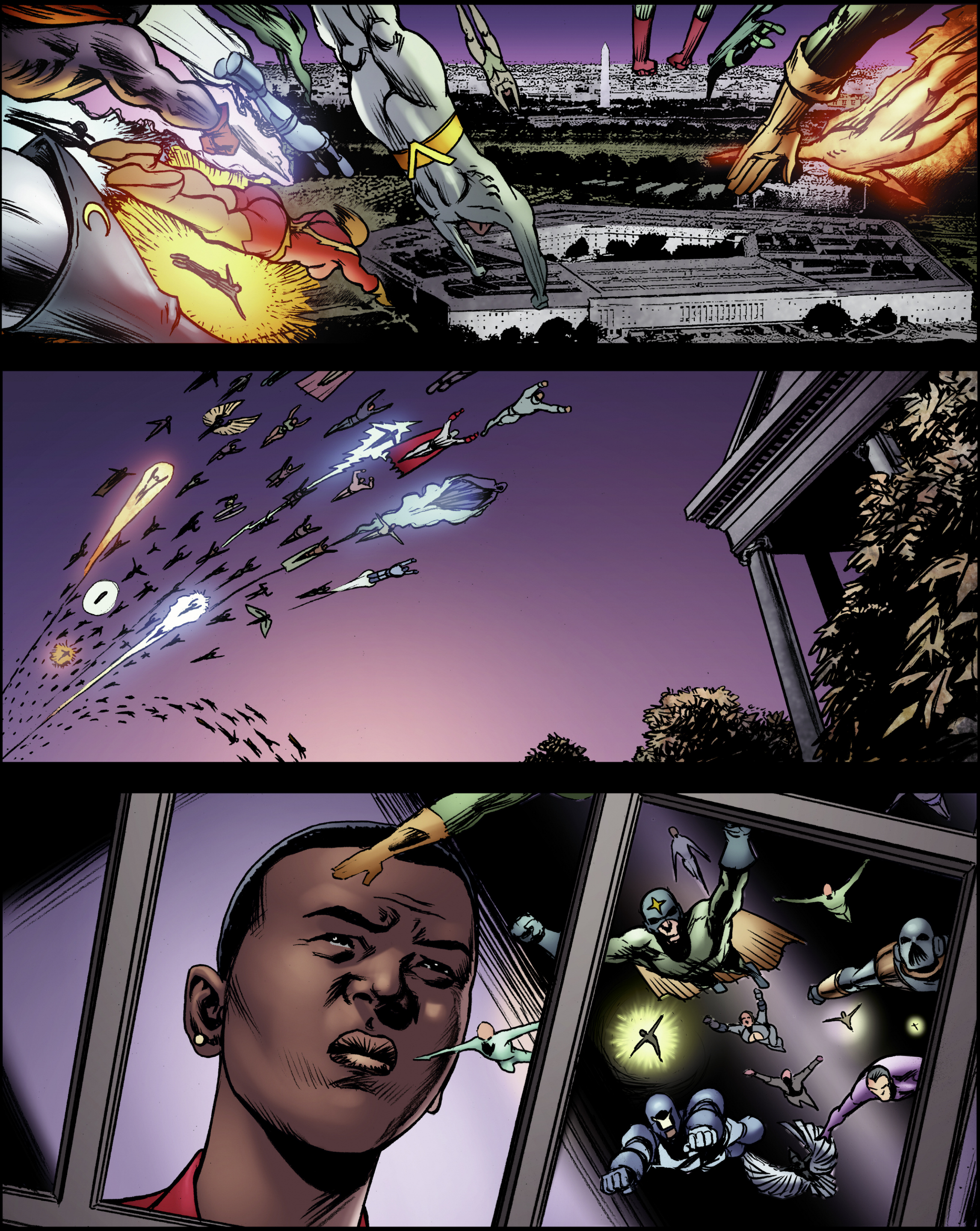
next: A LADY OF A CERTAIN AGE


SIXTY-THREE
CHOCOLATE LIMES
DA RI CK 2011



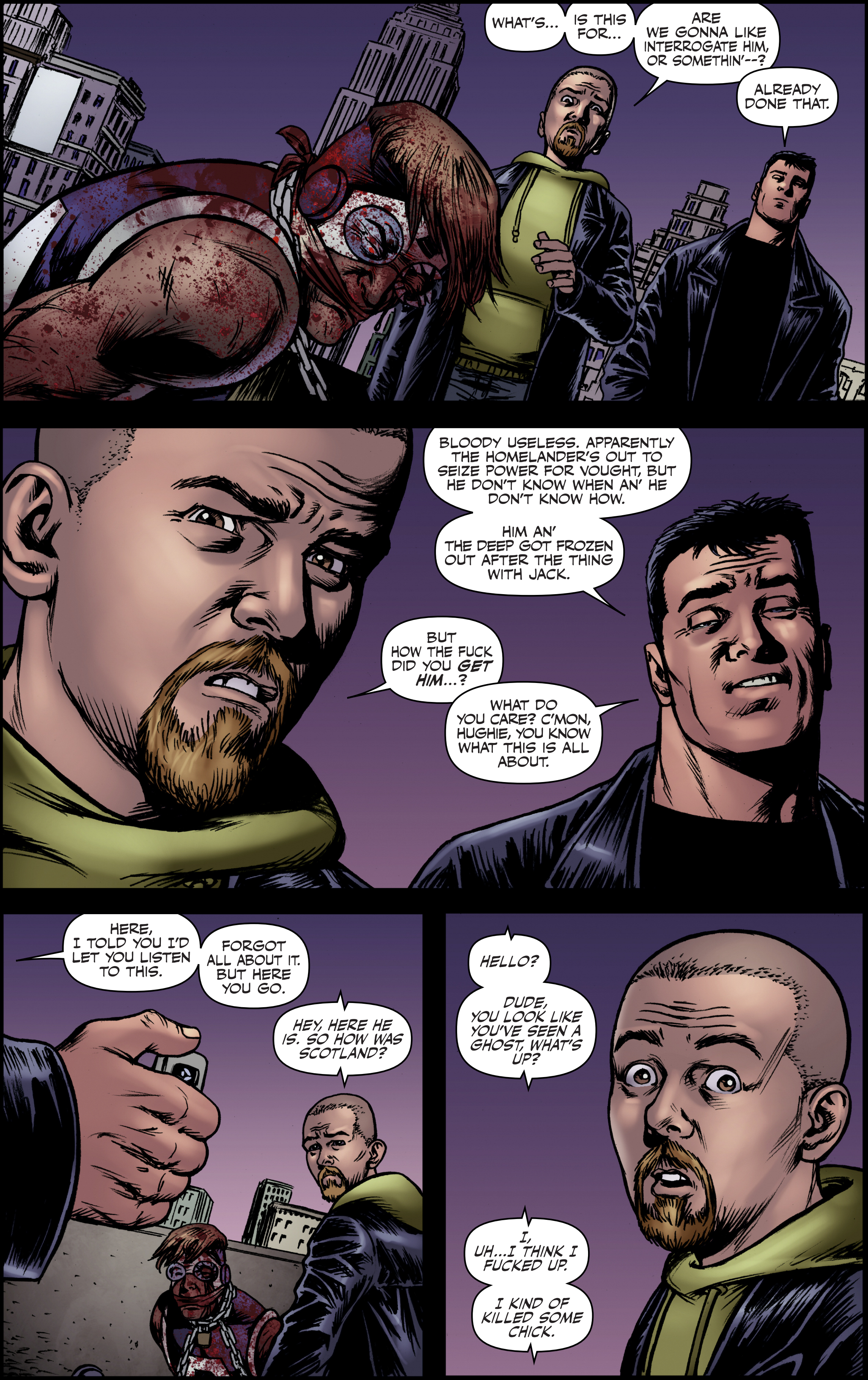
Darick Robertson's inks for issue #63

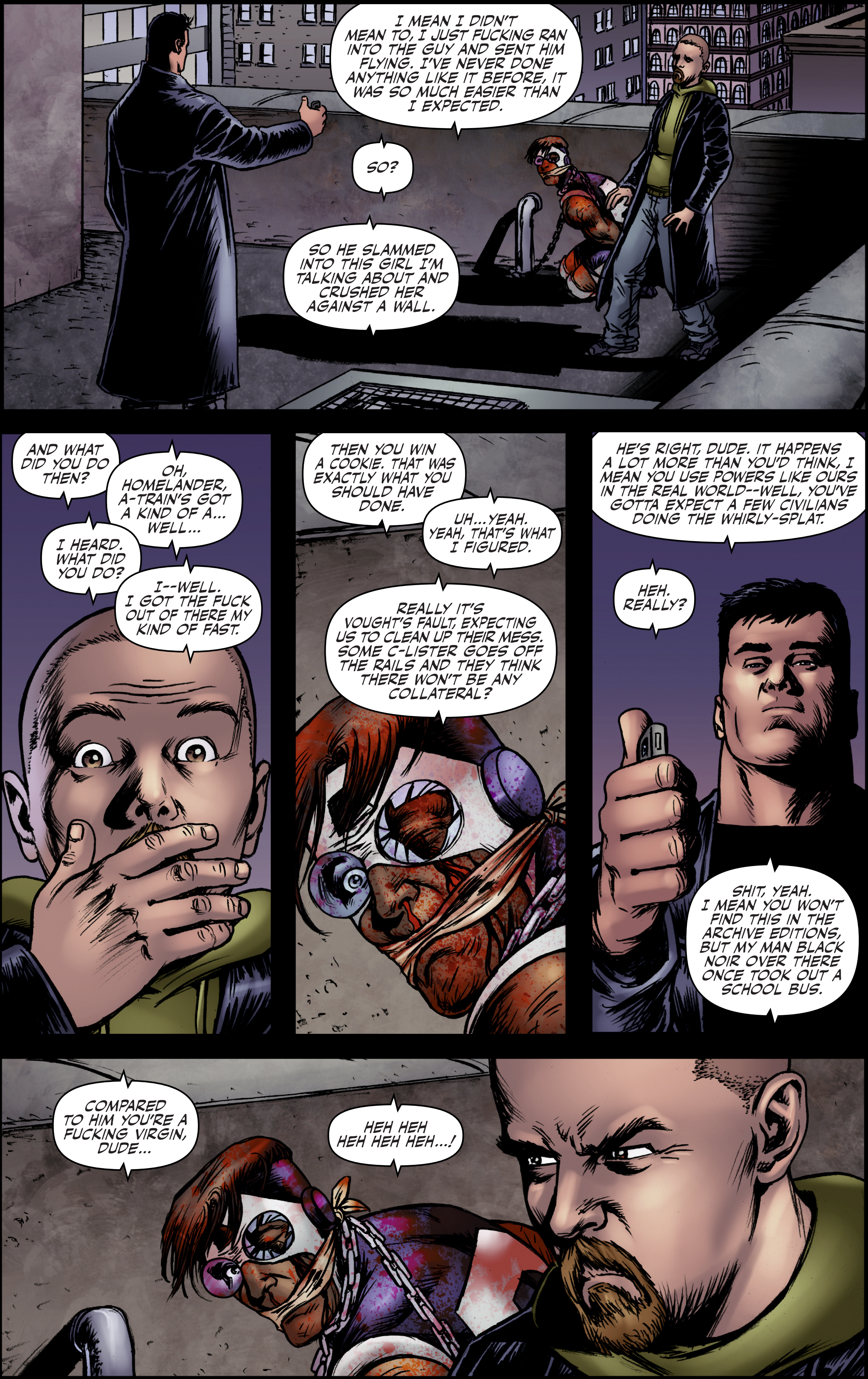
DYNAMITE ENTERTAINMENT
BOOK
ISSUE
PAGE
ARTIST(S)
ILLUSTRATION QUALITY PAPER FOR FULL BLEED AND REGULAR COMIC BOOK PAGES. FINISHED
CHOCOLATE LIMES
DA RI CK 2011
FOR DOUBLE PAGE SPREAD: CUT AS SHOWN, ABUT PAGE EDGES, TAPE ON BACK. DO NOT OVERLAP.
ALL BLEED ART MUST EXTEND TO SOLID LINE. KEEP ALL LETTERING INSIDE BROKEN-LINE BOX (LIVE AREA).
CUT RIGHT-HAND PAGE AT THIS LINE
CUT LEFT

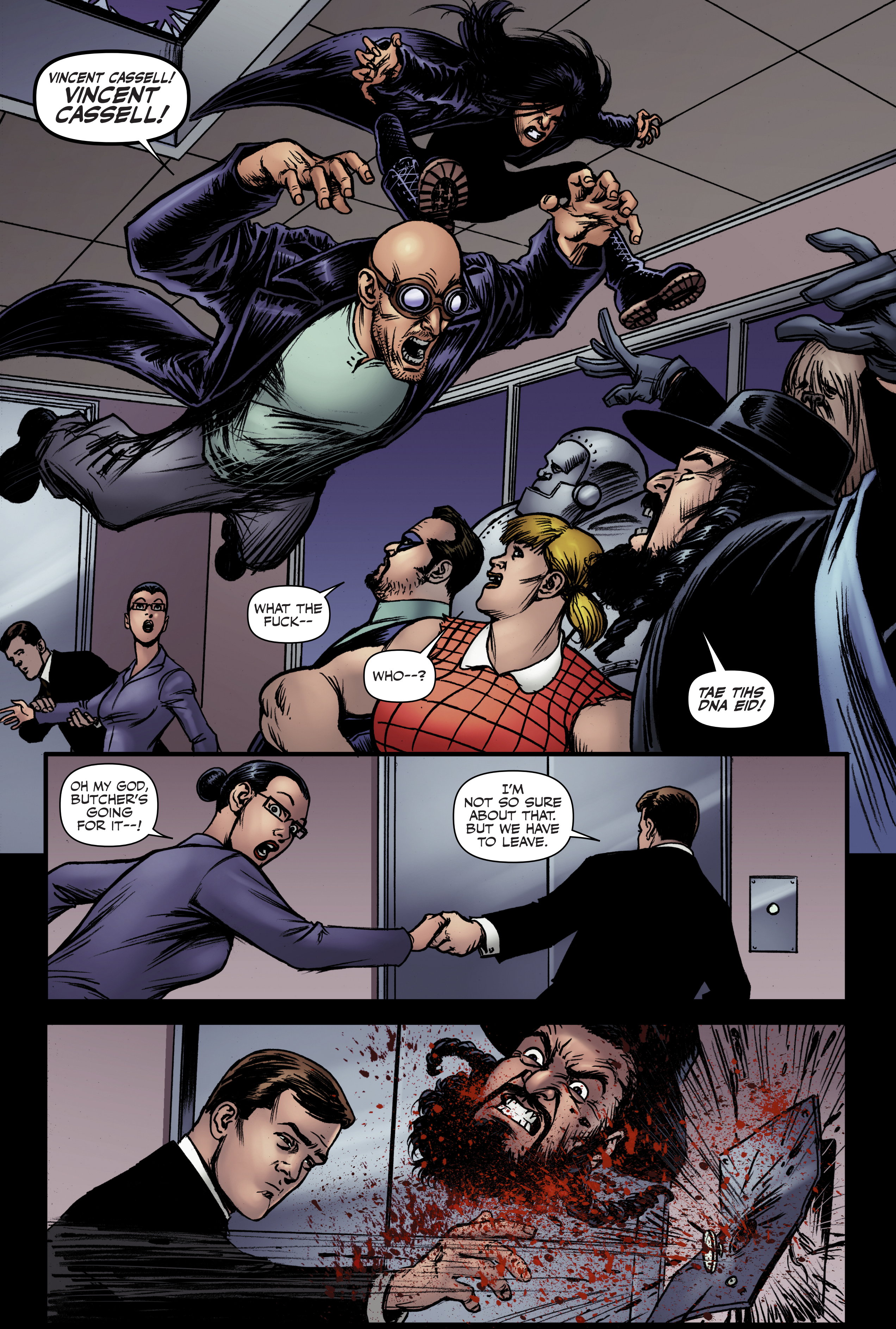


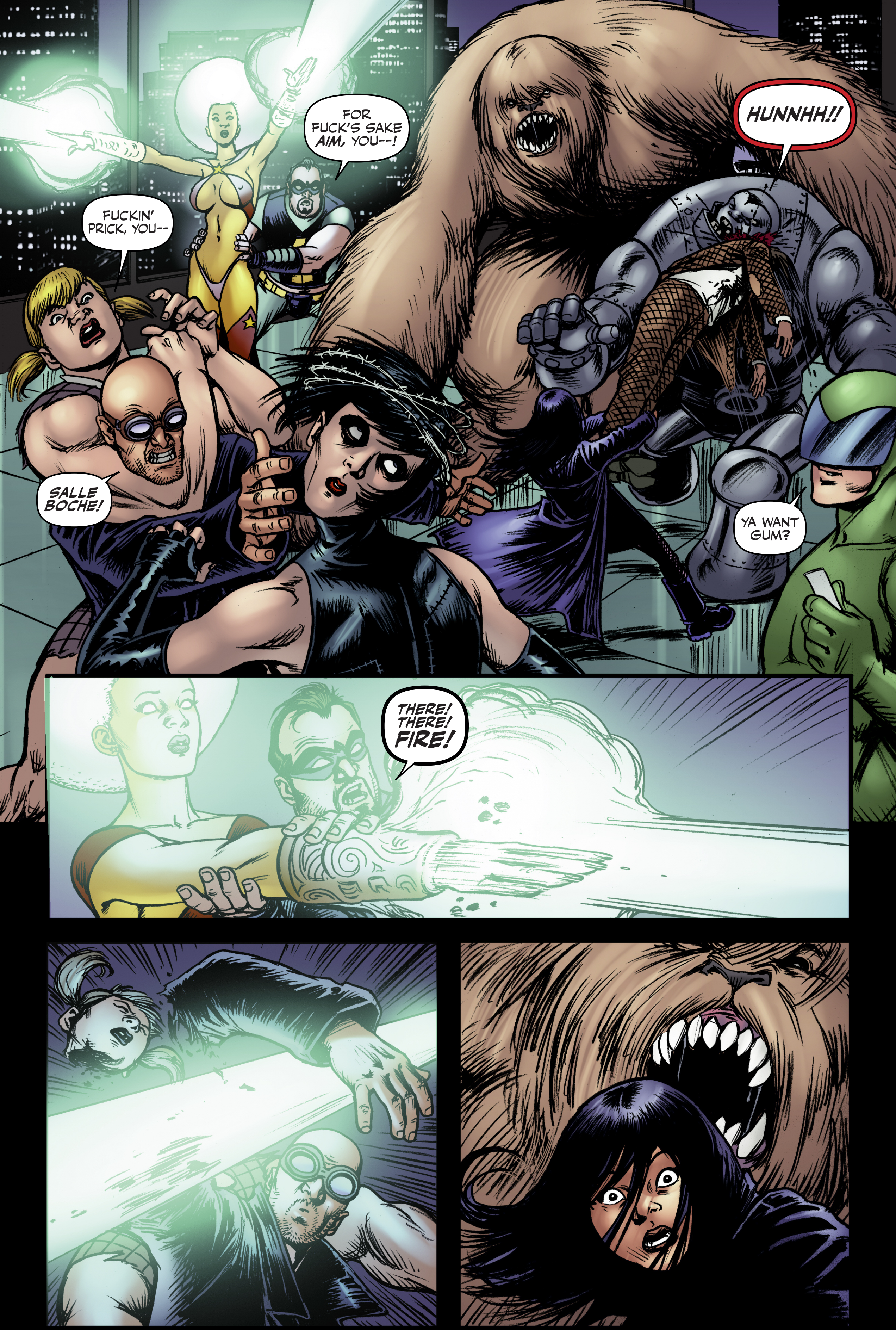
OVER THE HILL WITH THE SWORDS OF A THOUSAND MEN

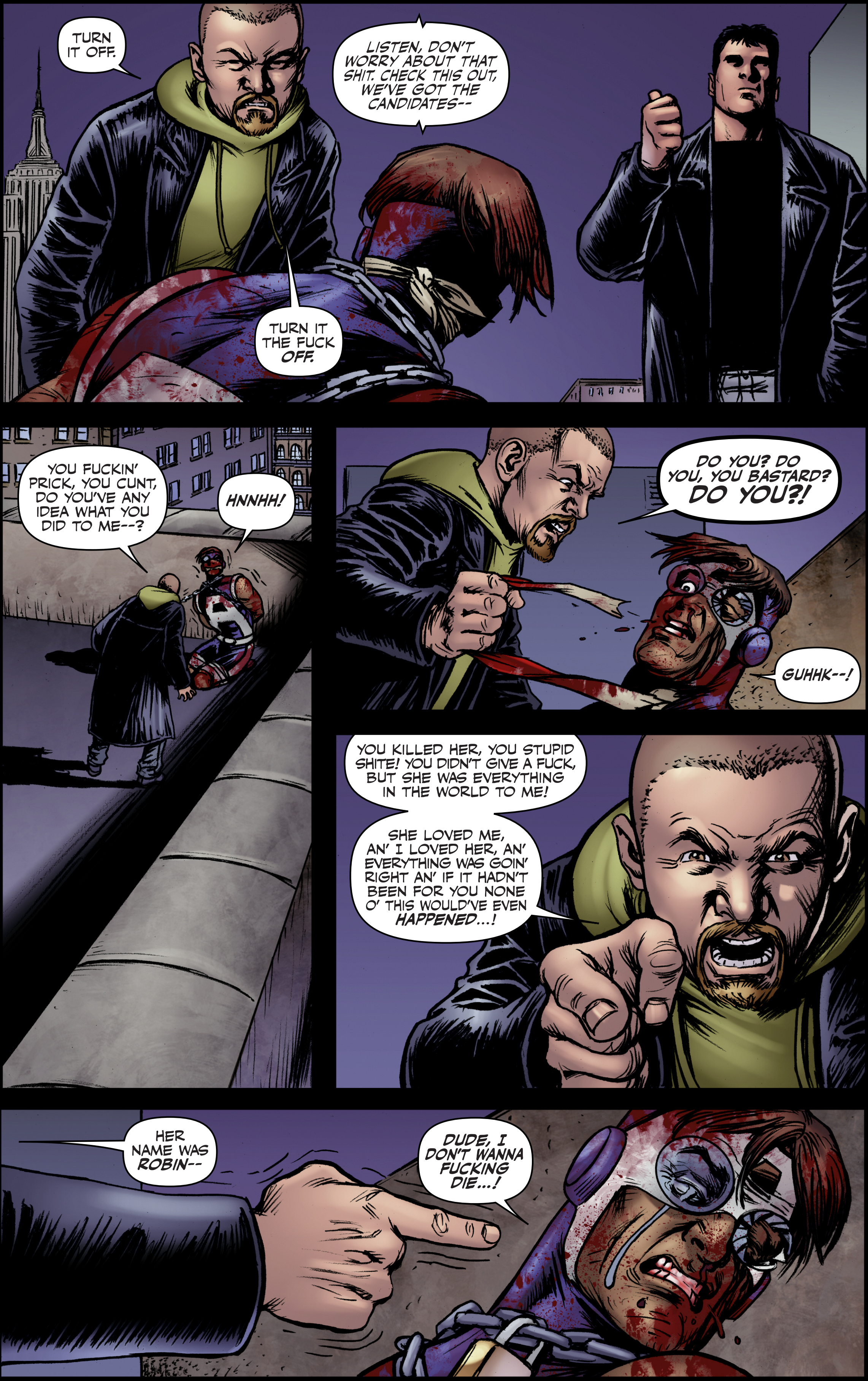
part four

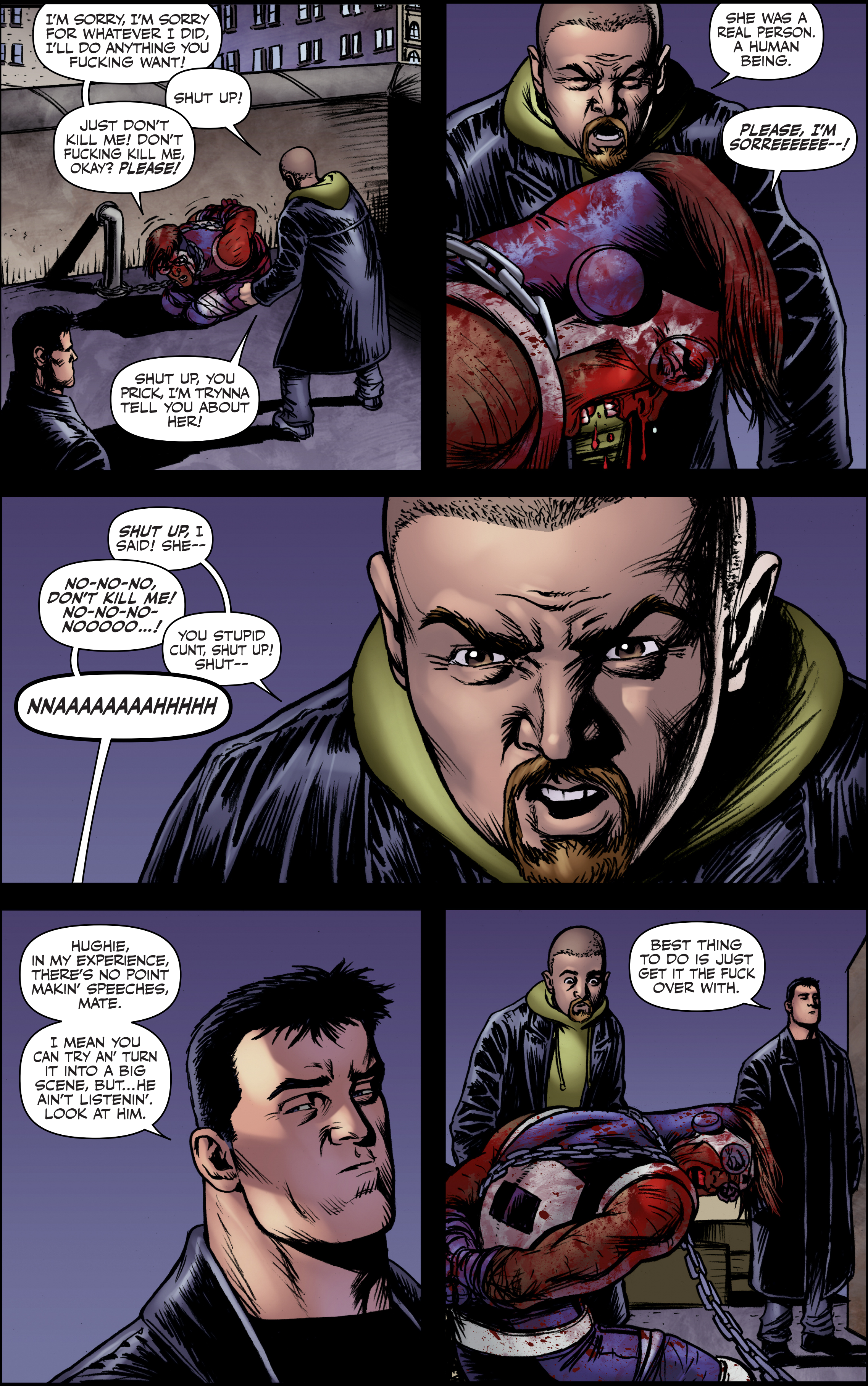

WHAT'S...
IS THIS FOR...
ARE WE GONNA LIKE INTERROGATE HIM, OR SOMETHIN'--?
ALREADY DONE THAT.
BLOODY USELESS. APPARENTLY THE HOMELANDER'S OUT TO SEIZE POWER FOR VOUGHT, BUT HE DON'T KNOW WHEN AN' HE DON'T KNOW HOW.
HIM AN' THE DEEP GOT FROZEN OUT AFTER THE THING WITH JACK.
BUT HOW THE FUCK DID YOU *GET HIM*...?
WHAT DO YOU CARE? C'MON, HUGHIE, YOU KNOW WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT.
HERE, I TOLD YOU I'D LET YOU LISTEN TO THIS.
FORGOT ALL ABOUT IT. BUT HERE YOU GO.
HEY, HERE HE IS. SO HOW WAS SCOTLAND?
HELLO?
DUDE, YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'VE SEEN A GHOST, WHAT'S UP?
I, UH...I THINK I FUCKED UP.
I KIND OF KILLED SOME CHICK.

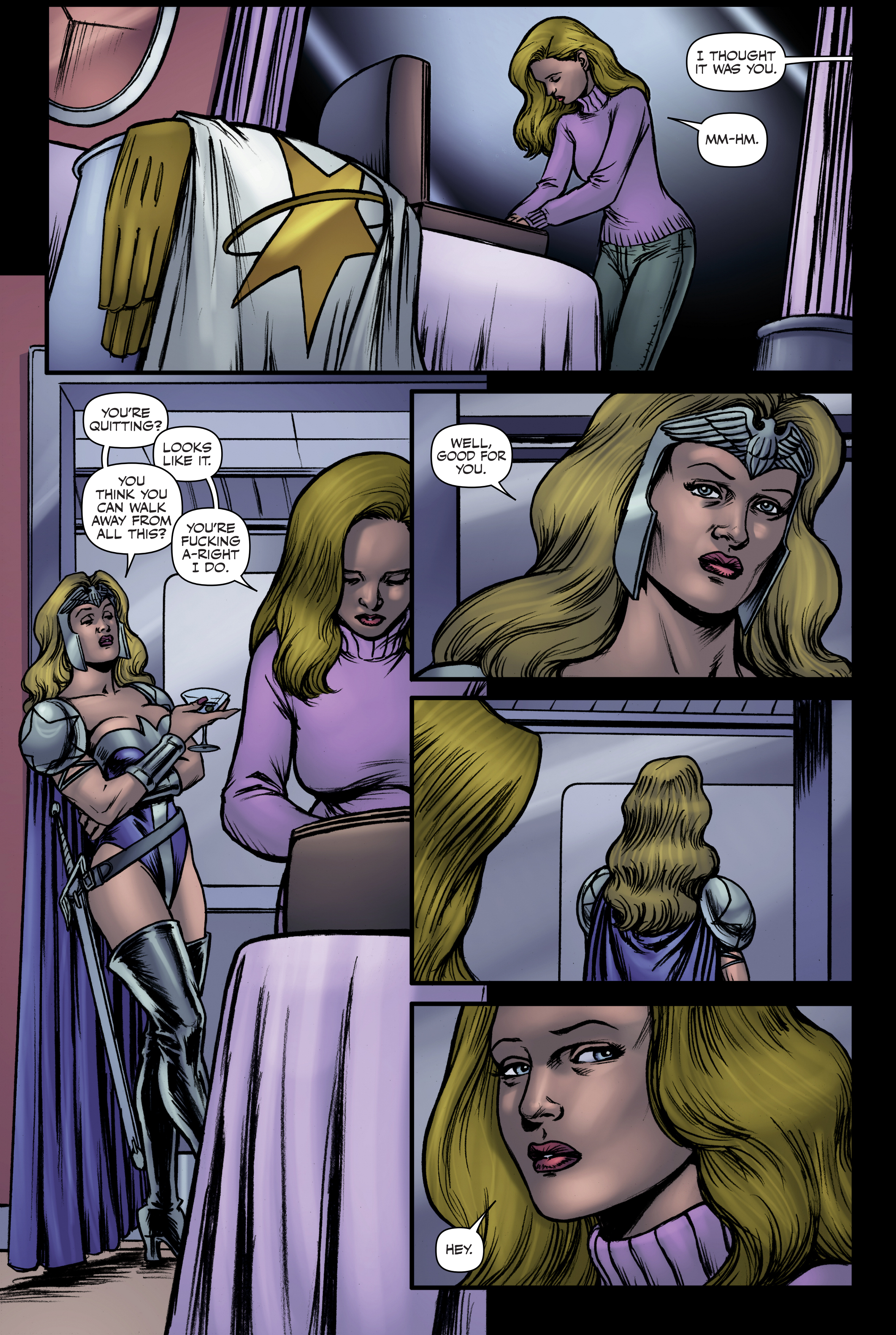

I MEAN I DIDN'T MEAN TO, I JUST FUCKING RAN INTO THE GUY AND SENT HIM FLYING. I'VE NEVER DONE ANYTHING LIKE IT BEFORE, IT WAS SO MUCH EASIER THAN I EXPECTED.
SO?
SO HE SLAMMED INTO THIS GIRL I'M TALKING ABOUT AND CRUSHED HER AGAINST A WALL.
AND WHAT DID YOU DO THEN?
OH, HOMELANDER, A-TRAIN'S GOT A KIND OF A... WELL...
I HEARD. WHAT DID YOU DO?
I--WELL. I GOT THE FUCK OUT OF THERE MY KIND OF FAST.
THEN YOU WIN A COOKIE. THAT WAS EXACTLY WHAT YOU SHOULD HAVE DONE.
UH...YEAH. YEAH, THAT'S WHAT I FIGURED.
REALLY IT'S VOUGHT'S FAULT, EXPECTING US TO CLEAN UP THEIR MESS. SOME C-LISTER GOES OFF THE RAILS AND THEY THINK THERE WON'T BE ANY COLLATERAL?
HE'S RIGHT, DUDE. IT HAPPENS A LOT MORE THAN YOU'D THINK, I MEAN YOU USE POWERS LIKE OURS IN THE REAL WORLD--WELL, YOU'VE GOTTA EXPECT A FEW CIVILIANS DOING THE WHIRLY-SPLAT.
HEH. REALLY?
SHIT, YEAH. I MEAN YOU WON'T FIND THIS IN THE ARCHIVE EDITIONS, BUT MY MAN BLACK NOIR OVER THERE ONCE TOOK OUT A SCHOOL BUS.
COMPARED TO HIM YOU'RE A FUCKING VIRGIN, DUDE...
HEH HEH HEH HEH HEH...!

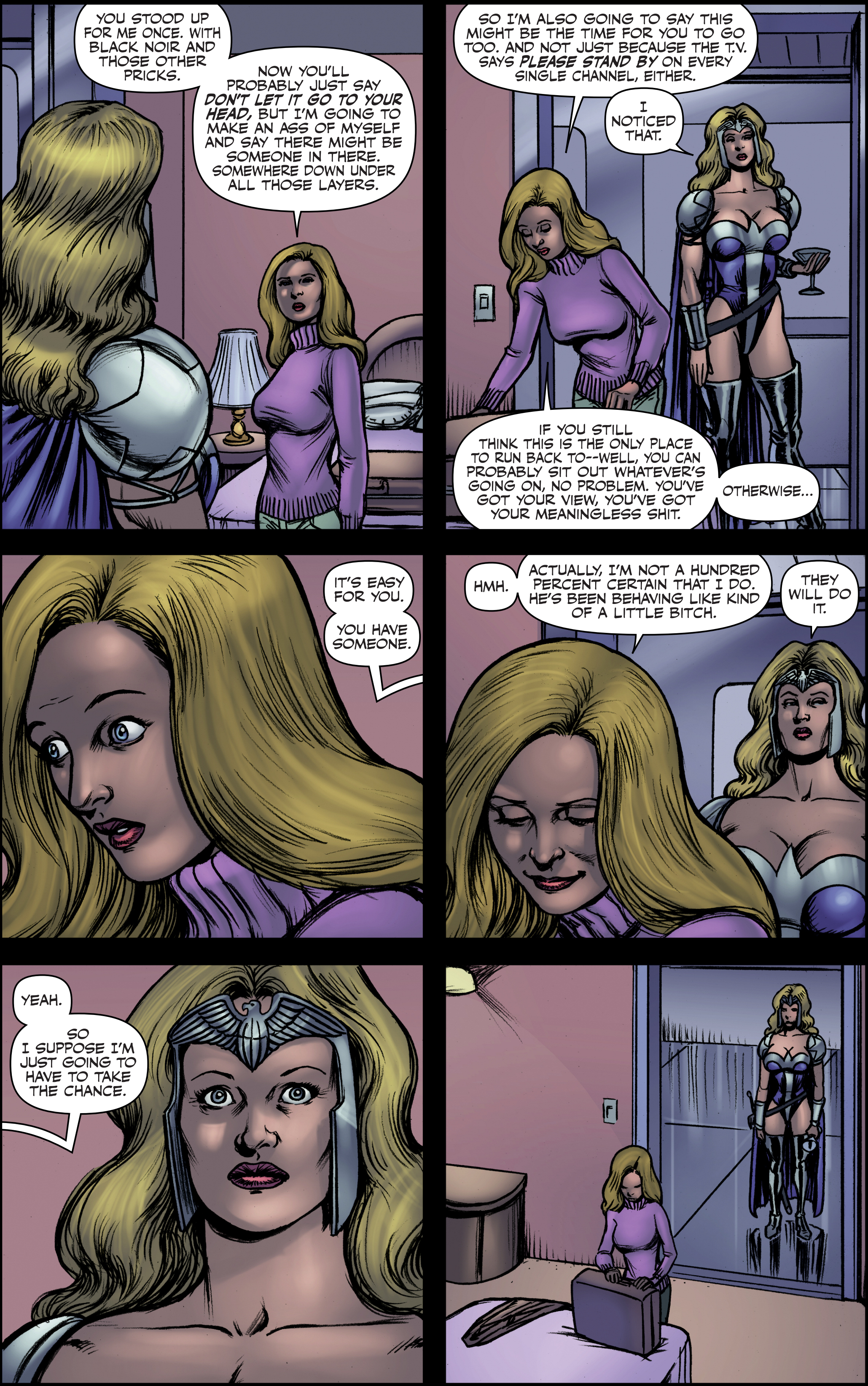

VINCENT CASSELL! VINCENT CASSELL!
WHAT THE FUCK--
WHO--?
TAE TIHS DNA EID!
OH MY GOD, BUTCHER'S GOING FOR IT--!
I'M NOT SO SURE ABOUT THAT. BUT WE HAVE TO LEAVE.

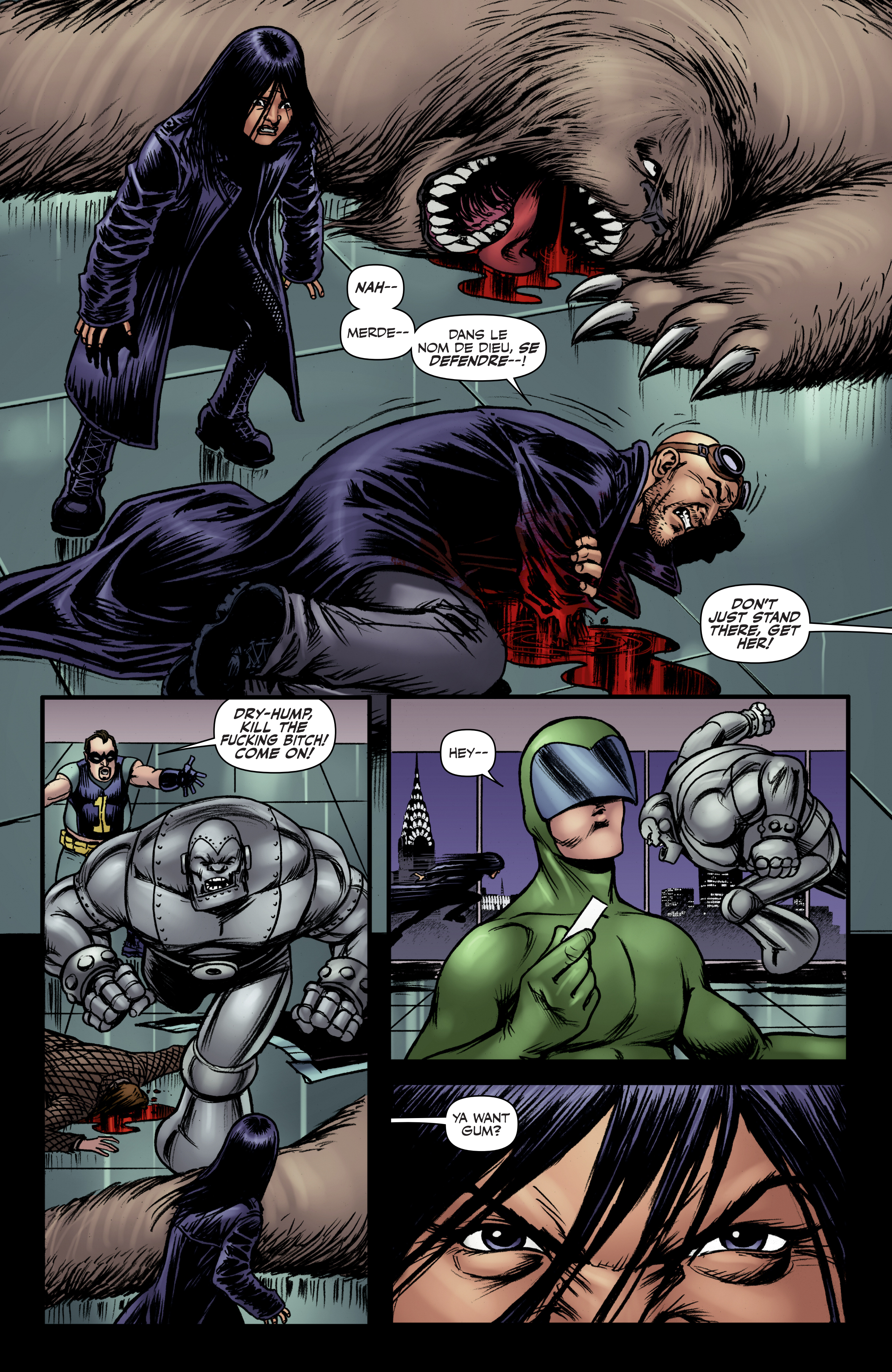

FOR FUCK'S SAKE *AIM*, YOU--!
HUNNHH!!
FUCKIN' PRICK, YOU--
SALLE BOCHE!
YA WANT GUM?
THERE! THERE! FIRE!

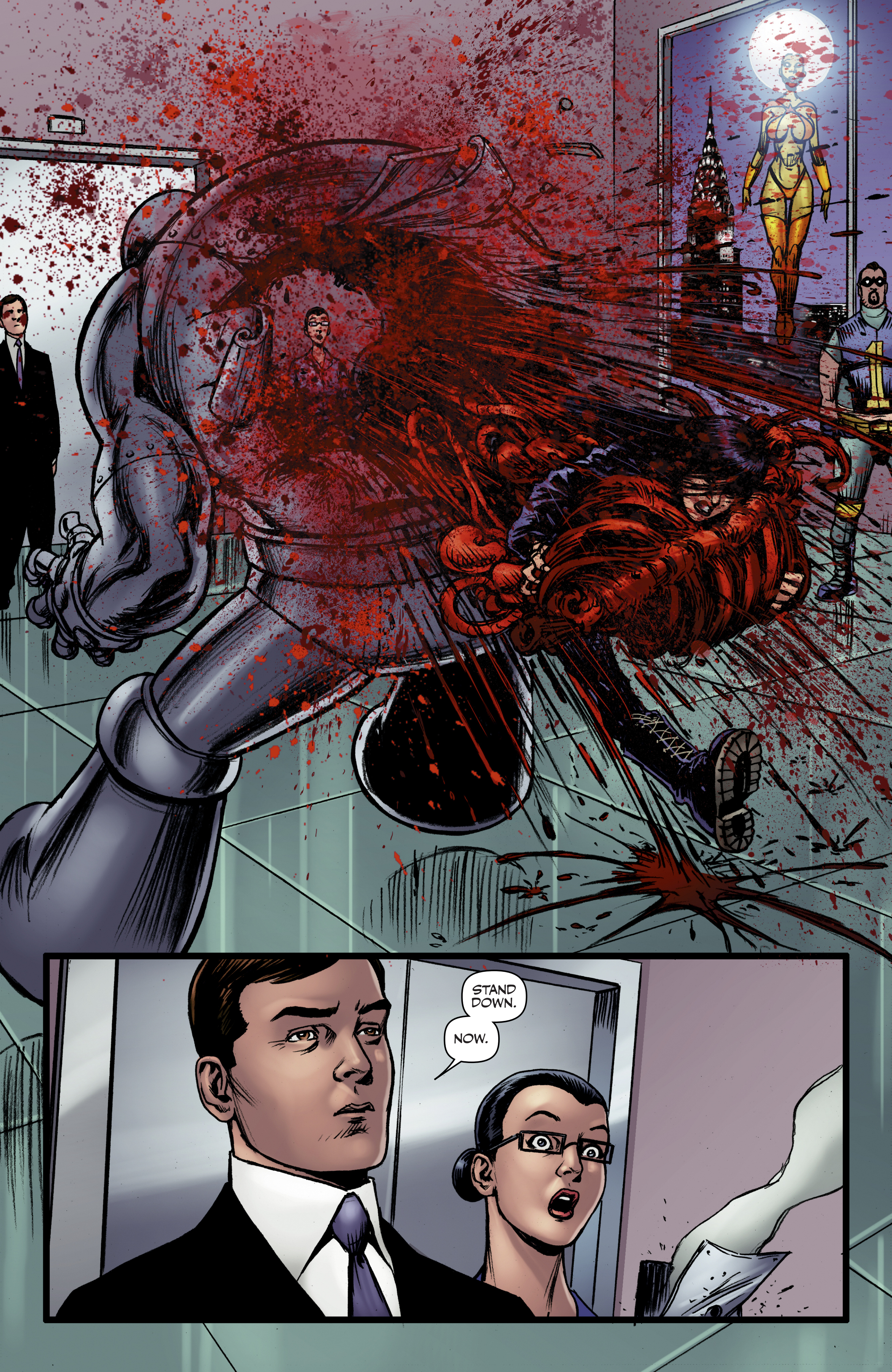

TURN IT OFF.
LISTEN, DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT SHIT. CHECK THIS OUT, WE'VE GOT THE CANDIDATES--
TURN IT THE FUCK OFF.
YOU FUCKIN' PRICK, YOU CUNT, DO YOU'VE ANY IDEA WHAT YOU DID TO ME--?
HNNHH!
DO YOU? DO YOU, YOU BASTARD? DO YOU?!
GUHHK--!
YOU KILLED HER, YOU STUPID SHITE! YOU DIDN'T GIVE A FUCK, BUT SHE WAS EVERYTHING IN THE WORLD TO ME!
SHE LOVED ME, AN' I LOVED HER, AN' EVERYTHING WAS GOIN' RIGHT AN' IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU NONE O' THIS WOULD'VE EVEN HAPPENED...!
HER NAME WAS ROBIN--
DUDE, I DON'T WANNA FUCKING DIE...!

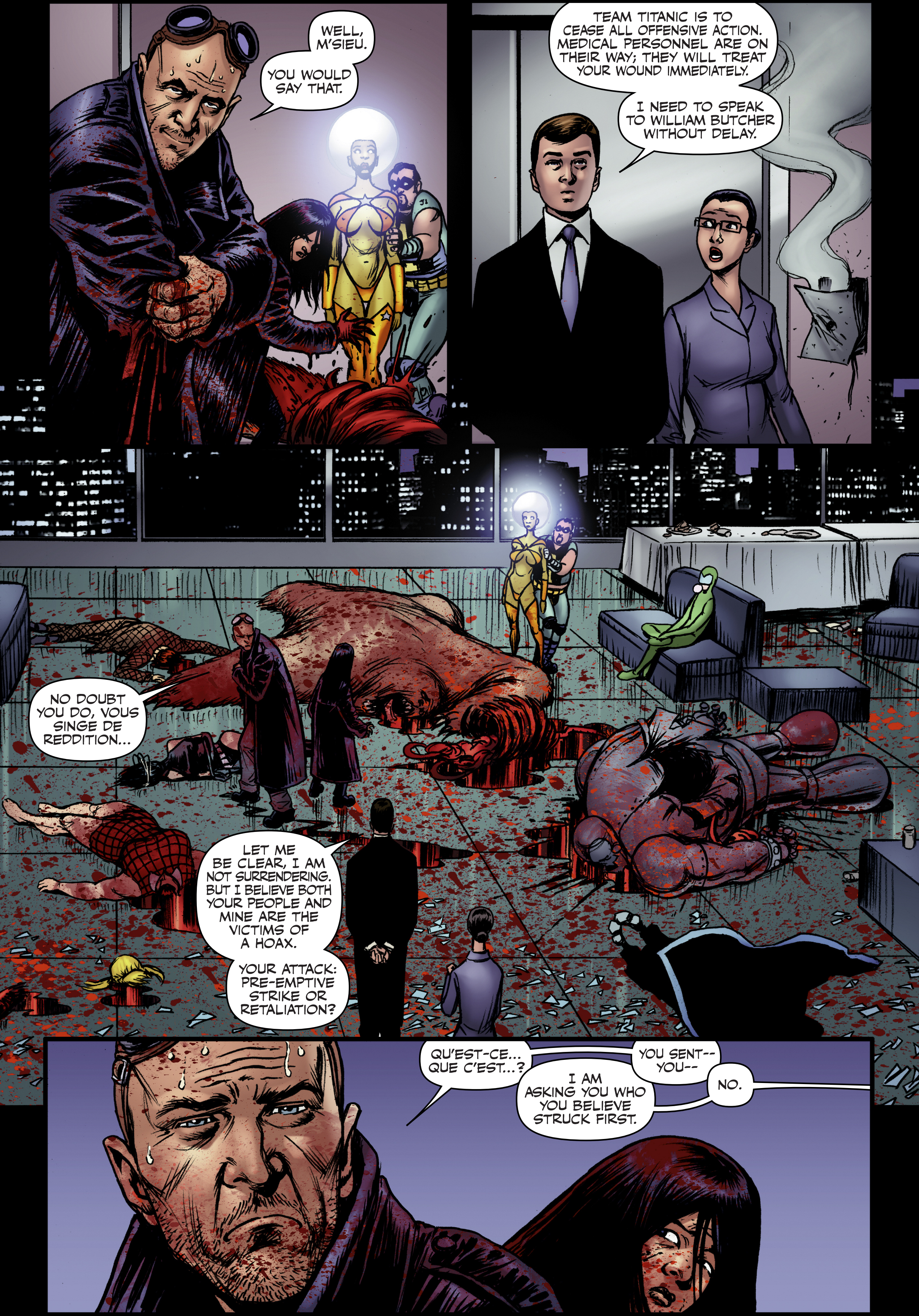

I'M SORRY, I'M SORRY FOR WHATEVER I DID, I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU FUCKING WANT!
SHUT UP!
JUST DON'T KILL ME! DON'T FUCKING KILL ME, OKAY? *PLEASE!*
SHUT UP, YOU PRICK, I'M TRYNNA TELL YOU ABOUT HER!
SHE WAS A REAL PERSON. A HUMAN BEING.
PLEASE, I'M SORREEEEEE--!
SHUT UP, I SAID! SHE--
NO-NO-NO, DON'T KILL ME! NO-NO-NO-NOOOOO...!
YOU STUPID CUNT, SHUT UP! SHUT--
NNAAAAAAAAHHHHH
HUGHIE, IN MY EXPERIENCE, THERE'S NO POINT MAKIN' SPEECHES, MATE.
I MEAN YOU CAN TRY AN' TURN IT INTO A BIG SCENE, BUT...HE AIN'T LISTENIN'. LOOK AT HIM.
BEST THING TO DO IS JUST GET IT THE FUCK OVER WITH.

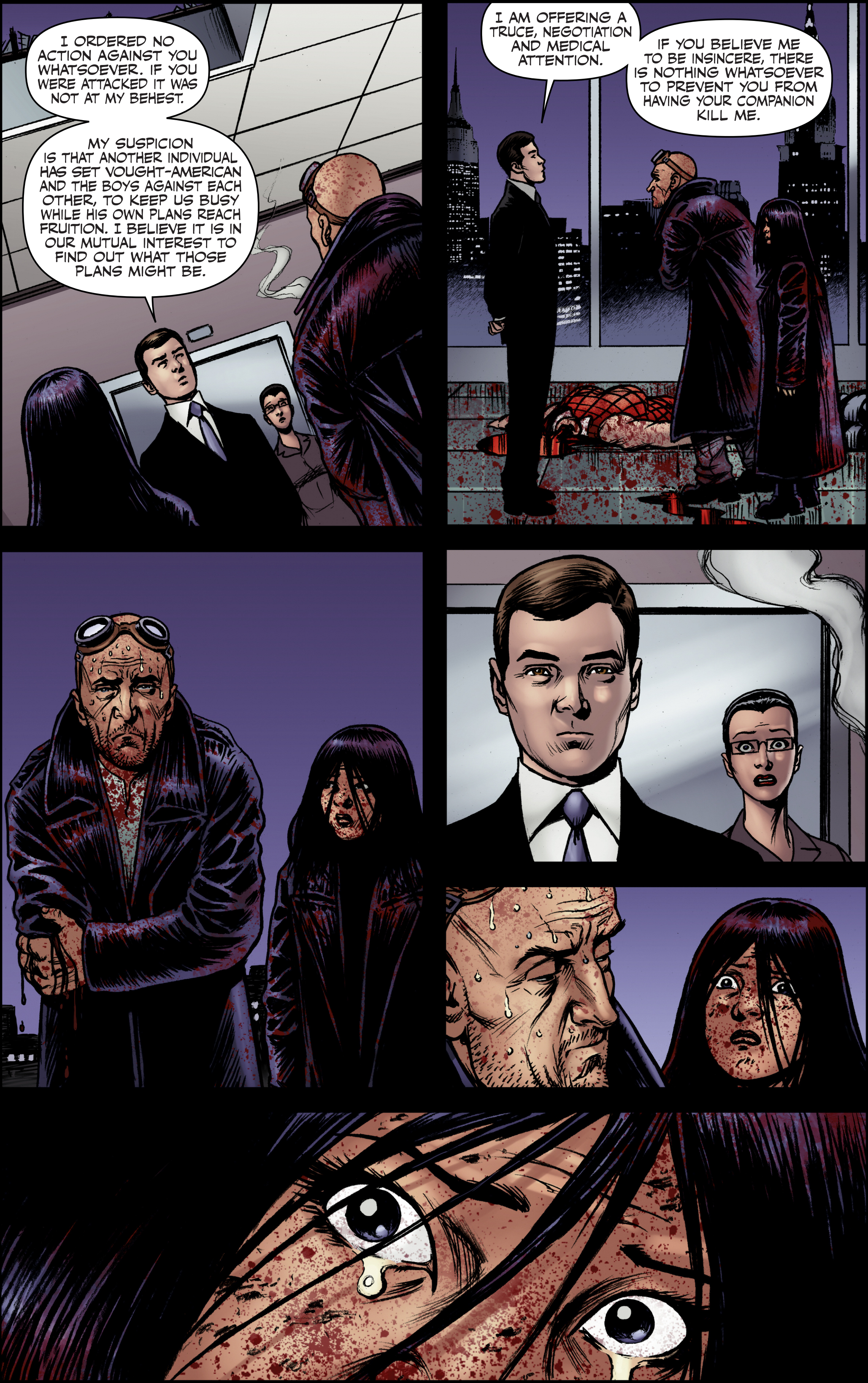

I THOUGHT IT WAS YOU.
MM-HM.
YOU'RE QUITTING?
LOOKS LIKE IT.
YOU THINK YOU CAN WALK AWAY FROM ALL THIS?
YOU'RE FUCKING A-RIGHT I DO.
WELL, GOOD FOR YOU.
HEY.

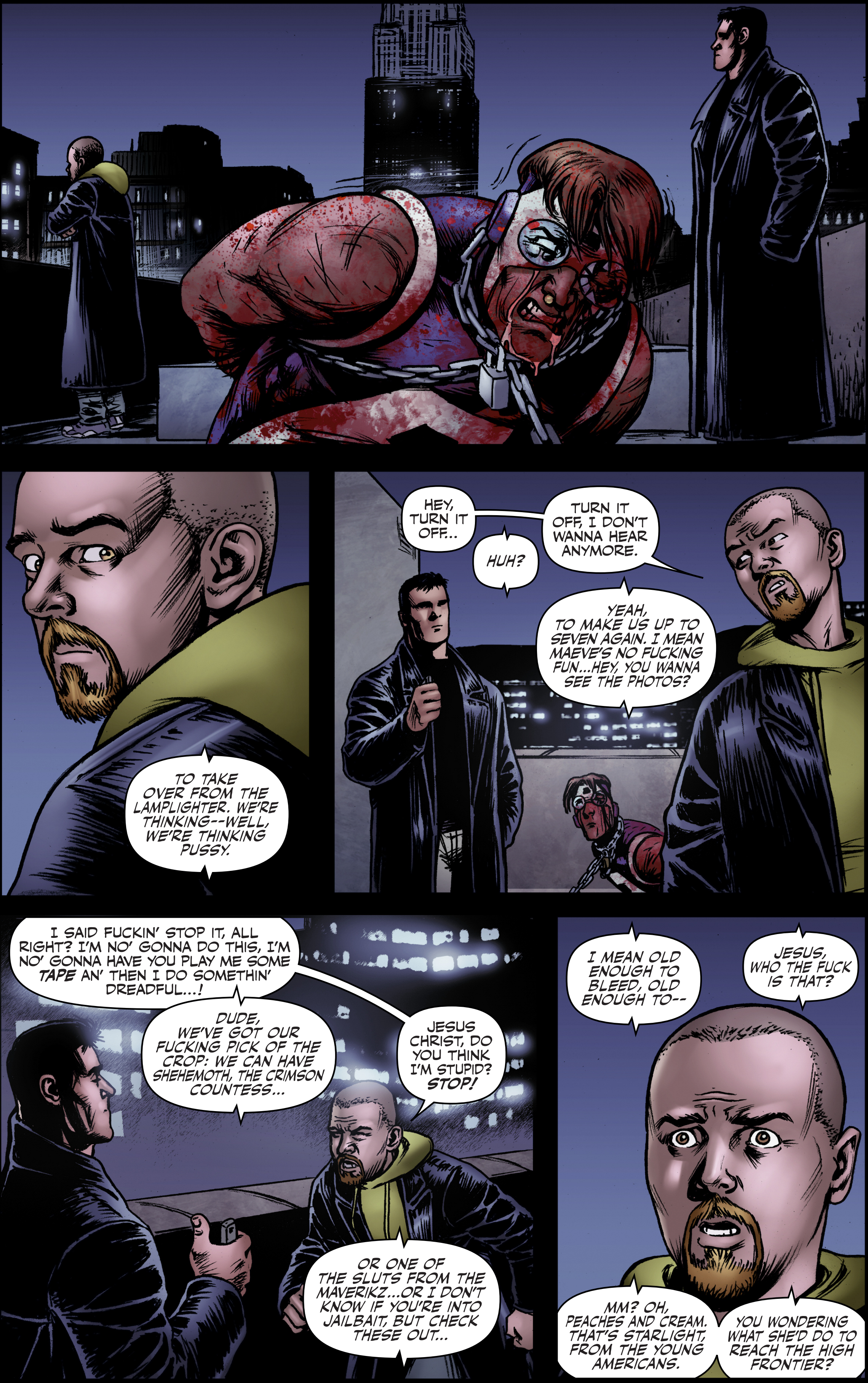

YOU STOOD UP FOR ME ONCE. WITH BLACK NOIR AND THOSE OTHER PRICKS.
NOW YOU'LL PROBABLY JUST SAY *DON'T LET IT GO TO YOUR HEAD,* BUT I'M GOING TO MAKE AN ASS OF MYSELF AND SAY THERE MIGHT BE SOMEONE IN THERE. SOMEWHERE DOWN UNDER ALL THOSE LAYERS.
SO I'M ALSO GOING TO SAY THIS MIGHT BE THE TIME FOR YOU TO GO TOO. AND NOT JUST BECAUSE THE T.V. SAYS *PLEASE STAND BY* ON EVERY SINGLE CHANNEL, EITHER.
I NOTICED THAT.
IF YOU STILL THINK THIS IS THE ONLY PLACE TO RUN BACK TO--WELL, YOU CAN PROBABLY SIT OUT WHATEVER'S GOING ON, NO PROBLEM. YOU'VE GOT YOUR VIEW, YOU'VE GOT YOUR MEANINGLESS SHIT.
OTHERWISE...
IT'S EASY FOR YOU.
YOU HAVE SOMEONE.
HMH.
ACTUALLY, I'M NOT A HUNDRED PERCENT CERTAIN THAT I DO. HE'S BEEN BEHAVING LIKE KIND OF A LITTLE BITCH.
THEY WILL DO IT.
YEAH.
SO I SUPPOSE I'M JUST GOING TO HAVE TO TAKE THE CHANCE.

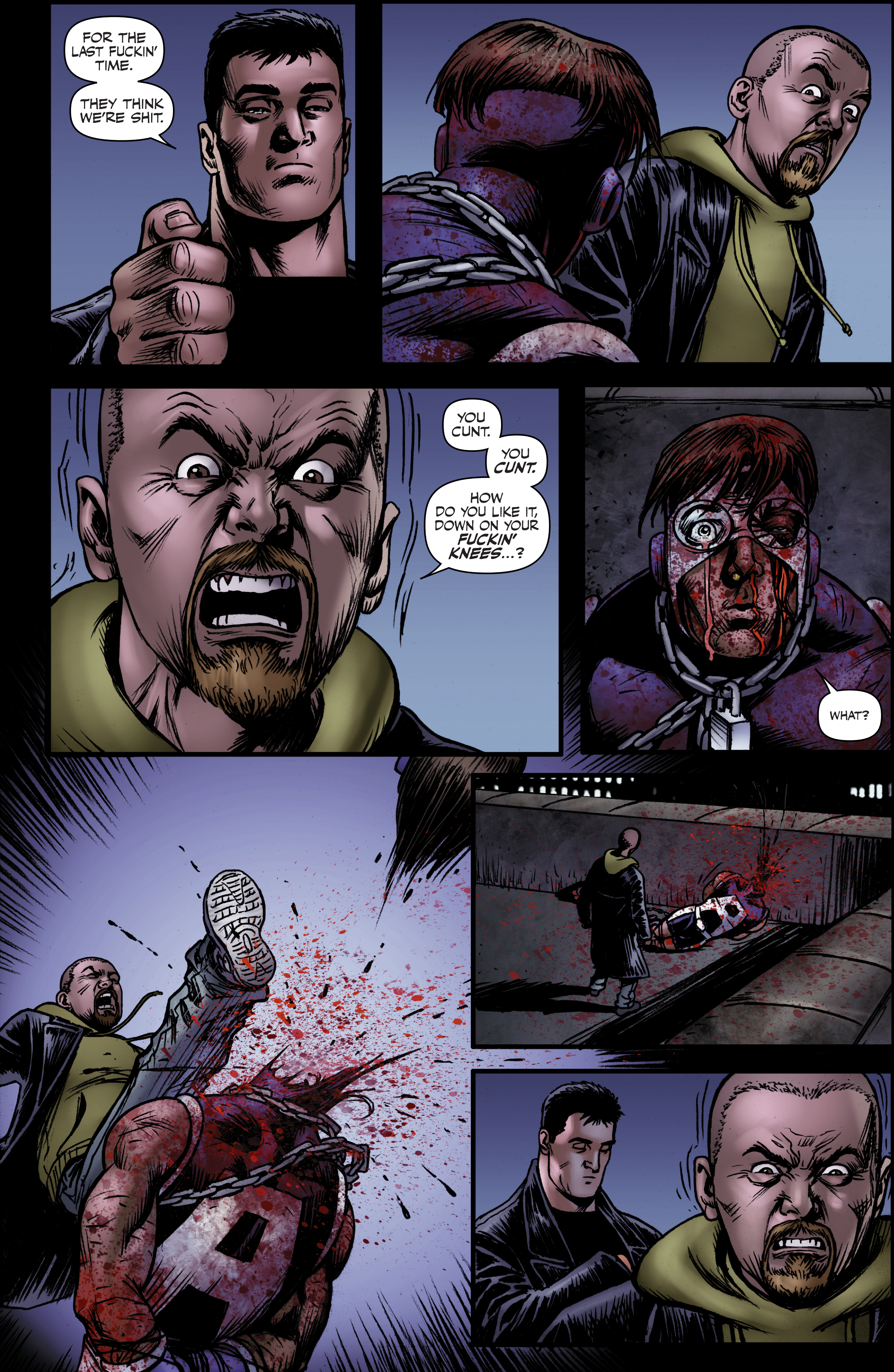

NAH--
MERDE--
DANS LE NOM DE DIEU, *SE DEFENDRE*--!
DON'T JUST STAND THERE, GET HER!
DRY-HUMP, KILL THE FUCKING BITCH! COME ON!
HEY--
YA WANT GUM?

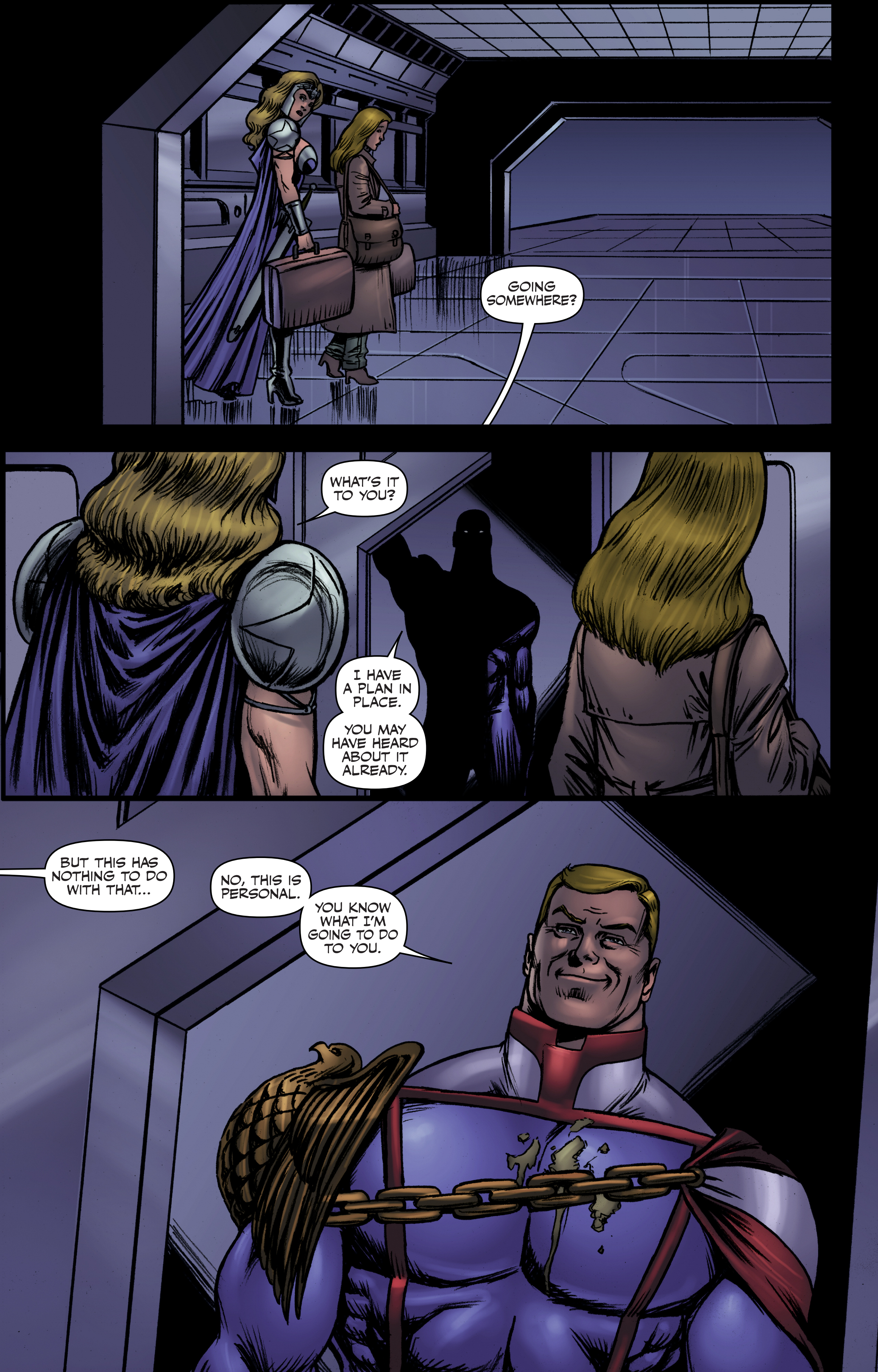

STAND DOWN.
NOW.

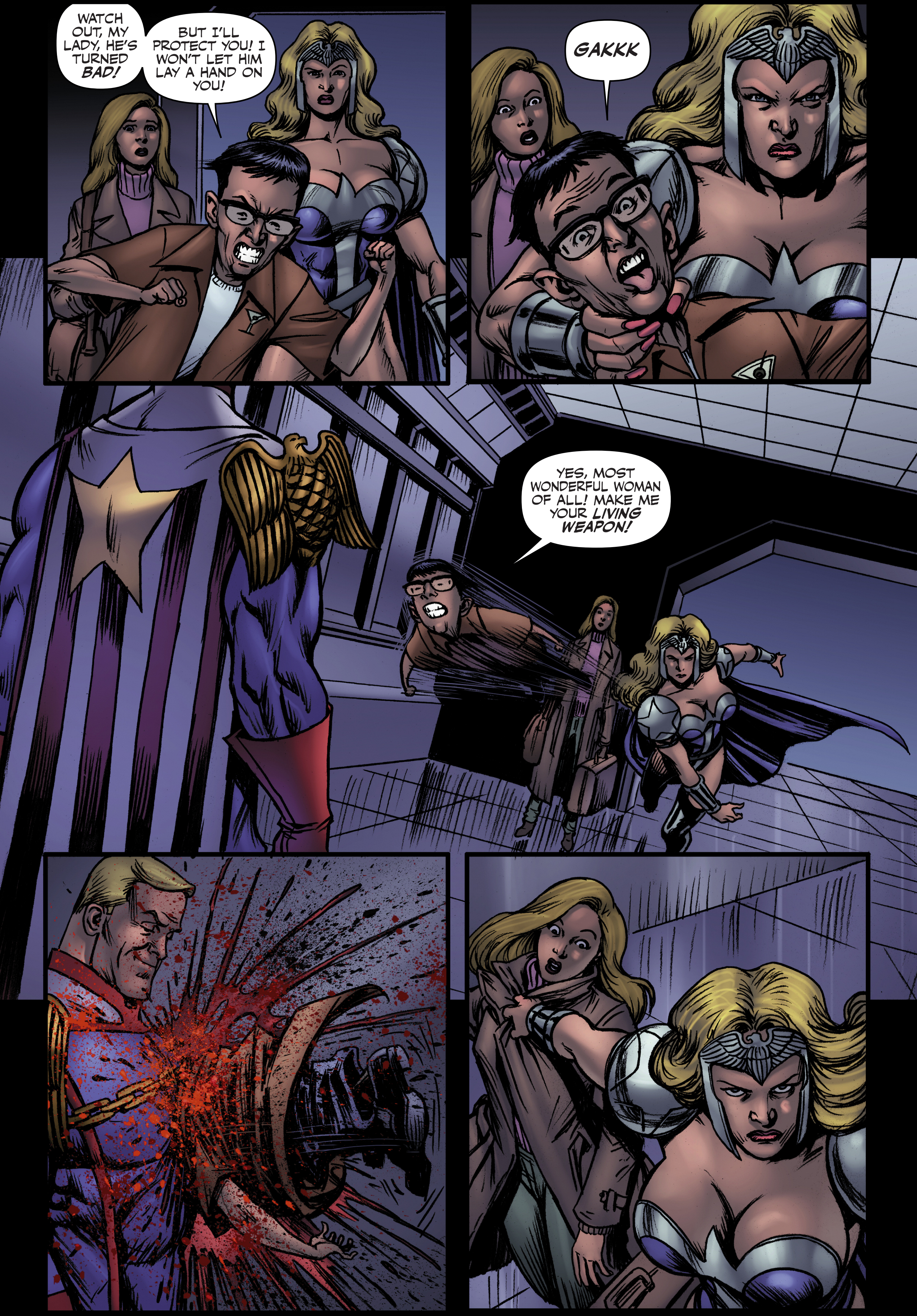

WELL, M'SIEU.
YOU WOULD SAY THAT.
TEAM TITANIC IS TO CEASE ALL OFFENSIVE ACTION. MEDICAL PERSONNEL ARE ON THEIR WAY; THEY WILL TREAT YOUR WOUND IMMEDIATELY.
I NEED TO SPEAK TO WILLIAM BUTCHER WITHOUT DELAY.
NO DOUBT YOU DO, VOUS SINGE DE REDDITION...
LET ME BE CLEAR, I AM NOT SURRENDERING. BUT I BELIEVE BOTH YOUR PEOPLE AND MINE ARE THE VICTIMS OF A HOAX.
YOUR ATTACK: PRE-EMPTIVE STRIKE OR RETALIATION?
QU'EST-CE... QUE C'EST...?
YOU SENT-- YOU--
I AM ASKING YOU WHO YOU BELIEVE STRUCK FIRST.
NO.

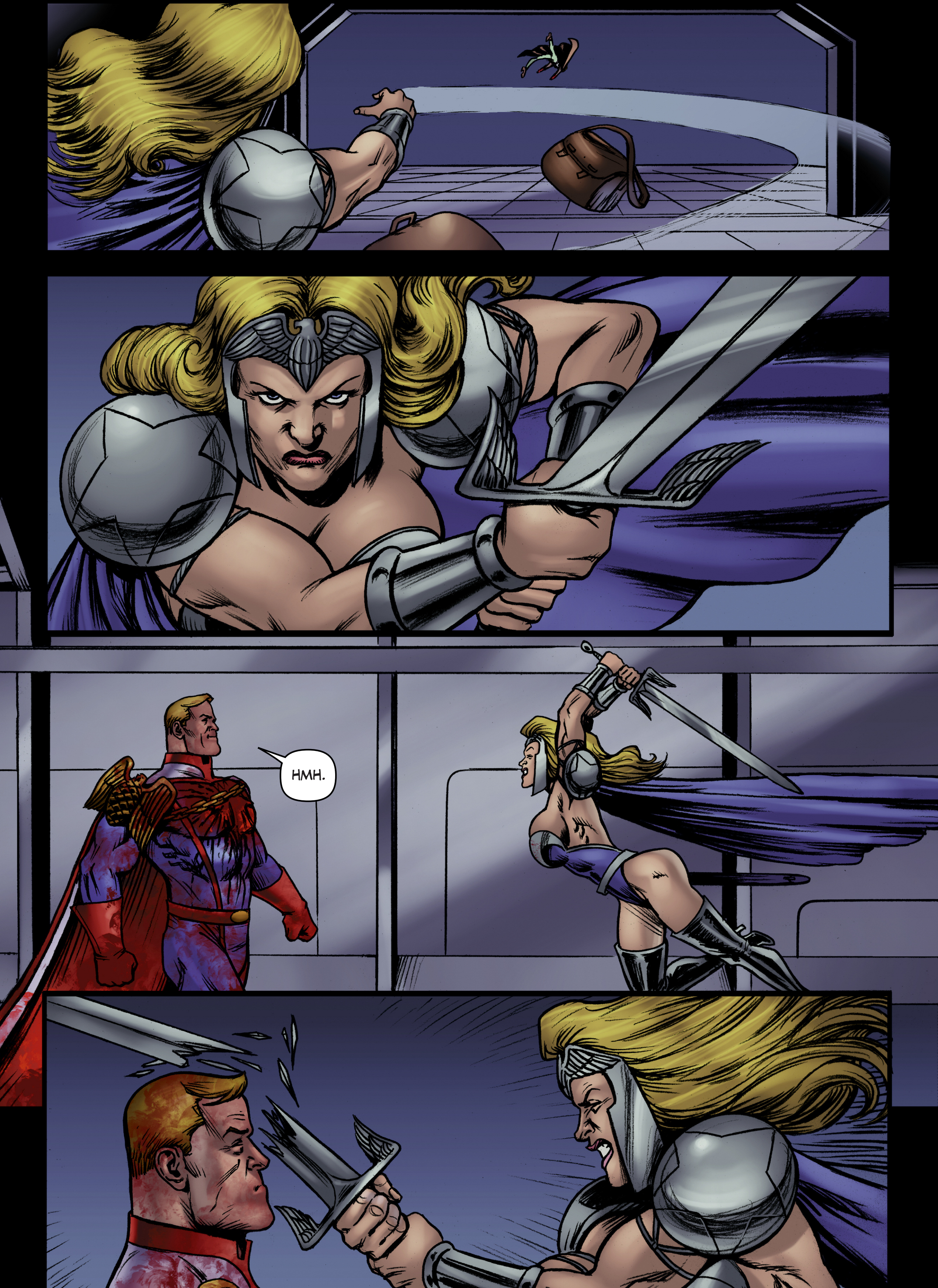

I ORDERED NO ACTION AGAINST YOU WHATSOEVER. IF YOU WERE ATTACKED IT WAS NOT AT MY BEHEST.
MY SUSPICION IS THAT ANOTHER INDIVIDUAL HAS SET VOUGHT-AMERICAN AND THE BOYS AGAINST EACH OTHER, TO KEEP US BUSY WHILE HIS OWN PLANS REACH FRUITION. I BELIEVE IT IS IN OUR MUTUAL INTEREST TO FIND OUT WHAT THOSE PLANS MIGHT BE.
I AM OFFERING A TRUCE, NEGOTIATION AND MEDICAL ATTENTION.
IF YOU BELIEVE ME TO BE INSINCERE, THERE IS NOTHING WHATSOEVER TO PREVENT YOU FROM HAVING YOUR COMPANION KILL ME.

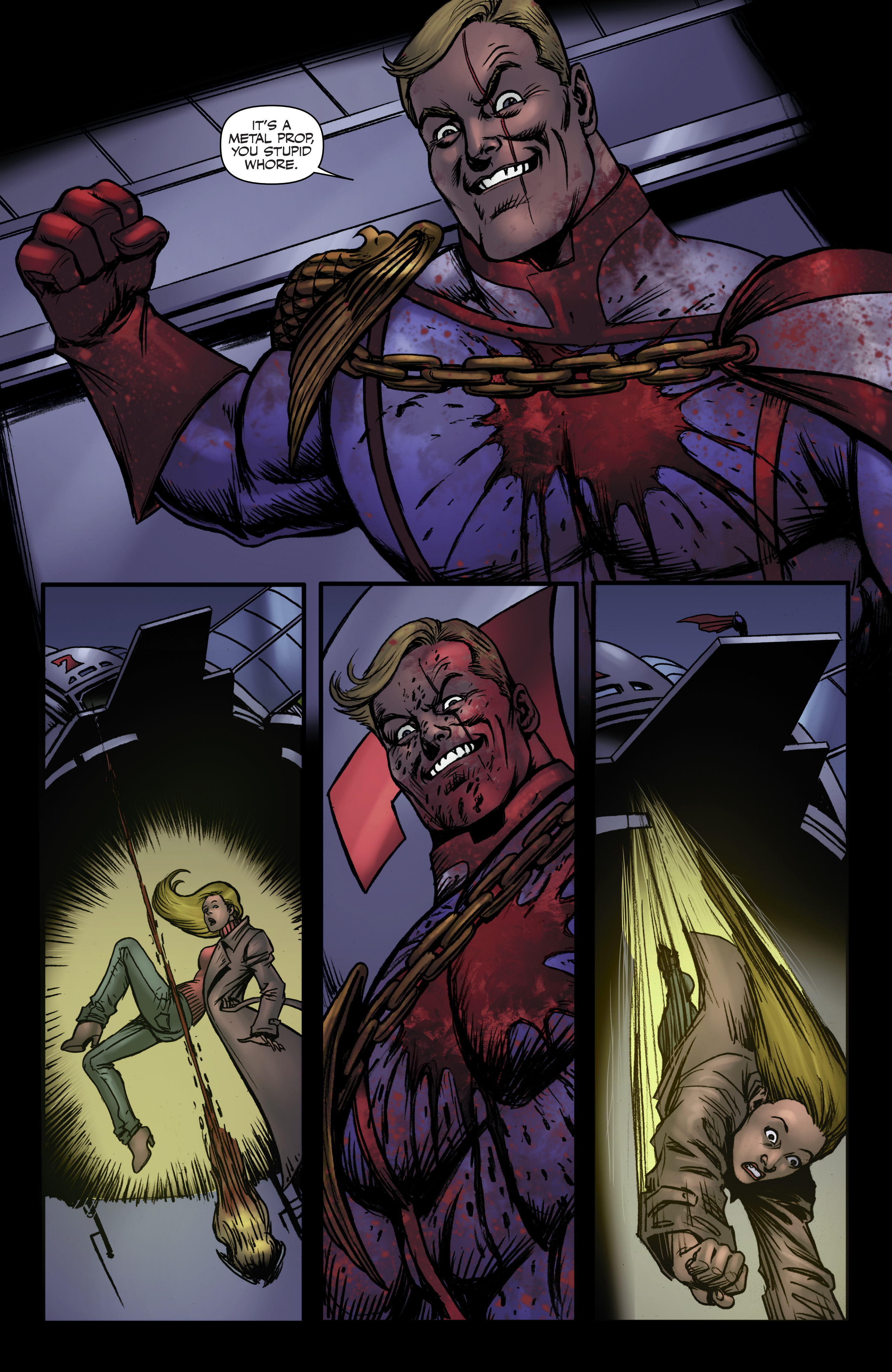

TO TAKE OVER FROM THE LAMPLIGHTER. WE'RE THINKING--WELL, WE'RE THINKING PUSSY.
HEY, TURN IT OFF...
HUH?
TURN IT OFF, I DON'T WANNA HEAR ANYMORE.
YEAH, TO MAKE US UP TO SEVEN AGAIN. I MEAN MAEVE'S NO FUCKING FUN...HEY, YOU WANNA SEE THE PHOTOS?
I SAID FUCKIN' STOP IT, ALL RIGHT? I'M NO' GONNA DO THIS, I'M NO' GONNA HAVE YOU PLAY ME SOME *TAPE* AN' THEN I DO SOMETHIN' DREADFUL...!
DUDE, WE'VE GOT OUR FUCKING PICK OF THE CROP: WE CAN HAVE SHEHEMOTH, THE CRIMSON COUNTESS...
JESUS CHRIST, DO YOU THINK I'M STUPID? *STOP!*
OR ONE OF THE SLUTS FROM THE MAVERIKZ...OR I DON'T KNOW IF YOU'RE INTO JAILBAIT, BUT CHECK THESE OUT...
I MEAN OLD ENOUGH TO BLEED, OLD ENOUGH TO--
JESUS, WHO THE FUCK IS THAT?
MM? OH, PEACHES AND CREAM. THAT'S STARLIGHT, FROM THE YOUNG AMERICANS.
YOU WONDERING WHAT SHE'D DO TO REACH THE HIGH FRONTIER?

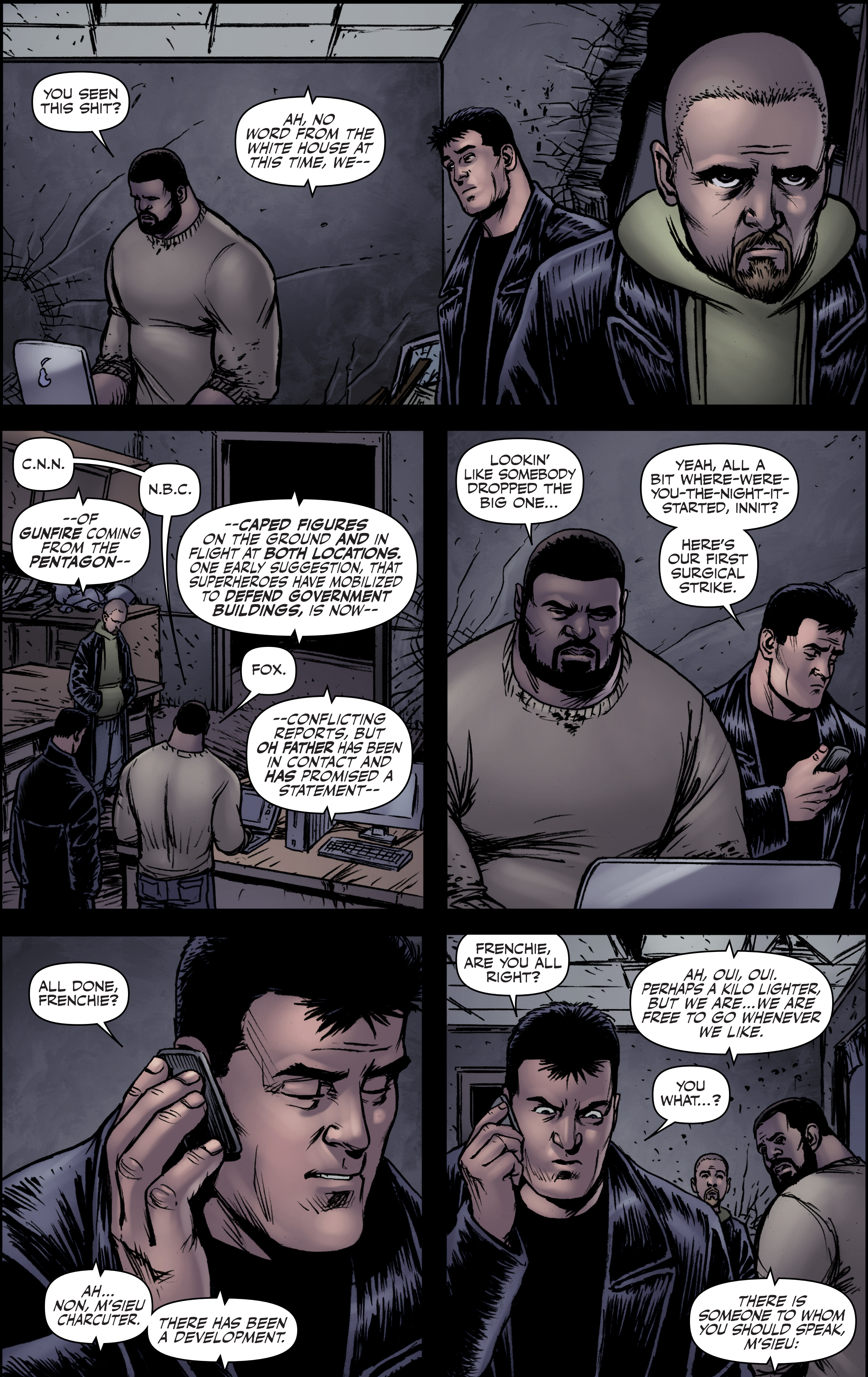

FOR THE LAST FUCKIN' TIME.
THEY THINK WE'RE SHIT.
YOU CUNT.
YOU *CUNT.*
HOW DO YOU LIKE IT, DOWN ON YOUR *FUCKIN' KNEES...?*
WHAT?

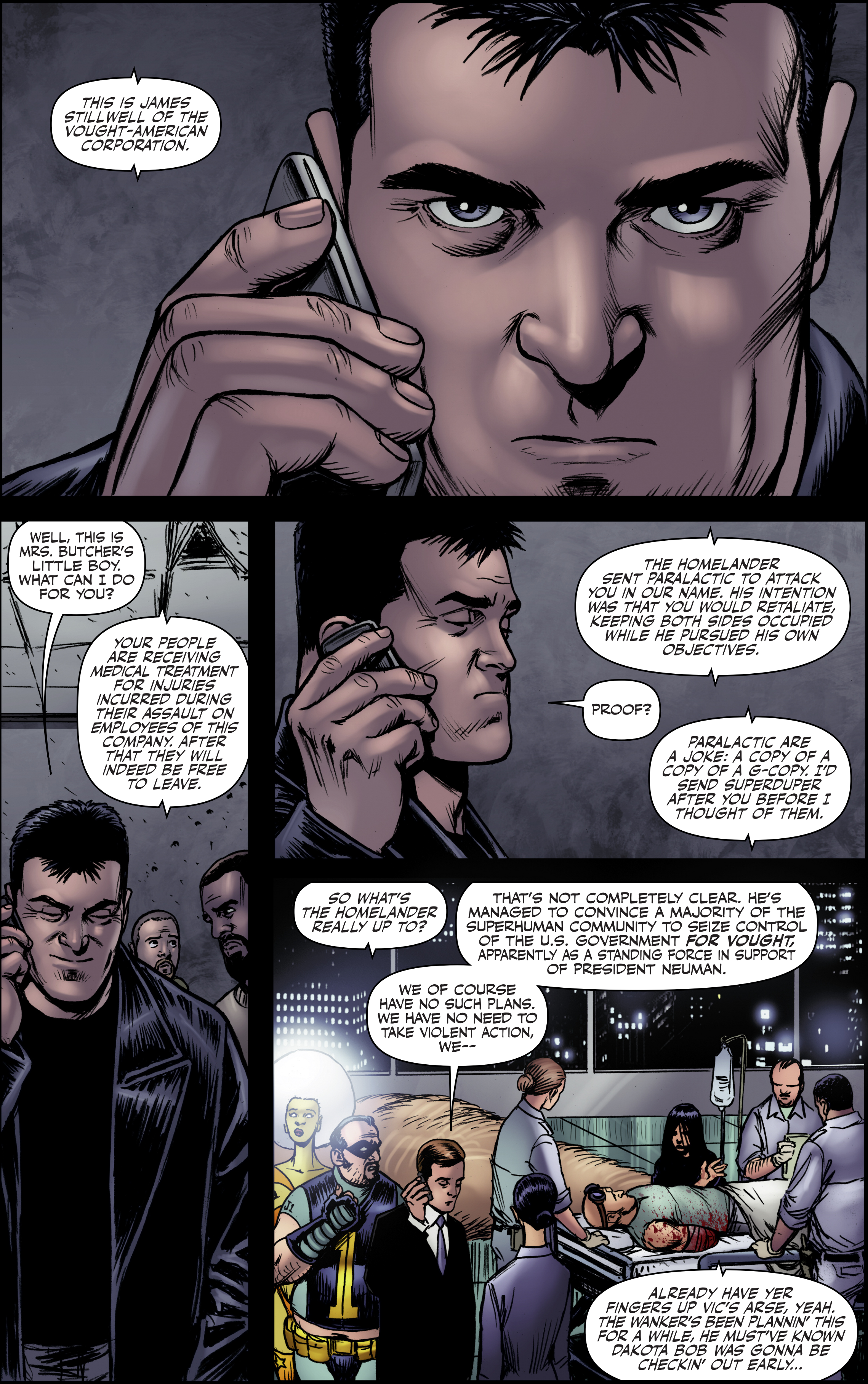

GOING SOMEWHERE?
WHAT'S IT TO YOU?
I HAVE A PLAN IN PLACE.
YOU MAY HAVE HEARD ABOUT IT ALREADY.
BUT THIS HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH THAT...
NO, THIS IS PERSONAL.
YOU KNOW WHAT I'M GOING TO DO TO YOU.

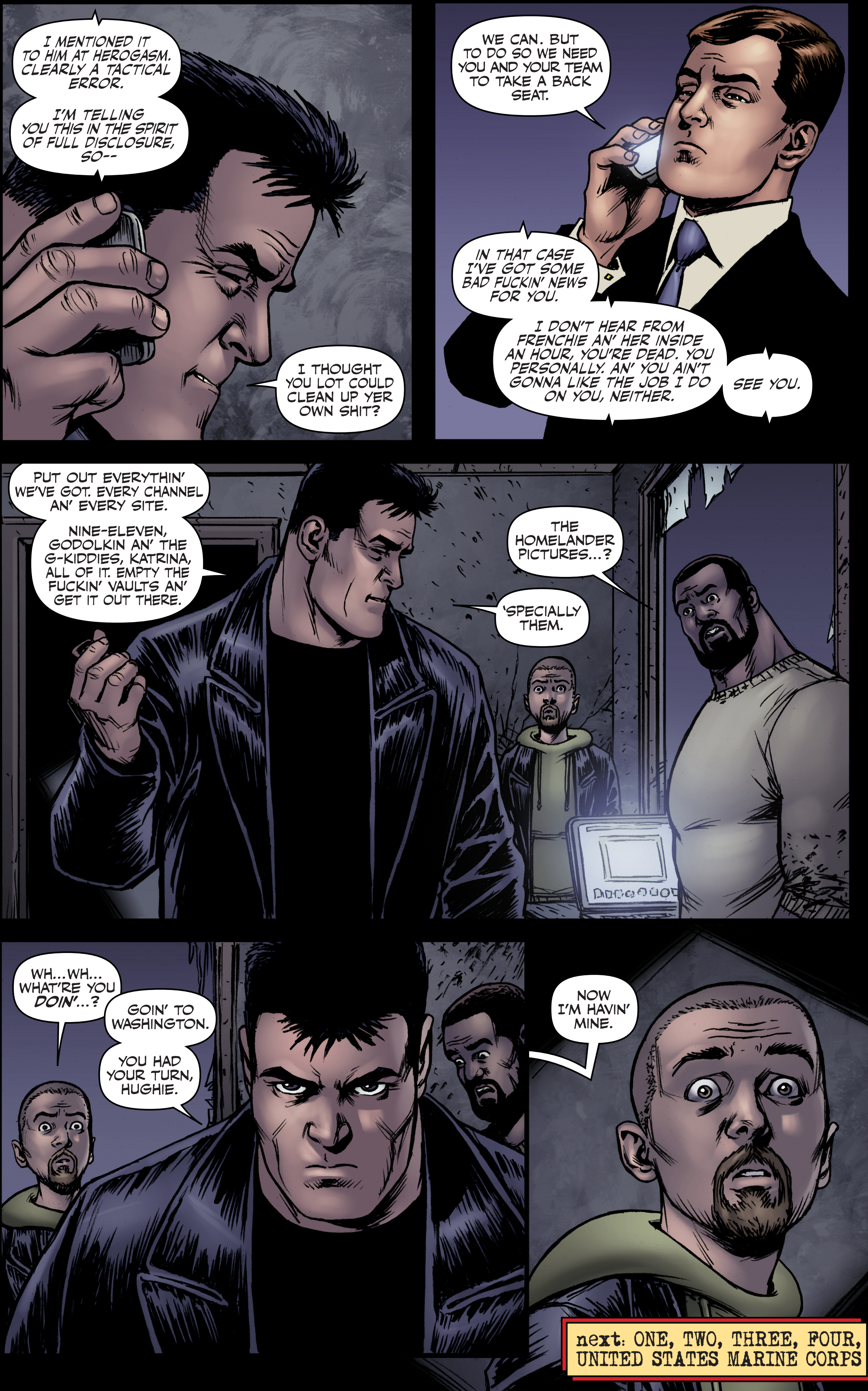

WATCH OUT, MY LADY, HE'S TURNED *BAD!*
BUT I'LL PROTECT YOU! I WON'T LET HIM LAY A HAND ON YOU!
GAKKK
YES, MOST WONDERFUL WOMAN OF ALL! MAKE ME YOUR *LIVING WEAPON!*


HMH.


IT'S A METAL PROP, YOU STUPID WHORE.

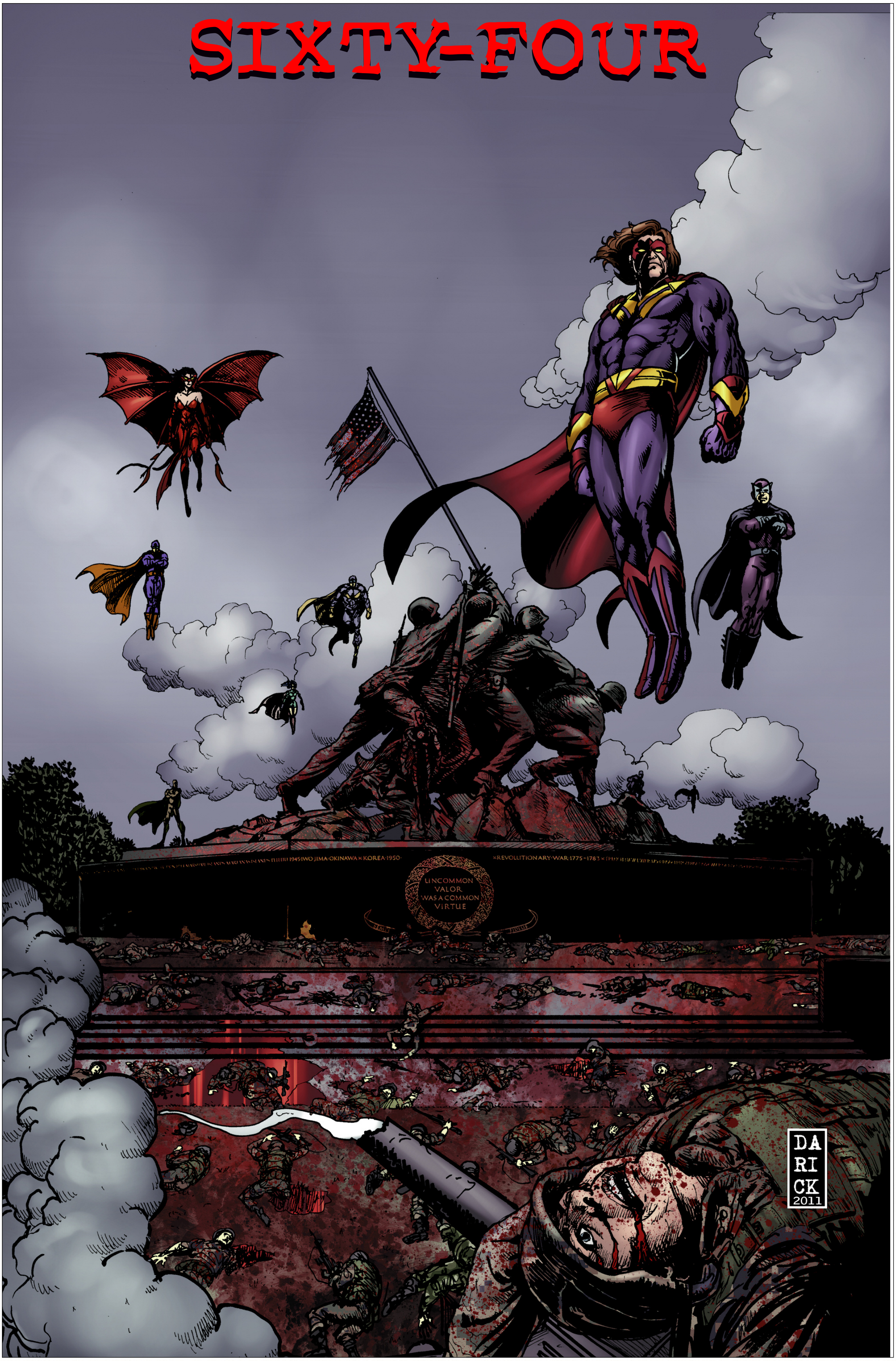

YOU SEEN THIS SHIT?
AH, NO WORD FROM THE WHITE HOUSE AT THIS TIME, WE--
C.N.N.
N.B.C.
--OF **GUNFIRE** COMING FROM THE **PENTAGON**--
--**CAPED FIGURES** ON THE GROUND **AND** IN FLIGHT AT **BOTH LOCATIONS.** ONE EARLY SUGGESTION, THAT SUPERHEROES HAVE MOBILIZED TO **DEFEND GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS,** IS NOW--
FOX.
--CONFLICTING REPORTS, BUT **OH FATHER** HAS BEEN IN CONTACT AND **HAS** PROMISED A STATEMENT--
LOOKIN' LIKE SOMEBODY DROPPED THE BIG ONE...
YEAH, ALL A BIT WHERE-WERE-YOU-THE-NIGHT-IT-STARTED, INNIT?
HERE'S OUR FIRST SURGICAL STRIKE.
ALL DONE, FRENCHIE?
AH... NON, M'SIEU CHARCUTER.
THERE HAS BEEN A DEVELOPMENT.
FRENCHIE, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
AH, OUI, OUI. PERHAPS A KILO LIGHTER, BUT WE ARE... WE ARE FREE TO GO WHENEVER WE LIKE.
YOU WHAT...?
THERE IS SOMEONE TO WHOM YOU SHOULD SPEAK, M'SIEU:

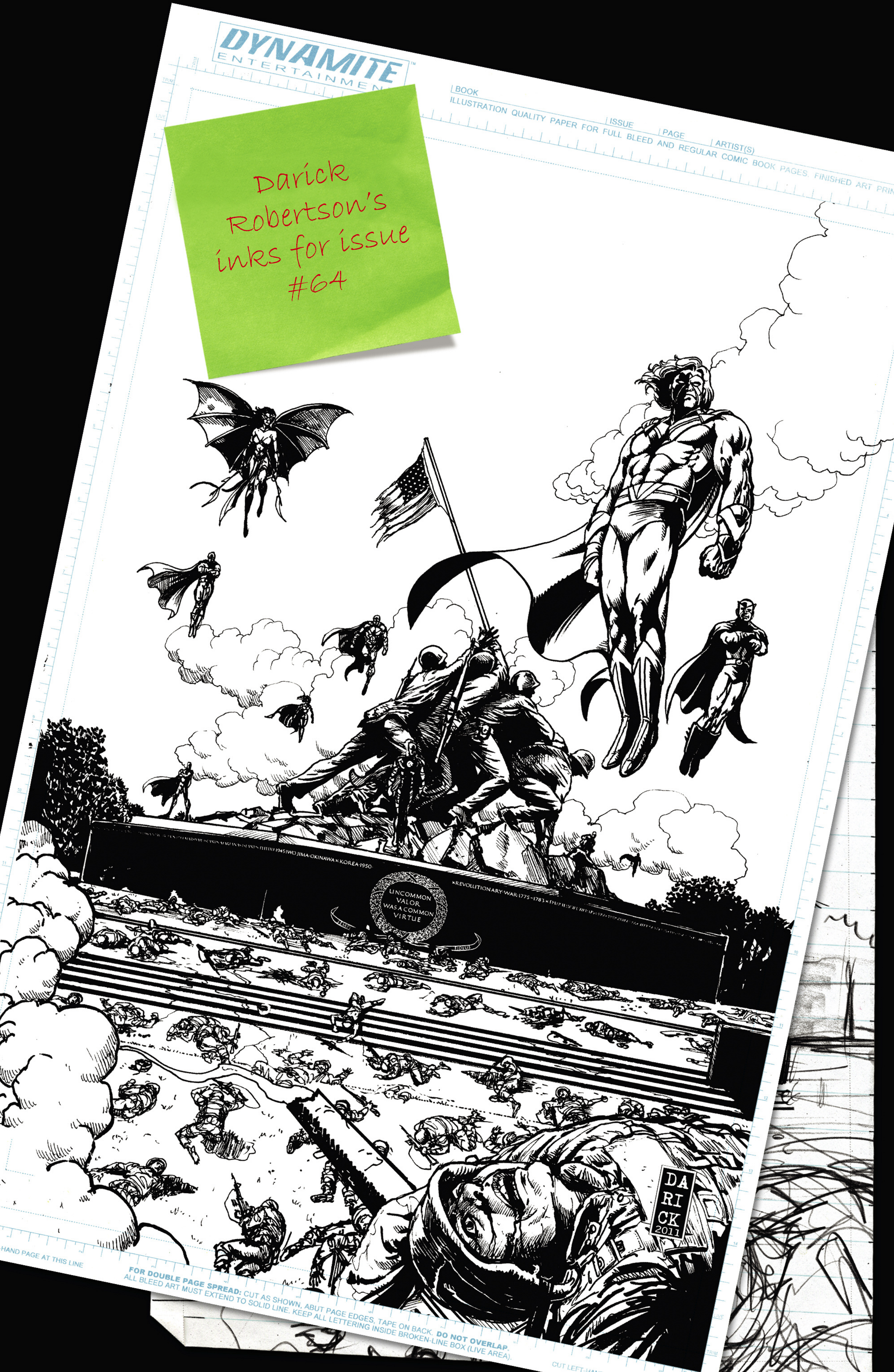

THIS IS JAMES STILLWELL OF THE VOUGHT-AMERICAN CORPORATION.
WELL, THIS IS MRS. BUTCHER'S LITTLE BOY. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
YOUR PEOPLE ARE RECEIVING MEDICAL TREATMENT FOR INJURIES INCURRED DURING THEIR ASSAULT ON EMPLOYEES OF THIS COMPANY. AFTER THAT THEY WILL INDEED BE FREE TO LEAVE.
THE HOMELANDER SENT PARALACTIC TO ATTACK YOU IN OUR NAME. HIS INTENTION WAS THAT YOU WOULD RETALIATE, KEEPING BOTH SIDES OCCUPIED WHILE HE PURSUED HIS OWN OBJECTIVES.
PROOF?
PARALACTIC ARE A JOKE: A COPY OF A COPY OF A G-COPY. I'D SEND SUPERDUPER AFTER YOU BEFORE I THOUGHT OF THEM.
SO WHAT'S THE HOMELANDER REALLY UP TO?
THAT'S NOT COMPLETELY CLEAR. HE'S MANAGED TO CONVINCE A MAJORITY OF THE SUPERHUMAN COMMUNITY TO SEIZE CONTROL OF THE U.S. GOVERNMENT FOR VOUGHT, APPARENTLY AS A STANDING FORCE IN SUPPORT OF PRESIDENT NEUMAN.
WE OF COURSE HAVE NO SUCH PLANS. WE HAVE NO NEED TO TAKE VIOLENT ACTION, WE--
ALREADY HAVE YER FINGERS UP VIC'S ARSE, YEAH. THE WANKER'S BEEN PLANNIN' THIS FOR A WHILE, HE MUST'VE KNOWN DAKOTA BOB WAS GONNA BE CHECKIN' OUT EARLY...


I MENTIONED IT TO HIM AT HEROGASM. CLEARLY A TACTICAL ERROR.
I'M TELLING YOU THIS IN THE SPIRIT OF FULL DISCLOSURE, SO--
I THOUGHT YOU LOT COULD CLEAN UP YER OWN SHIT?
WE CAN. BUT TO DO SO WE NEED YOU AND YOUR TEAM TO TAKE A BACK SEAT.
IN THAT CASE I'VE GOT SOME BAD FUCKIN' NEWS FOR YOU.
I DON'T HEAR FROM FRENCHIE AN' HER INSIDE AN HOUR, YOU'RE DEAD. YOU PERSONALLY. AN' YOU AIN'T GONNA LIKE THE JOB I DO ON YOU, NEITHER.
SEE YOU.
PUT OUT EVERYTHIN' WE'VE GOT. EVERY CHANNEL AN' EVERY SITE.
NINE-ELEVEN, GODOLKIN AN' THE G-KIDDIES, KATRINA, ALL OF IT. EMPTY THE FUCKIN' VAULTS AN' GET IT OUT THERE.
THE HOMELANDER PICTURES...?
'SPECIALLY THEM.
WH...WH... WHAT'RE YOU *DOIN'*...?
GOIN' TO WASHINGTON.
YOU HAD YOUR TURN, HUGHIE.
NOW I'M HAVIN' MINE.

next: ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS

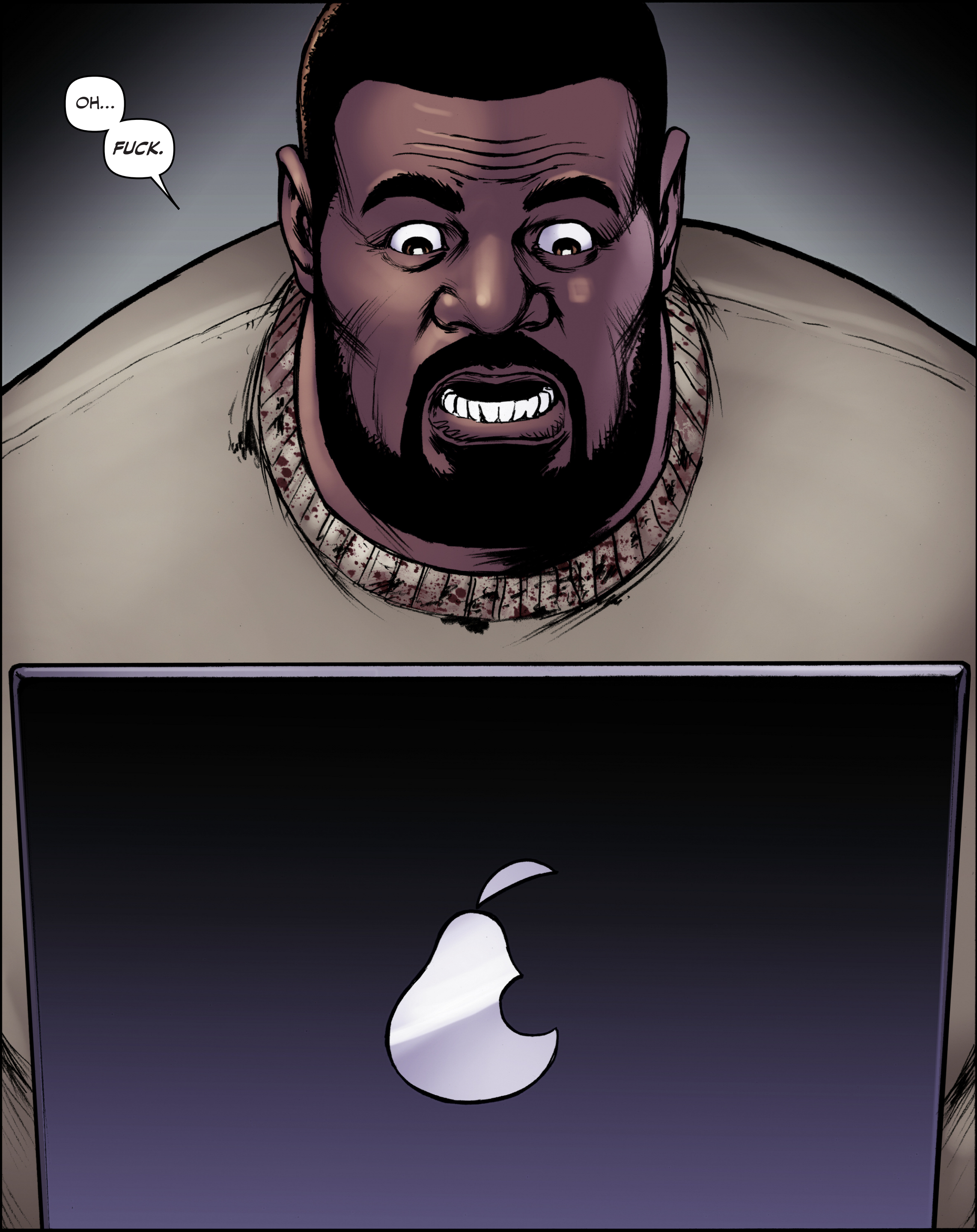
SIXTY-FOUR


1945·IWO JIMA·OKINAWA × KOREA·1950
× REVOLUTIONARY·WAR·1775–1783 ×
UNCOMMON VALOR WAS A COMMON VIRTUE
FIDELIS
DA RI CK 2011



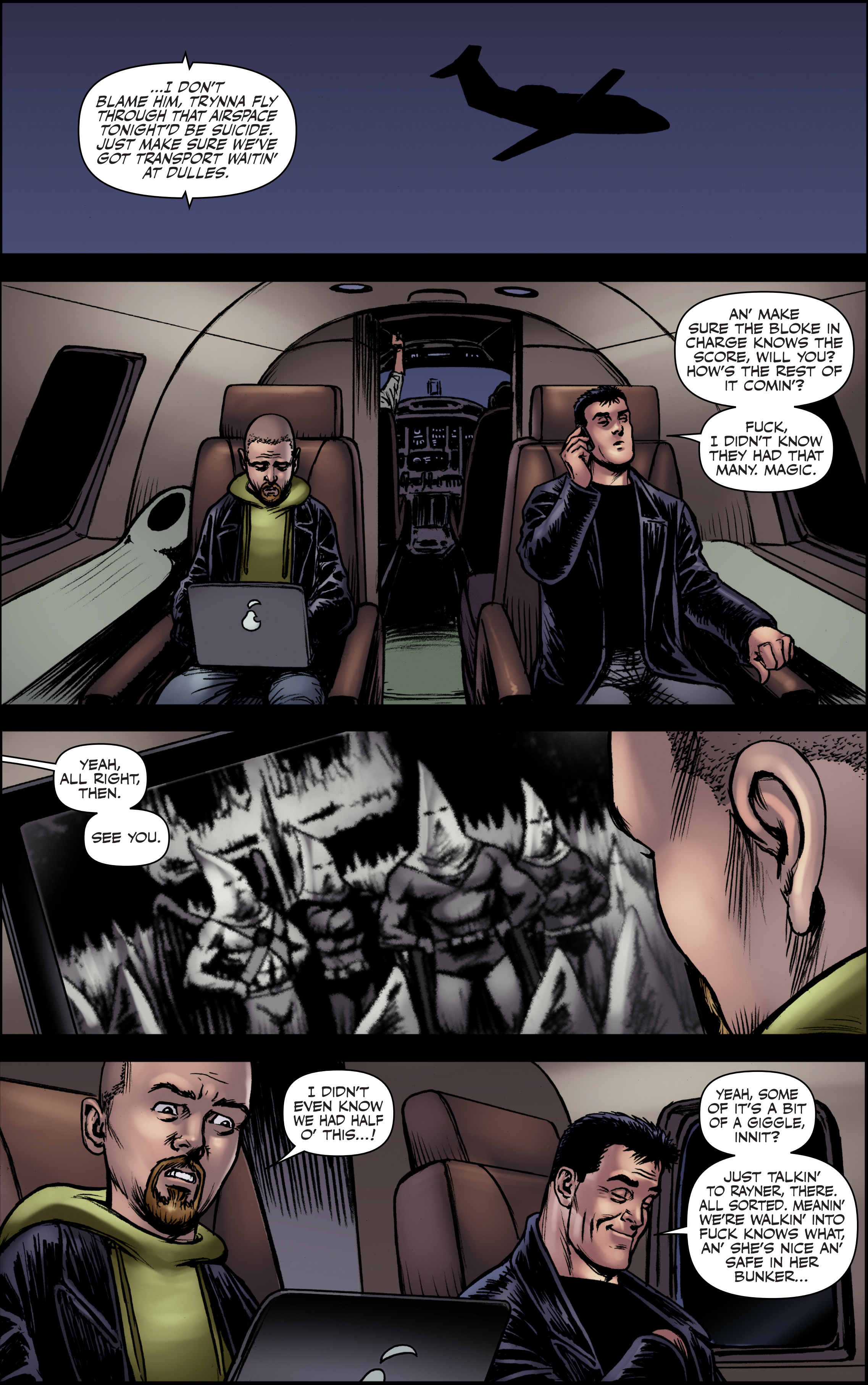
Darick Robertson's inks for issue #64

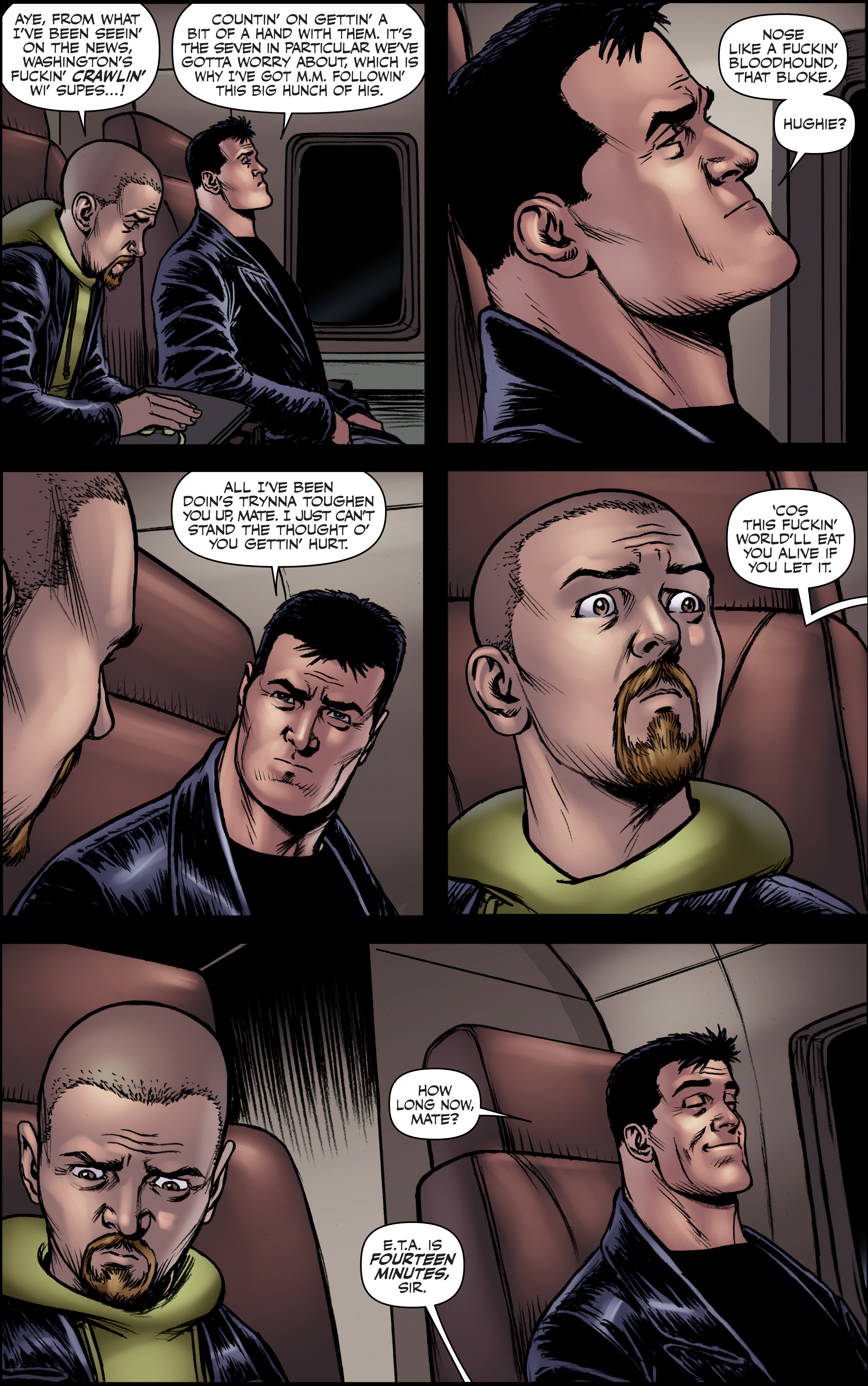
DYNAMITE ENTERTAINMENT
BOOK
ISSUE
PAGE
ARTIST(S)
ILLUSTRATION QUALITY PAPER FOR FULL BLEED AND REGULAR COMIC BOOK PAGES. FINISHED ART PRIN
IWO JIMA·OKINAWA × KOREA·1950·
UNCOMMON VALOR WAS A COMMON VIRTUE
×REVOLUTIONARY·WAR·1775–1783×
SEMPER
FIDELIS
DA RI CK 2011
HAND PAGE AT THIS LINE
FOR DOUBLE PAGE SPREAD: CUT AS SHOWN, ABUT PAGE EDGES, TAPE ON BACK. DO NOT OVERLAP.
ALL BLEED ART MUST EXTEND TO SOLID LINE. KEEP ALL LETTERING INSIDE BROKEN-LINE BOX (LIVE AREA).
CUT LEFT-HAN

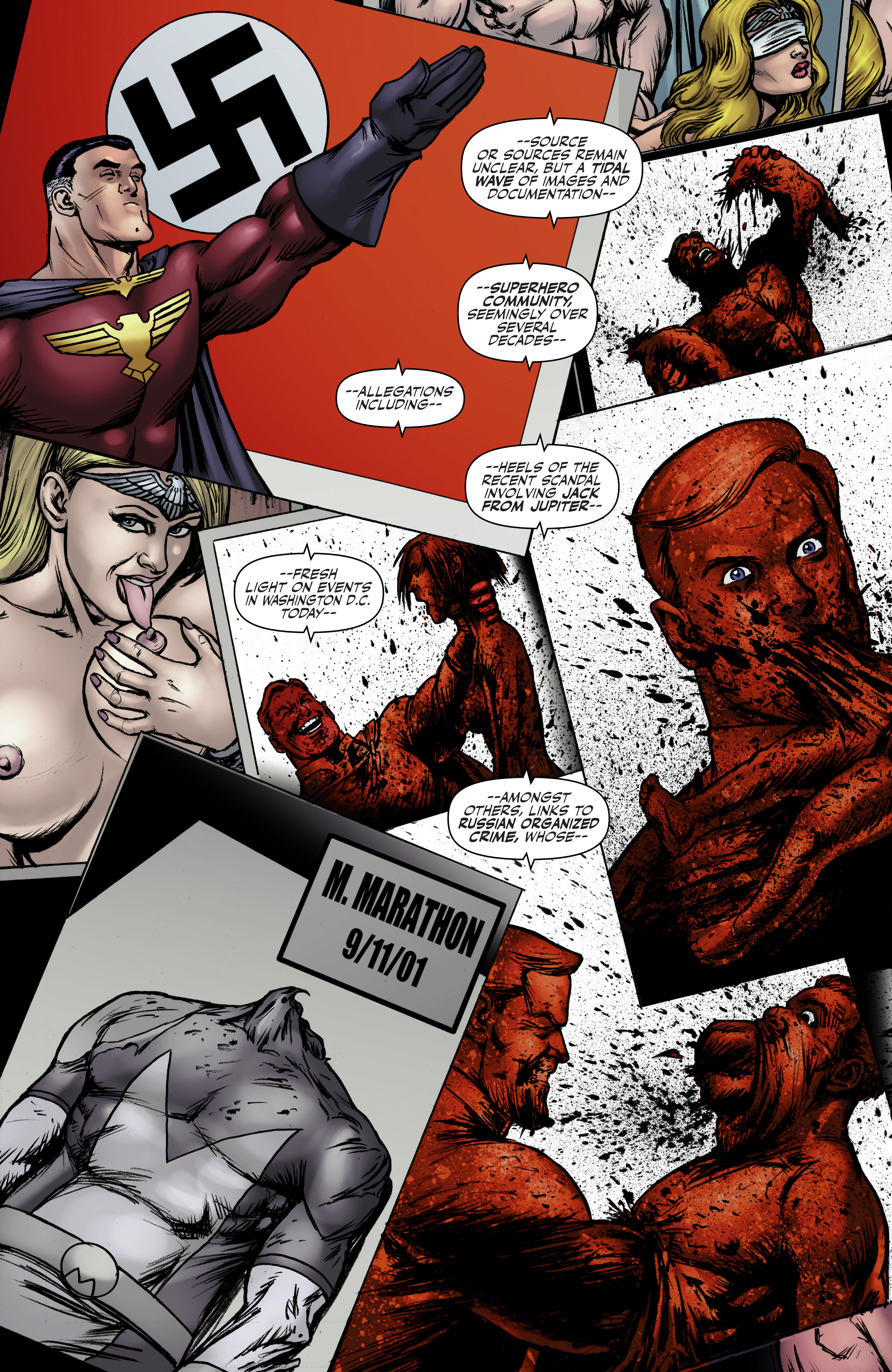


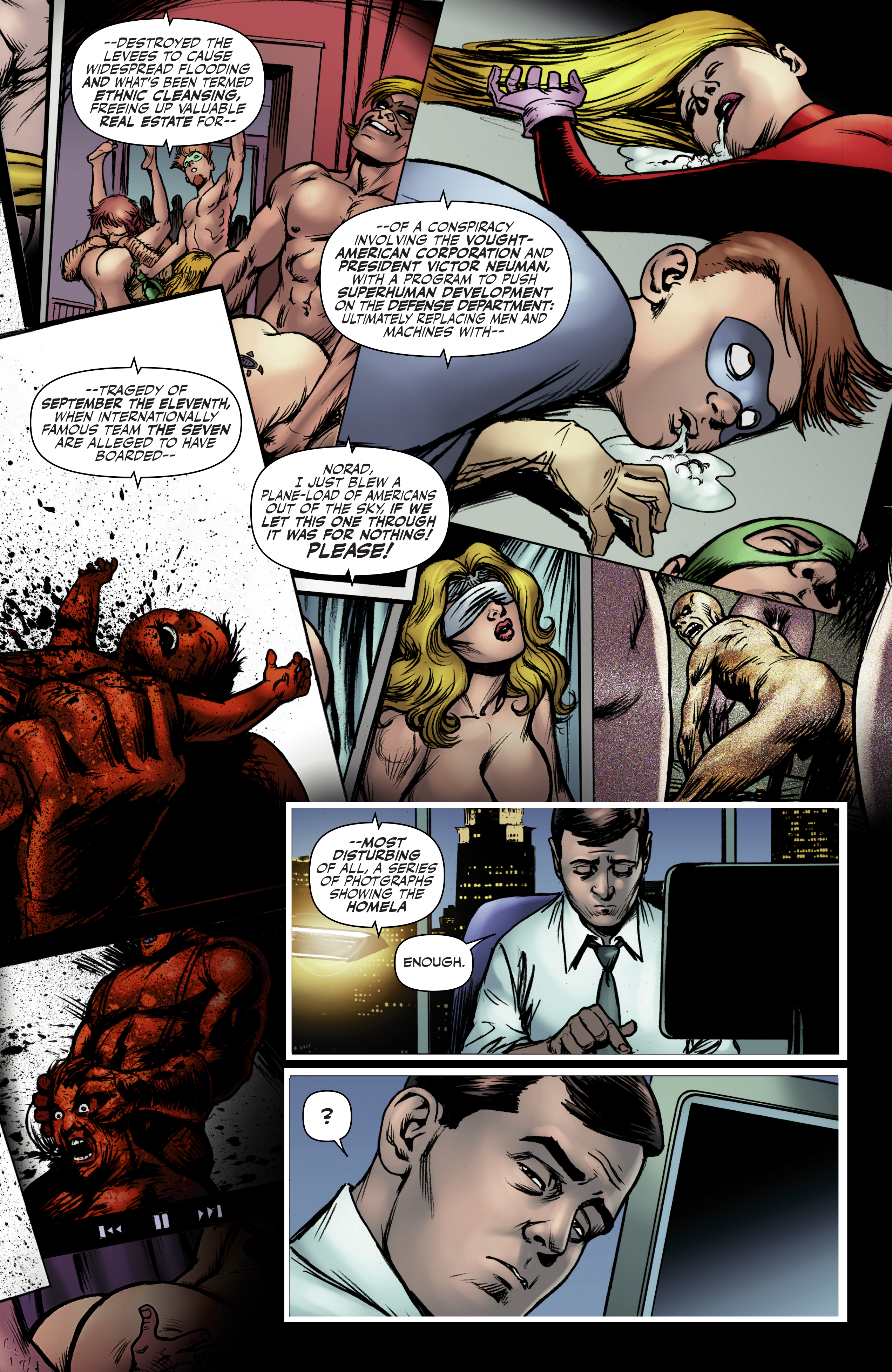
OVER THE HILL WITH THE SWORDS OF A THOUSAND MEN

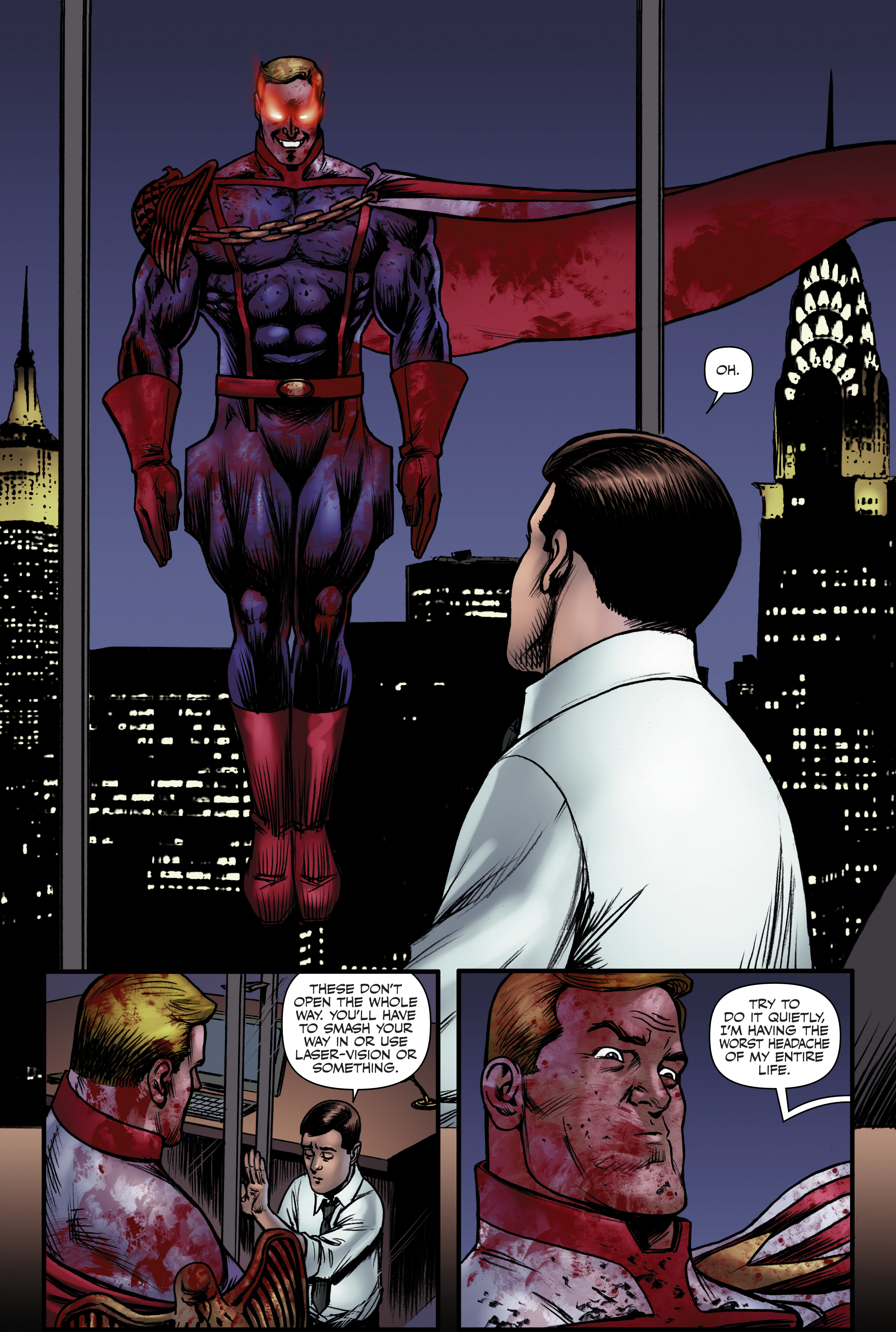
part five

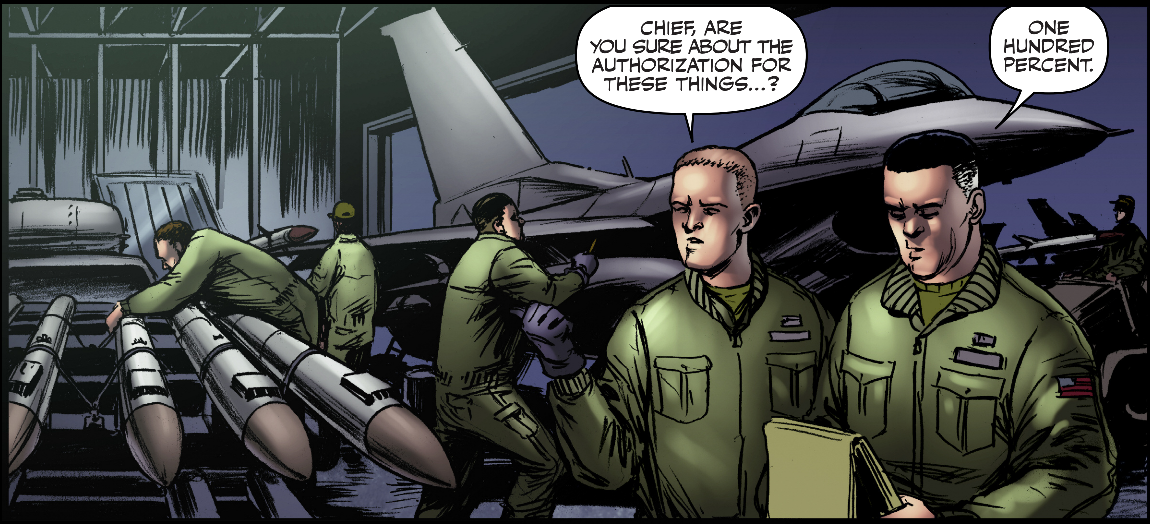

...I DON'T BLAME HIM, TRYNNA FLY THROUGH THAT AIRSPACE TONIGHT'D BE SUICIDE. JUST MAKE SURE WE'VE GOT TRANSPORT WAITIN' AT DULLES.
AN' MAKE SURE THE BLOKE IN CHARGE KNOWS THE SCORE, WILL YOU? HOW'S THE REST OF IT COMIN'?
FUCK, I DIDN'T KNOW THEY HAD THAT MANY. MAGIC.
YEAH, ALL RIGHT, THEN.
SEE YOU.
I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW WE HAD HALF O' THIS...!
YEAH, SOME OF IT'S A BIT OF A GIGGLE, INNIT?
JUST TALKIN' TO RAYNER, THERE. ALL SORTED. MEANIN' WE'RE WALKIN' INTO FUCK KNOWS WHAT, AN' SHE'S NICE AN' SAFE IN HER BUNKER...

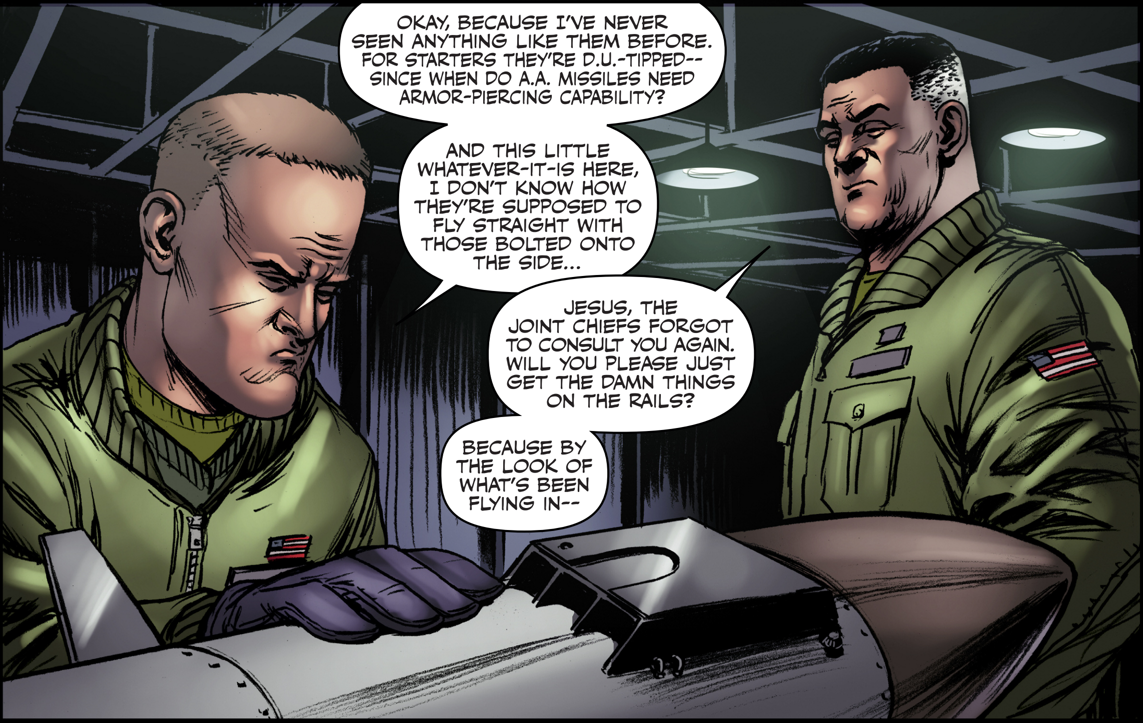

AYE, FROM WHAT I'VE BEEN SEEIN' ON THE NEWS, WASHINGTON'S FUCKIN' *CRAWLIN'* WI' SUPES...!
COUNTIN' ON GETTIN' A BIT OF A HAND WITH THEM. IT'S THE SEVEN IN PARTICULAR WE'VE GOTTA WORRY ABOUT, WHICH IS WHY I'VE GOT M.M. FOLLOWIN' THIS BIG HUNCH OF HIS.
NOSE LIKE A FUCKIN' BLOODHOUND, THAT BLOKE.
HUGHIE?
ALL I'VE BEEN DOIN'S TRYNNA TOUGHEN YOU UP, MATE. I JUST CAN'T STAND THE THOUGHT O' YOU GETTIN' HURT.
'COS THIS FUCKIN' WORLD'LL EAT YOU ALIVE IF YOU LET IT.
HOW LONG NOW, MATE?
E.T.A. IS *FOURTEEN MINUTES,* SIR.

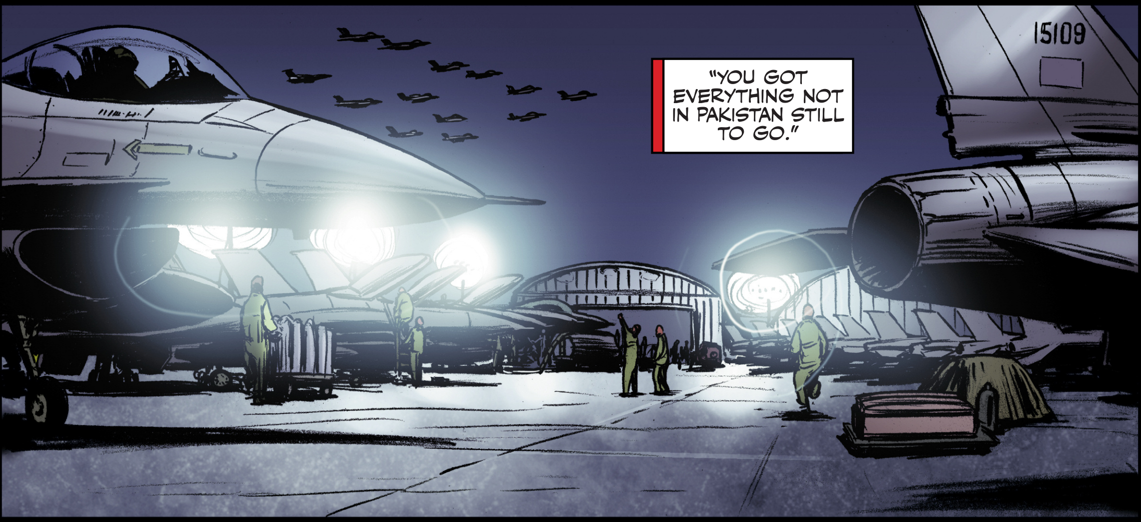

--SOURCE OR SOURCES REMAIN UNCLEAR, BUT A **TIDAL WAVE** OF IMAGES AND DOCUMENTATION--
--**SUPERHERO COMMUNITY,** SEEMINGLY OVER SEVERAL DECADES--
--ALLEGATIONS INCLUDING--
--HEELS OF THE RECENT SCANDAL INVOLVING **JACK FROM JUPITER**--
--FRESH LIGHT ON EVENTS IN WASHINGTON D.C. TODAY--
--AMONGST OTHERS, LINKS TO **RUSSIAN ORGANIZED CRIME,** WHOSE--
M. MARATHON 9/11/01

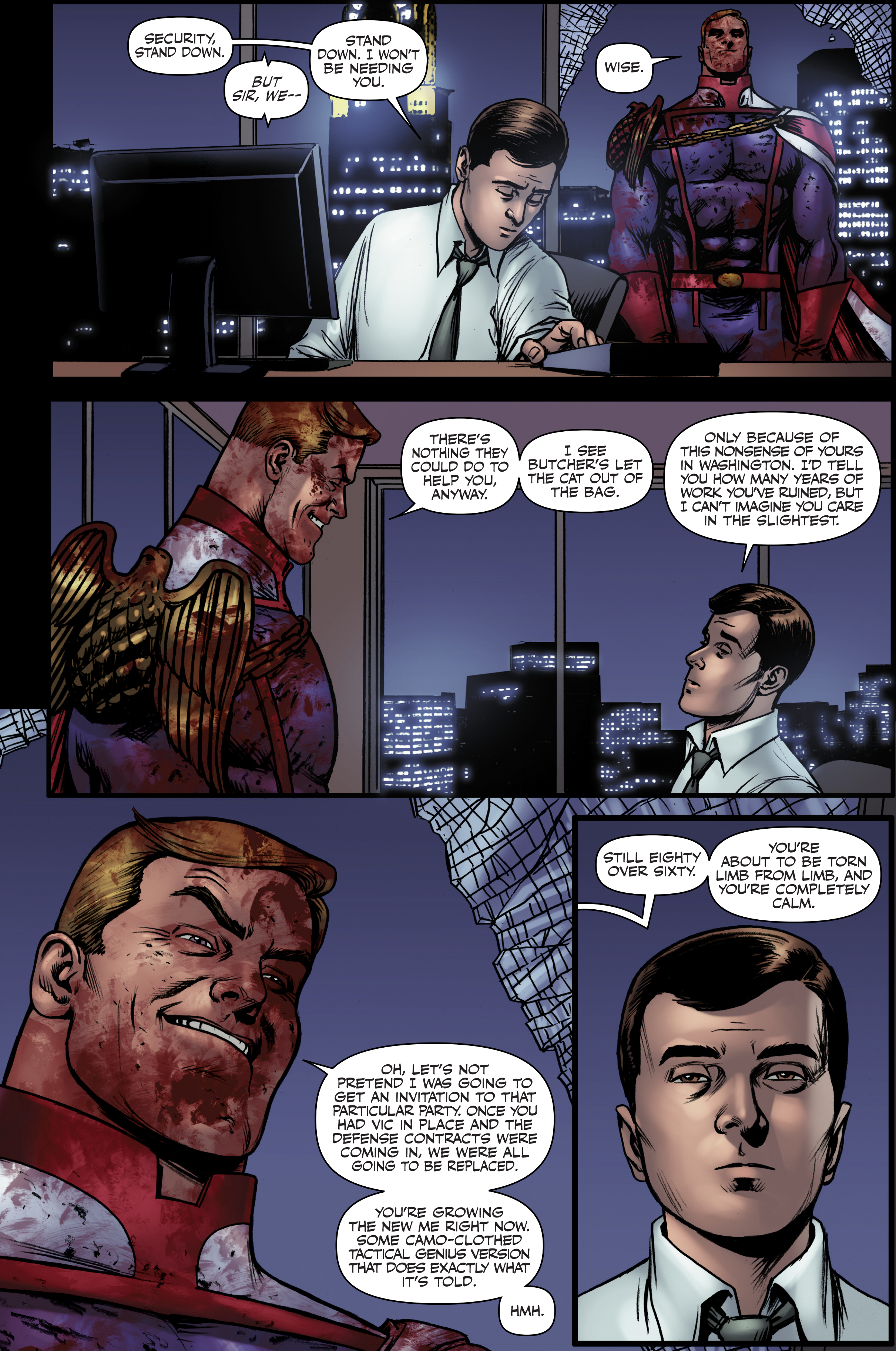

--DESTROYED THE LEVEES TO CAUSE WIDESPREAD FLOODING AND WHAT'S BEEN TERMED **ETHNIC CLEANSING,** FREEING UP VALUABLE **REAL ESTATE** FOR--
--OF A CONSPIRACY INVOLVING THE **VOUGHT-AMERICAN CORPORATION** AND **PRESIDENT VICTOR NEUMAN,** WITH A PROGRAM TO PUSH **SUPERHUMAN DEVELOPMENT** ON THE **DEFENSE DEPARTMENT:** ULTIMATELY REPLACING MEN AND MACHINES WITH--
--TRAGEDY OF **SEPTEMBER THE ELEVENTH,** WHEN INTERNATIONALLY FAMOUS TEAM **THE SEVEN** ARE ALLEGED TO HAVE BOARDED--
NORAD, I JUST BLEW A PLANE-LOAD OF AMERICANS OUT OF THE SKY, **IF WE LET THIS ONE THROUGH IT WAS FOR NOTHING! PLEASE!**
--**MOST DISTURBING** OF ALL, A SERIES OF PHOTGRAPHS SHOWING THE **HOMELA**
ENOUGH.
?

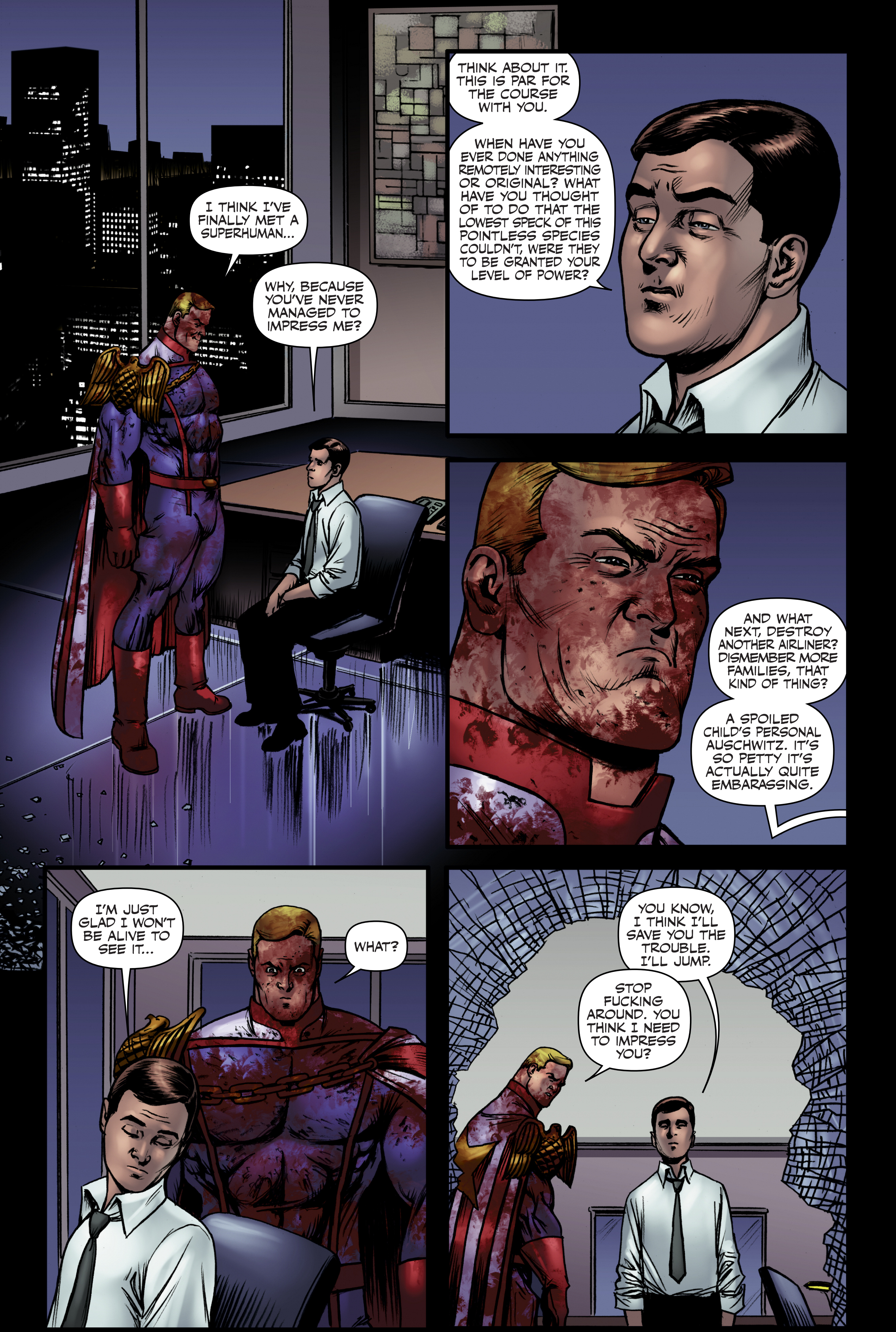

OH.
THESE DON'T OPEN THE WHOLE WAY. YOU'LL HAVE TO SMASH YOUR WAY IN OR USE LASER-VISION OR SOMETHING.
TRY TO DO IT QUIETLY, I'M HAVING THE WORST HEADACHE OF MY ENTIRE LIFE.

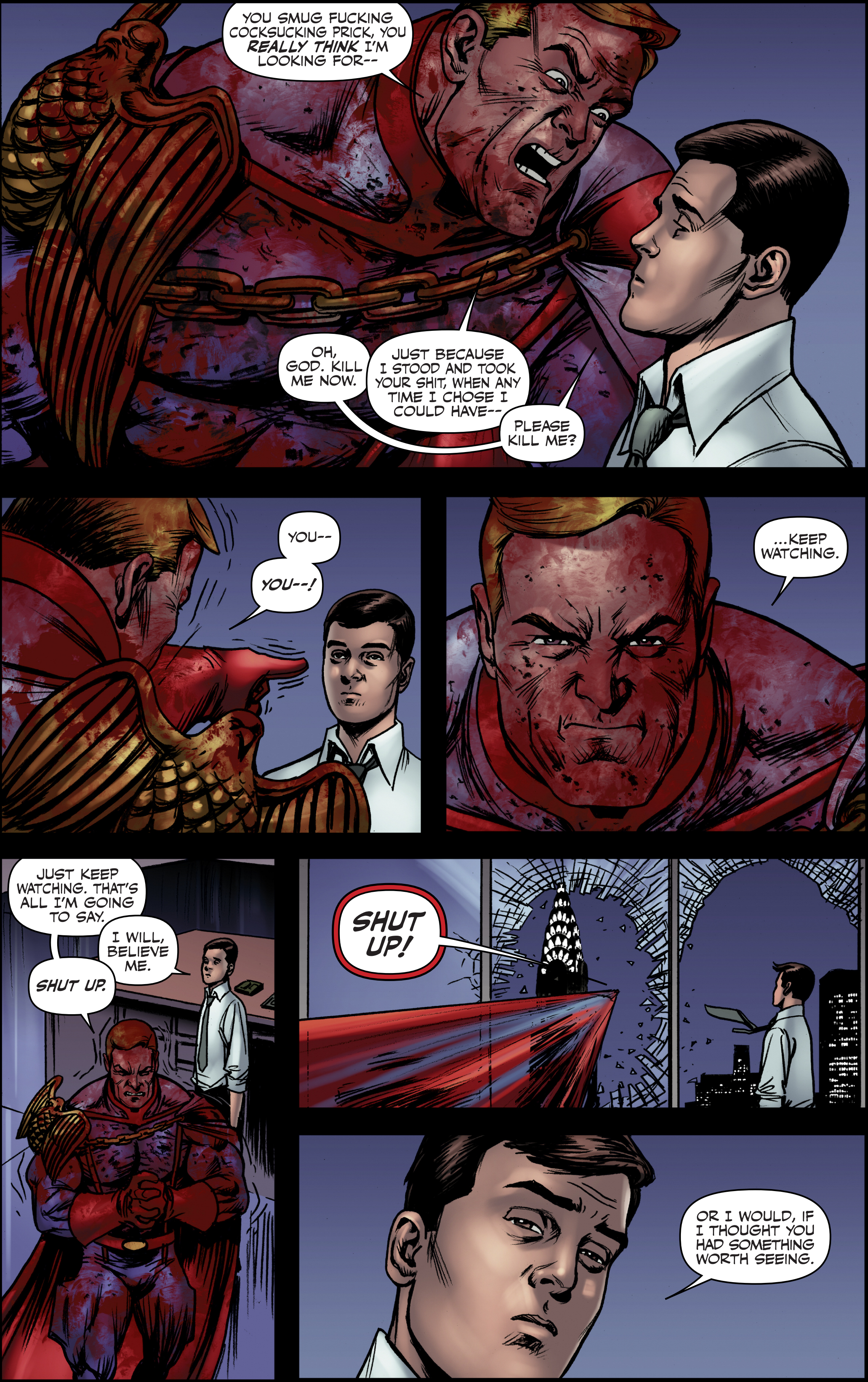

CHIEF, ARE YOU SURE ABOUT THE AUTHORIZATION FOR THESE THINGS...?
ONE HUNDRED PERCENT.

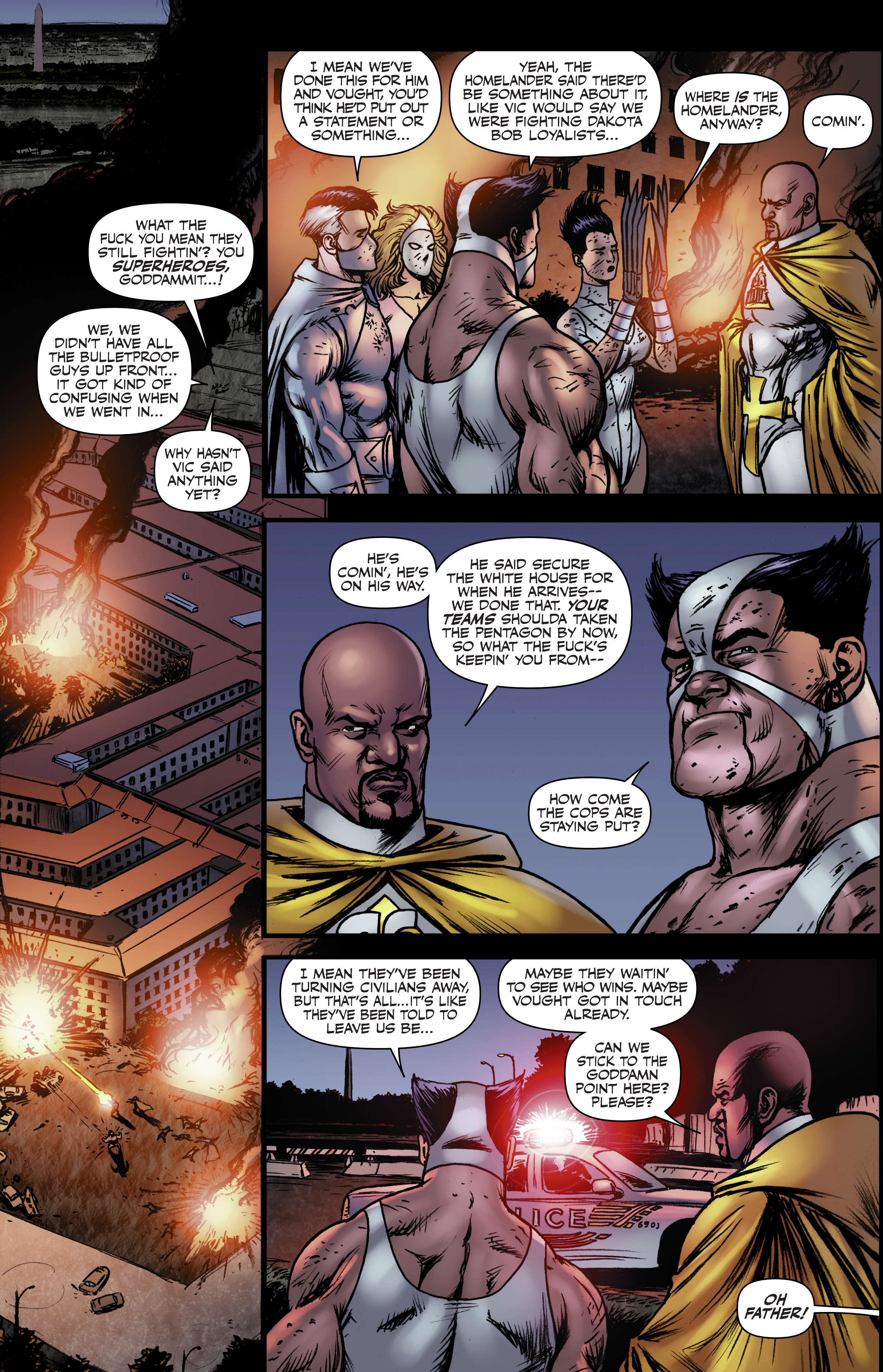

OKAY, BECAUSE I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THEM BEFORE. FOR STARTERS THEY'RE D.U.-TIPPED--SINCE WHEN DO A.A. MISSILES NEED ARMOR-PIERCING CAPABILITY?
AND THIS LITTLE WHATEVER-IT-IS HERE, I DON'T KNOW HOW THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO FLY STRAIGHT WITH THOSE BOLTED ONTO THE SIDE...
JESUS, THE JOINT CHIEFS FORGOT TO CONSULT YOU AGAIN. WILL YOU PLEASE JUST GET THE DAMN THINGS ON THE RAILS?
BECAUSE BY THE LOOK OF WHAT'S BEEN FLYING IN--

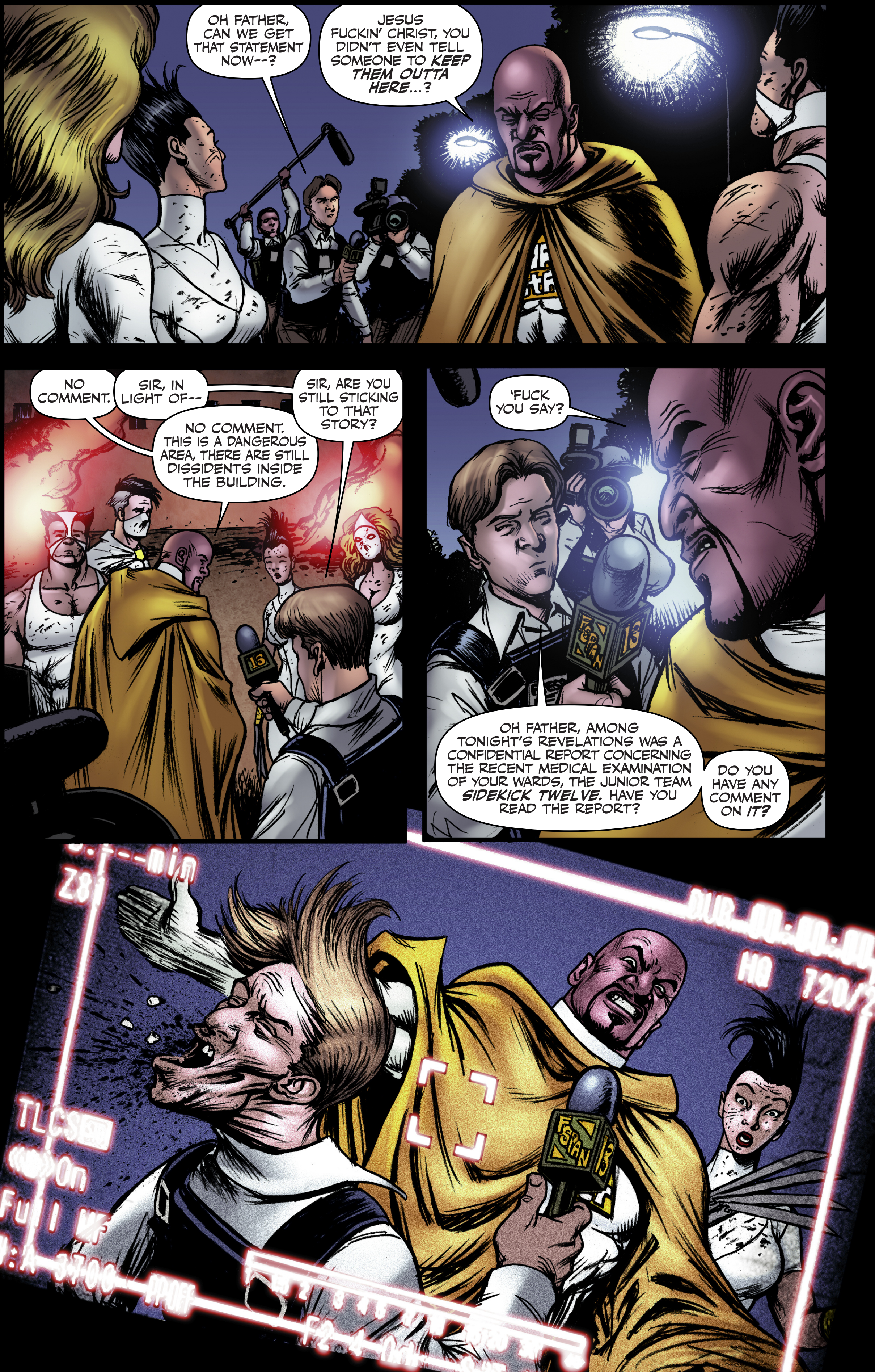

15109
"YOU GOT EVERYTHING NOT IN PAKISTAN STILL TO GO."

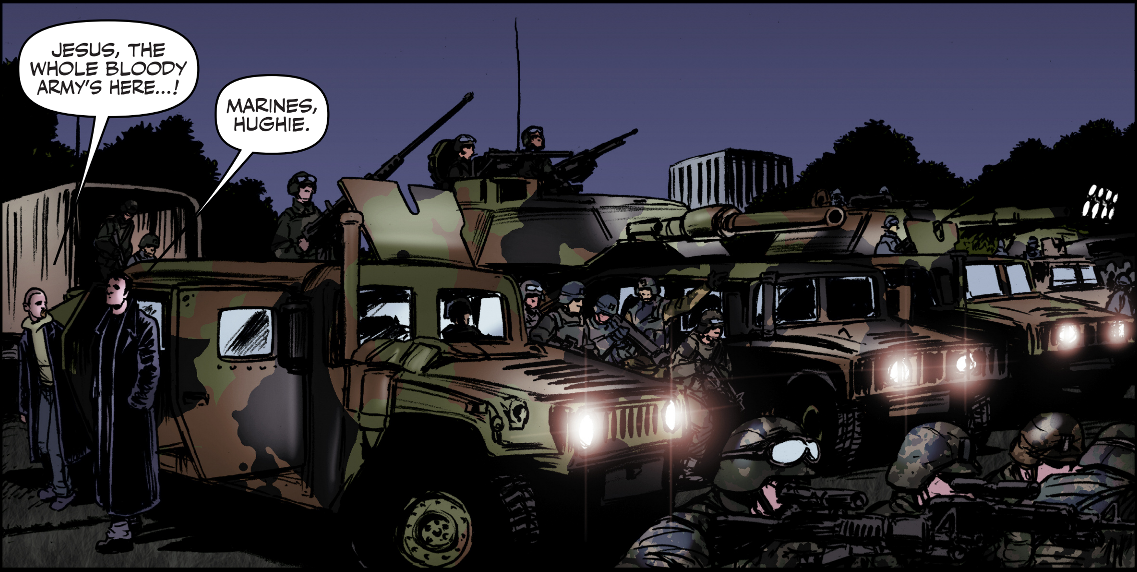

SECURITY, STAND DOWN.
BUT SIR, WE--
STAND DOWN. I WON'T BE NEEDING YOU.
WISE.
THERE'S NOTHING THEY COULD DO TO HELP YOU, ANYWAY.
I SEE BUTCHER'S LET THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG.
ONLY BECAUSE OF THIS NONSENSE OF YOURS IN WASHINGTON. I'D TELL YOU HOW MANY YEARS OF WORK YOU'VE RUINED, BUT I CAN'T IMAGINE YOU CARE IN THE SLIGHTEST.
OH, LET'S NOT PRETEND I WAS GOING TO GET AN INVITATION TO THAT PARTICULAR PARTY. ONCE YOU HAD VIC IN PLACE AND THE DEFENSE CONTRACTS WERE COMING IN, WE WERE ALL GOING TO BE REPLACED.
YOU'RE GROWING THE NEW ME RIGHT NOW. SOME CAMO-CLOTHED TACTICAL GENIUS VERSION THAT DOES EXACTLY WHAT IT'S TOLD.
HMH.
STILL EIGHTY OVER SIXTY.
YOU'RE ABOUT TO BE TORN LIMB FROM LIMB, AND YOU'RE COMPLETELY CALM.

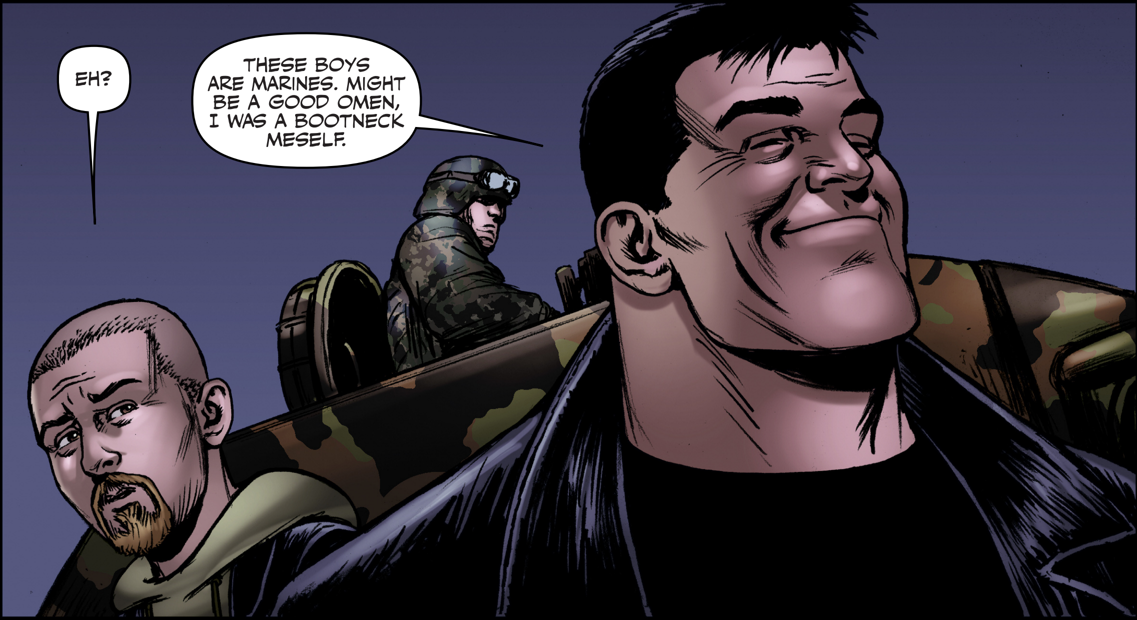

I THINK I'VE FINALLY MET A SUPERHUMAN...
WHY, BECAUSE YOU'VE NEVER MANAGED TO IMPRESS ME?
THINK ABOUT IT. THIS IS PAR FOR THE COURSE WITH YOU.
WHEN HAVE YOU EVER DONE ANYTHING REMOTELY INTERESTING OR ORIGINAL? WHAT HAVE YOU THOUGHT OF TO DO THAT THE LOWEST SPECK OF THIS POINTLESS SPECIES COULDN'T, WERE THEY TO BE GRANTED YOUR LEVEL OF POWER?
AND WHAT NEXT, DESTROY ANOTHER AIRLINER? DISMEMBER MORE FAMILIES, THAT KIND OF THING?
A SPOILED CHILD'S PERSONAL AUSCHWITZ. IT'S SO PETTY IT'S ACTUALLY QUITE EMBARASSING.
I'M JUST GLAD I WON'T BE ALIVE TO SEE IT...
WHAT?
YOU KNOW, I THINK I'LL SAVE YOU THE TROUBLE. I'LL JUMP.
STOP FUCKING AROUND. YOU THINK I NEED TO IMPRESS YOU?

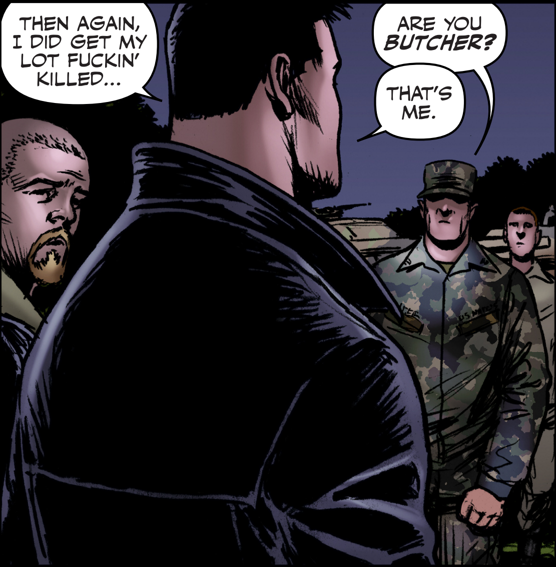

YOU SMUG FUCKING COCKSUCKING PRICK, YOU *REALLY THINK* I'M LOOKING FOR--
OH, GOD. KILL ME NOW.
JUST BECAUSE I STOOD AND TOOK YOUR SHIT, WHEN ANY TIME I CHOSE I COULD HAVE--
PLEASE KILL ME?
YOU--
YOU--!
...KEEP WATCHING.
JUST KEEP WATCHING. THAT'S ALL I'M GOING TO SAY.
I WILL, BELIEVE ME.
SHUT UP.
SHUT UP!
OR I WOULD, IF I THOUGHT YOU HAD SOMETHING WORTH SEEING.

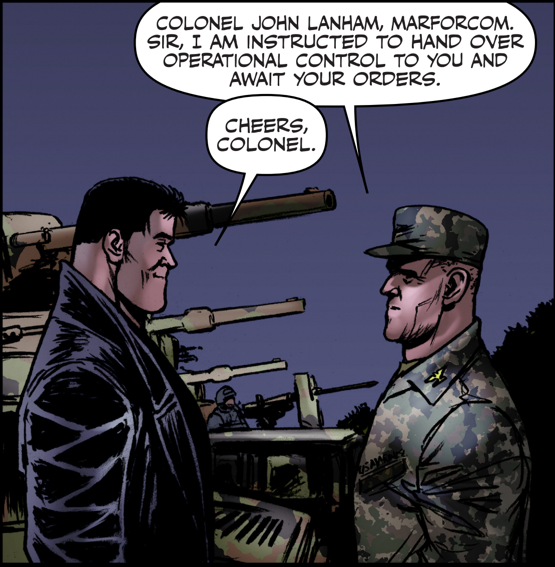

WHAT THE FUCK YOU MEAN THEY STILL FIGHTIN'? YOU *SUPERHEROES,* GODDAMMIT...!
WE, WE DIDN'T HAVE ALL THE BULLETPROOF GUYS UP FRONT... IT GOT KIND OF CONFUSING WHEN WE WENT IN...
WHY HASN'T VIC SAID ANYTHING YET?
I MEAN WE'VE DONE THIS FOR HIM AND VOUGHT, YOU'D THINK HE'D PUT OUT A STATEMENT OR SOMETHING...
YEAH, THE HOMELANDER SAID THERE'D BE SOMETHING ABOUT IT, LIKE VIC WOULD SAY WE WERE FIGHTING DAKOTA BOB LOYALISTS...
WHERE *IS* THE HOMELANDER, ANYWAY?
COMIN'.
HE'S COMIN', HE'S ON HIS WAY.
HE SAID SECURE THE WHITE HOUSE FOR WHEN HE ARRIVES-- WE DONE THAT. *YOUR TEAMS* SHOULDA TAKEN THE PENTAGON BY NOW, SO WHAT THE FUCK'S KEEPIN' YOU FROM--
HOW COME THE COPS ARE STAYING PUT?
I MEAN THEY'VE BEEN TURNING CIVILIANS AWAY, BUT THAT'S ALL...IT'S LIKE THEY'VE BEEN TOLD TO LEAVE US BE...
MAYBE THEY WAITIN' TO SEE WHO WINS. MAYBE VOUGHT GOT IN TOUCH ALREADY.
CAN WE STICK TO THE GODDAMN POINT HERE? PLEASE?
OH FATHER!
LICE
6903

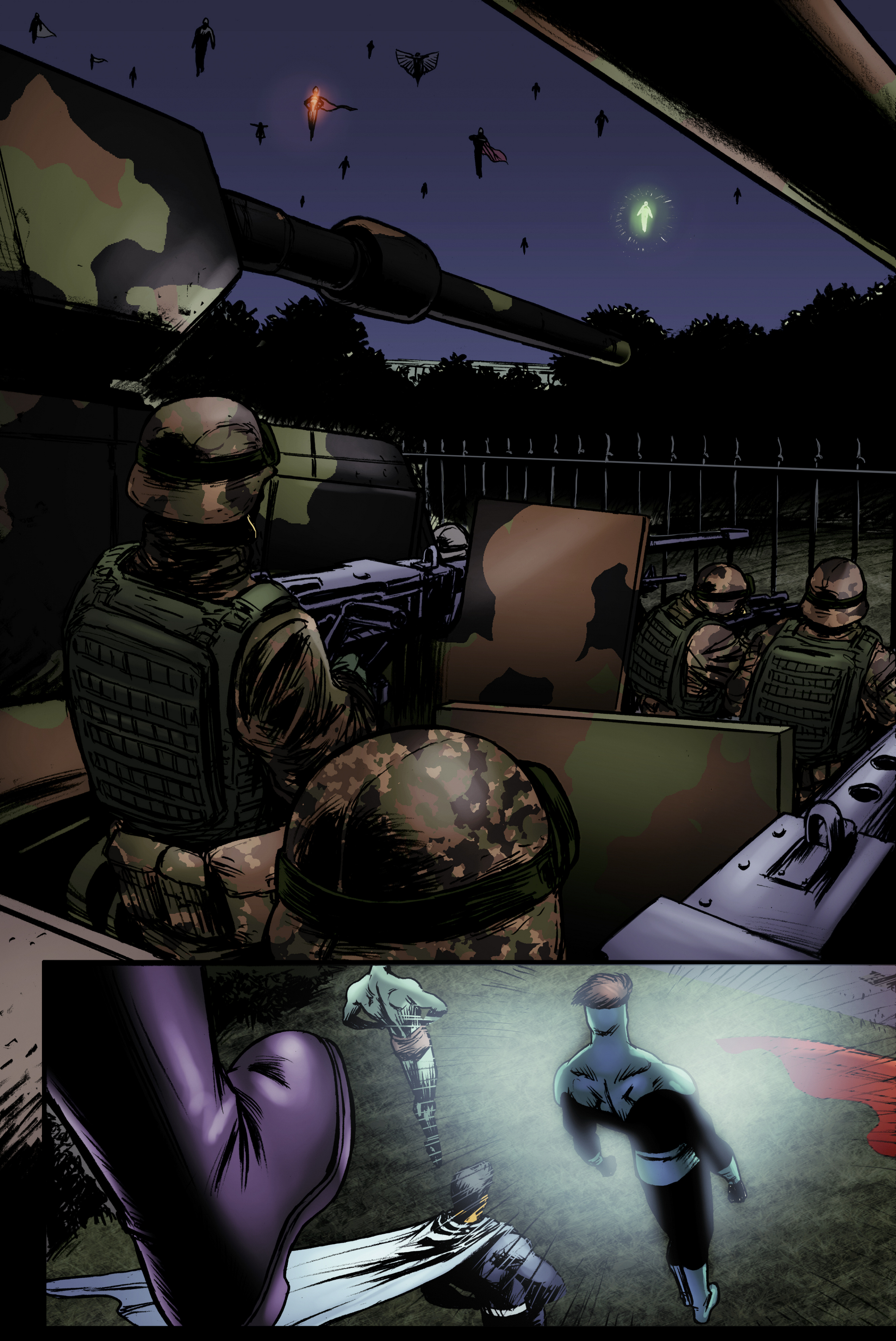

OH FATHER, CAN WE GET THAT STATEMENT NOW--?
JESUS FUCKIN' CHRIST, YOU DIDN'T EVEN TELL SOMEONE TO *KEEP THEM OUTTA HERE*...?
NO COMMENT.
SIR, IN LIGHT OF--
NO COMMENT. THIS IS A DANGEROUS AREA, THERE ARE STILL DISSIDENTS INSIDE THE BUILDING.
SIR, ARE YOU STILL STICKING TO THAT STORY?
13
'FUCK YOU SAY?
FSPAN 13
OH FATHER, AMONG TONIGHT'S REVELATIONS WAS A CONFIDENTIAL REPORT CONCERNING THE RECENT MEDICAL EXAMINATION OF YOUR WARDS, THE JUNIOR TEAM *SIDEKICK TWELVE*. HAVE YOU READ THE REPORT?
DO YOU HAVE ANY COMMENT ON *IT?*
--min
Z8
DUR 00:00:00
HQ 720/2
TLCS
On
Full MF
FSPAN 13

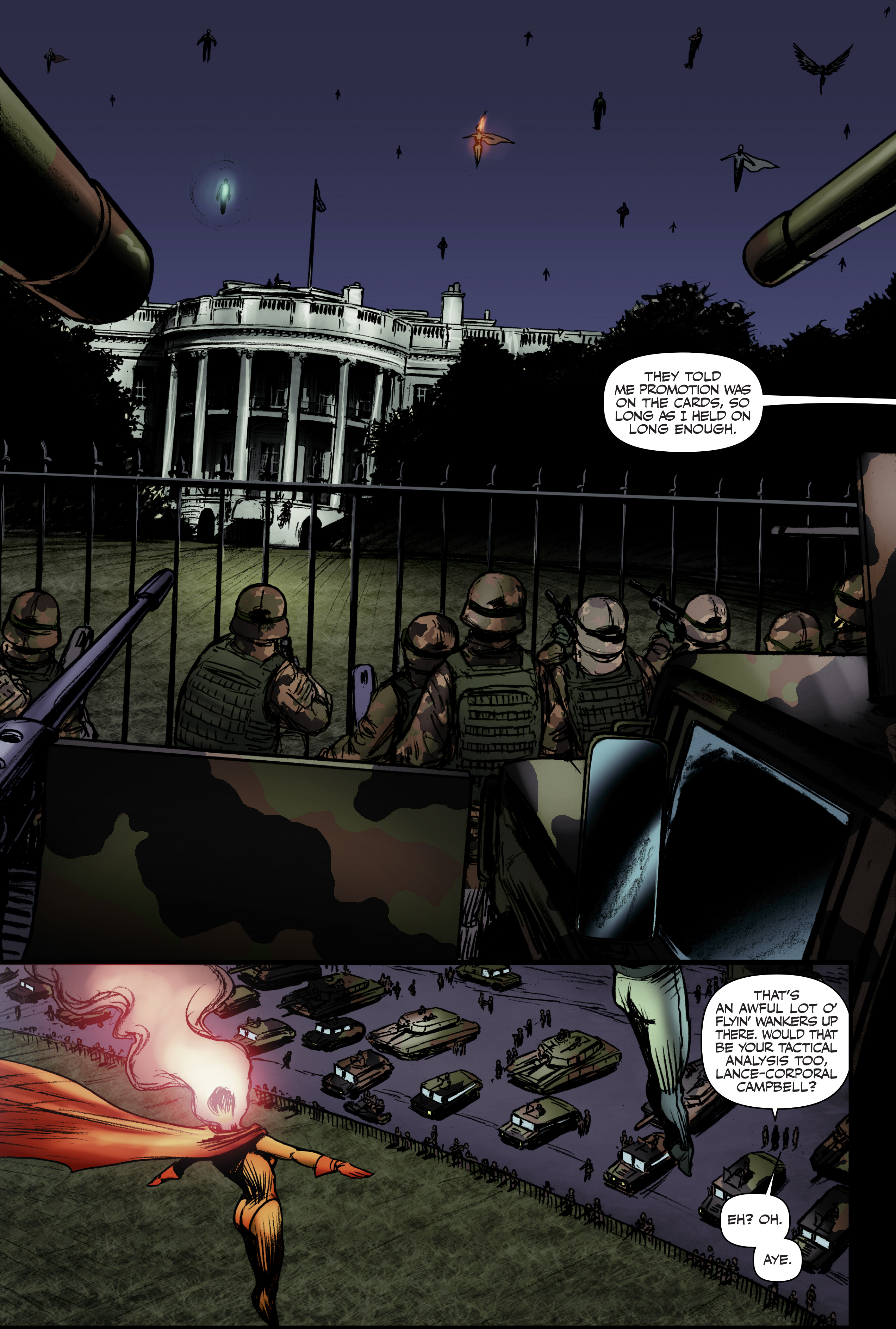

JESUS, THE WHOLE BLOODY ARMY'S HERE...!
MARINES, HUGHIE.

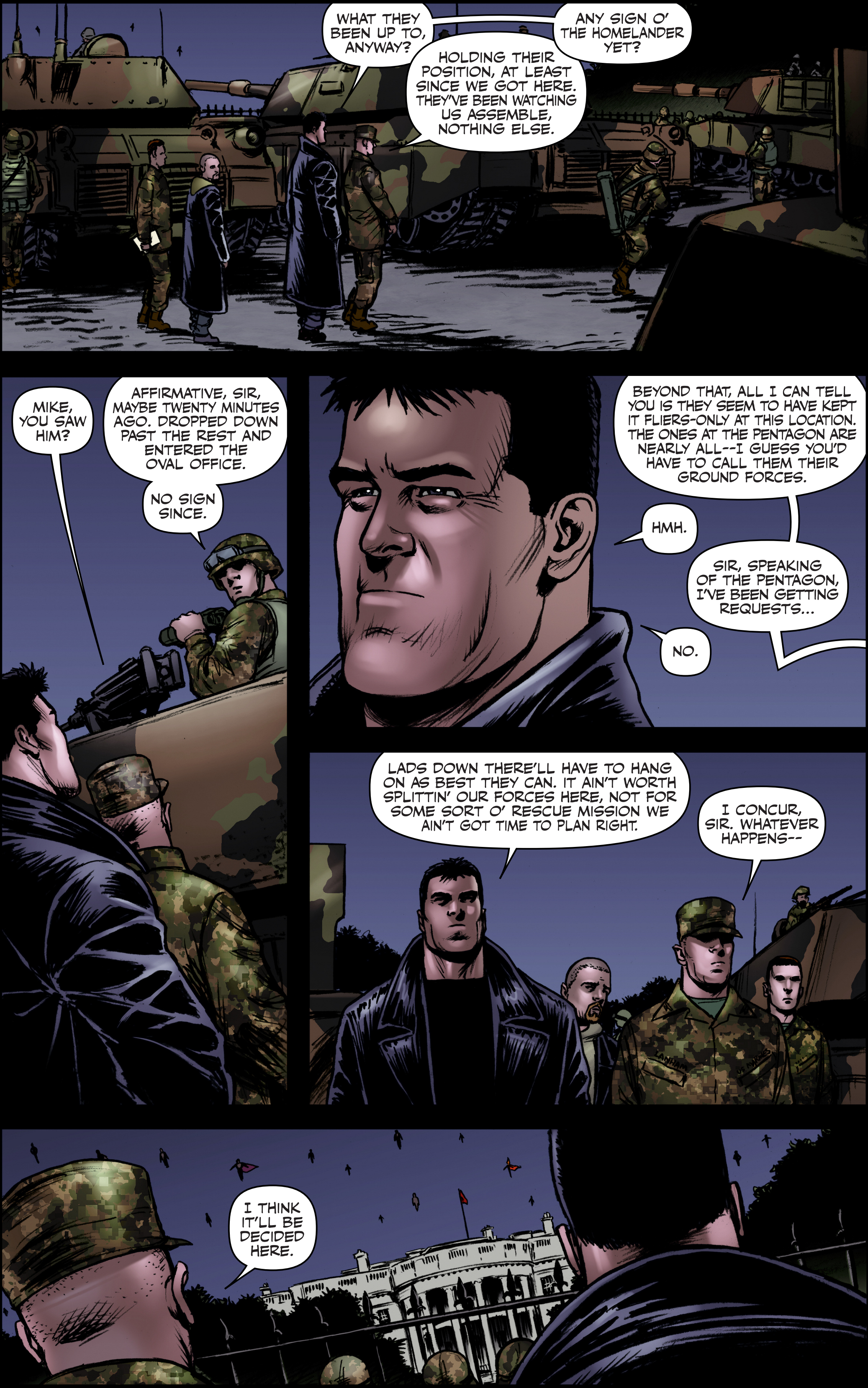

EH?
THESE BOYS ARE MARINES. MIGHT BE A GOOD OMEN, I WAS A BOOTNECK MESELF.

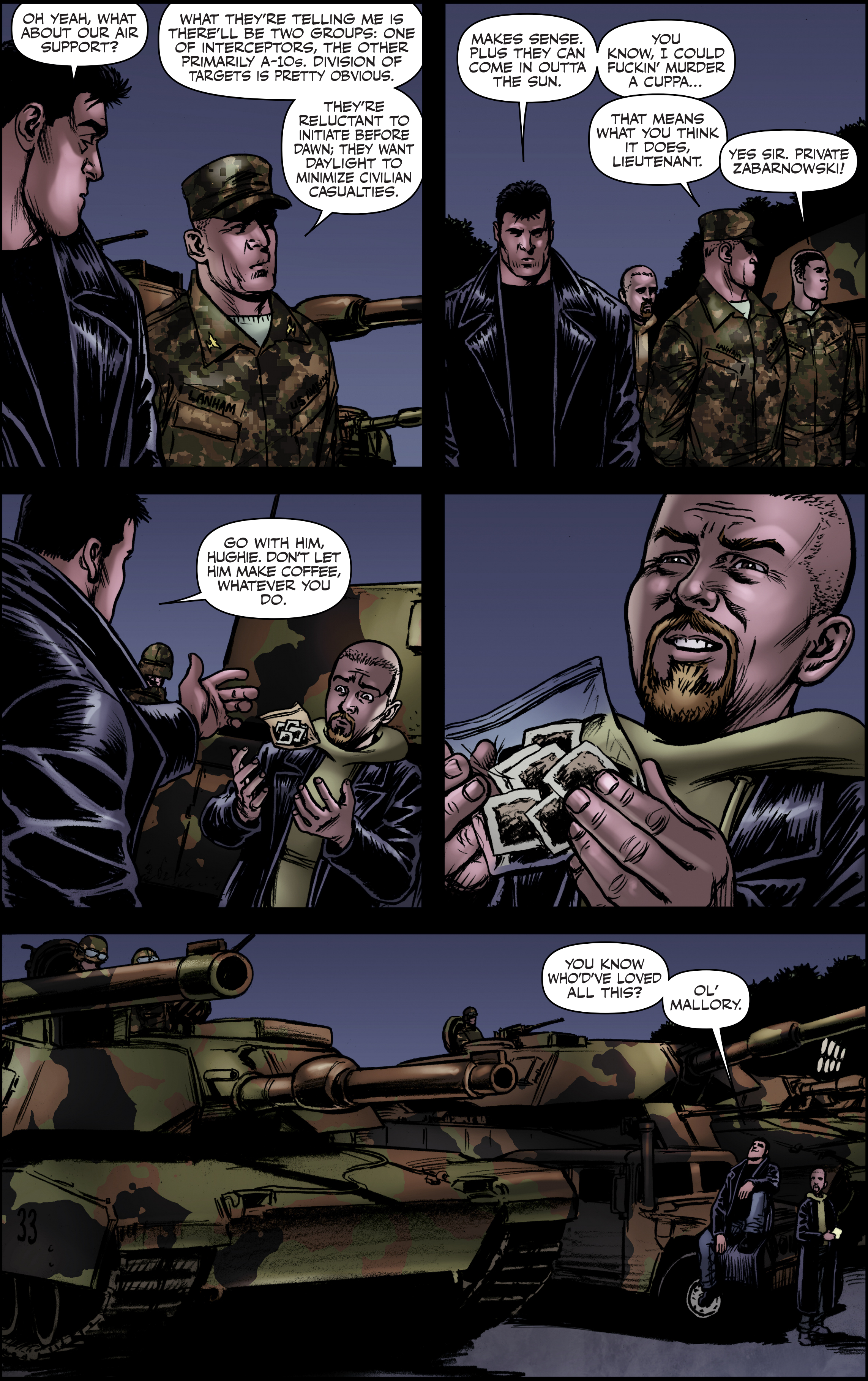

THEN AGAIN, I DID GET MY LOT FUCKIN' KILLED...
ARE YOU *BUTCHER?*
THAT'S ME.

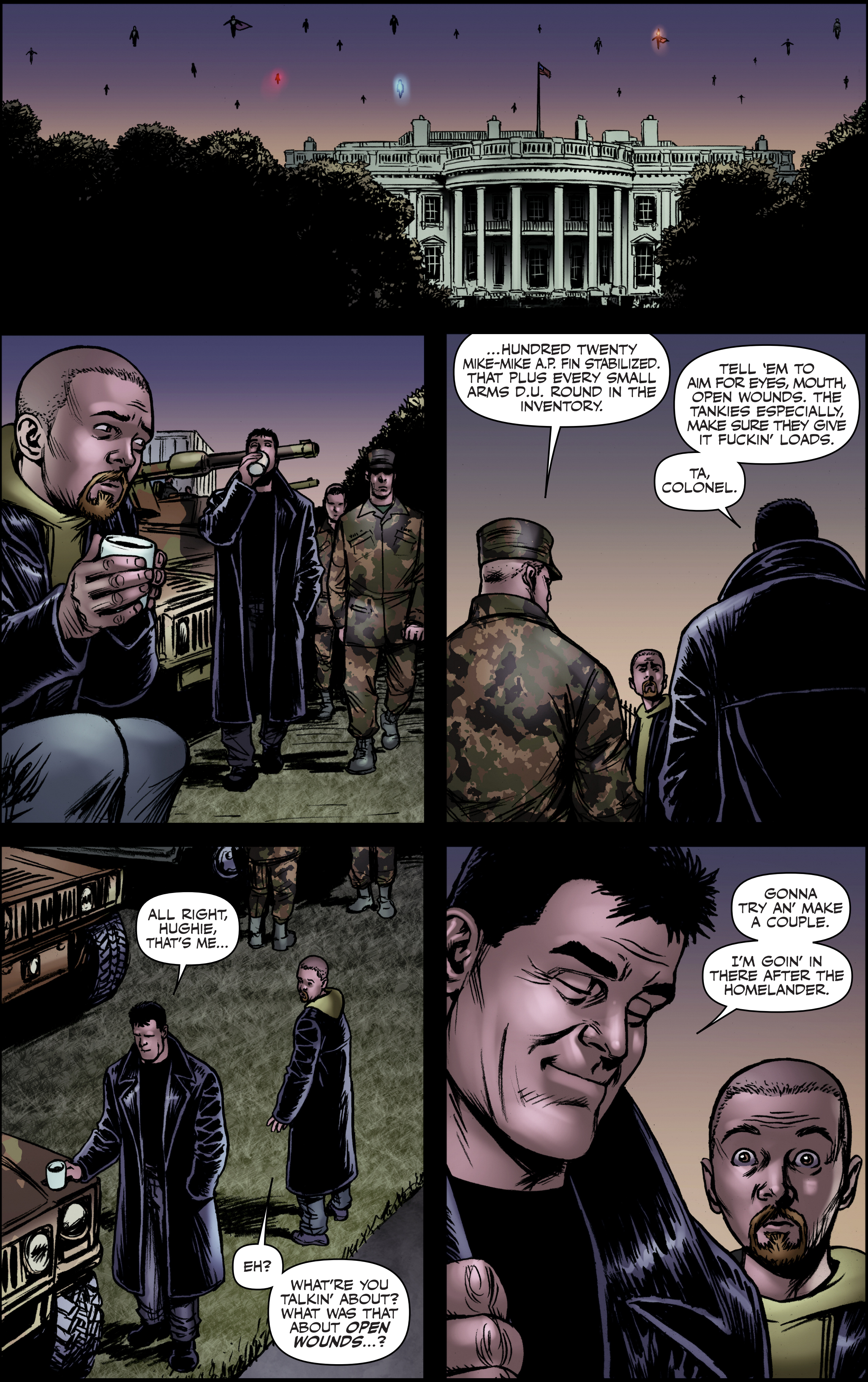

COLONEL JOHN LANHAM, MARFORCOM. SIR, I AM INSTRUCTED TO HAND OVER OPERATIONAL CONTROL TO YOU AND AWAIT YOUR ORDERS.
CHEERS, COLONEL.

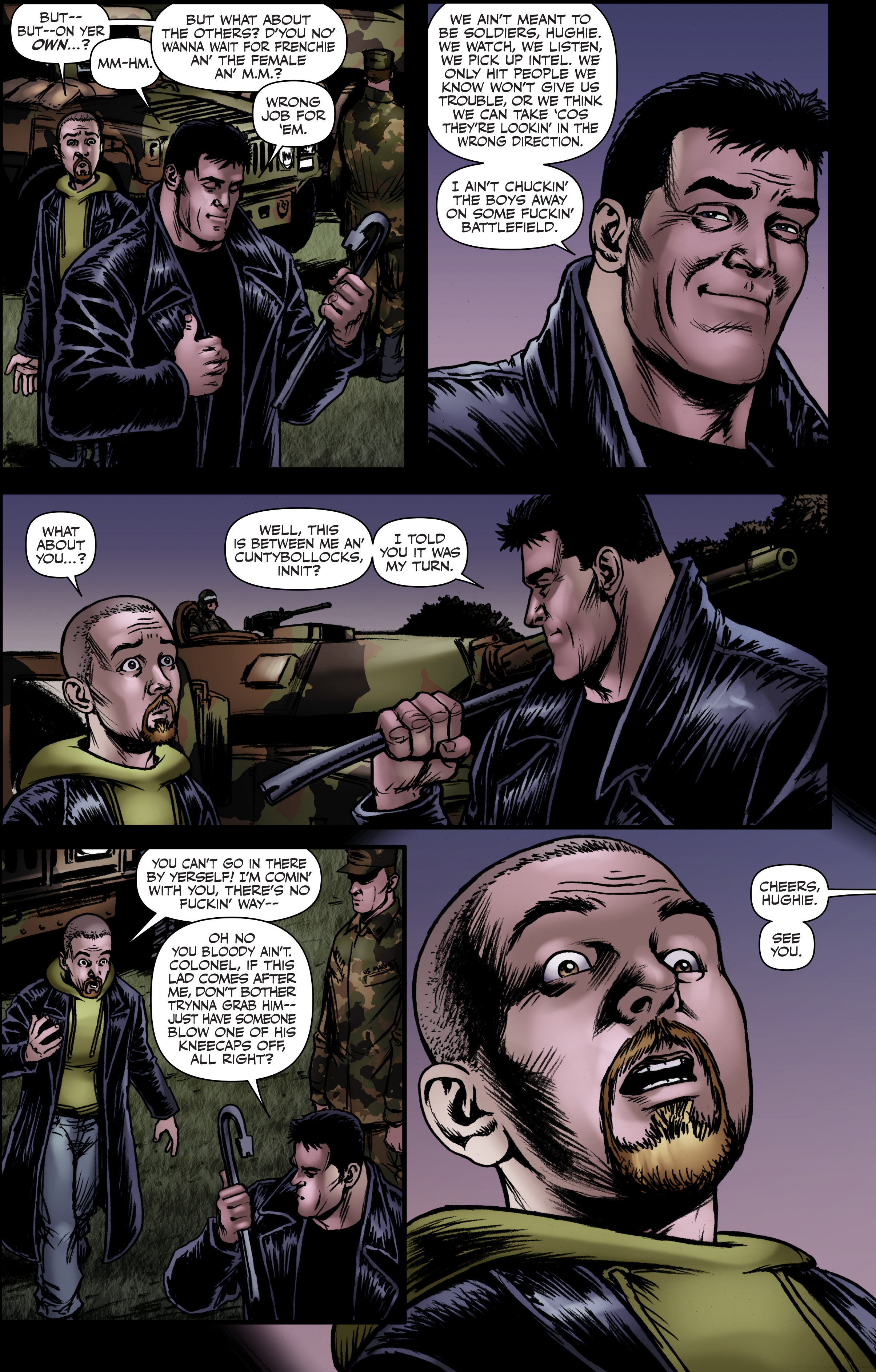


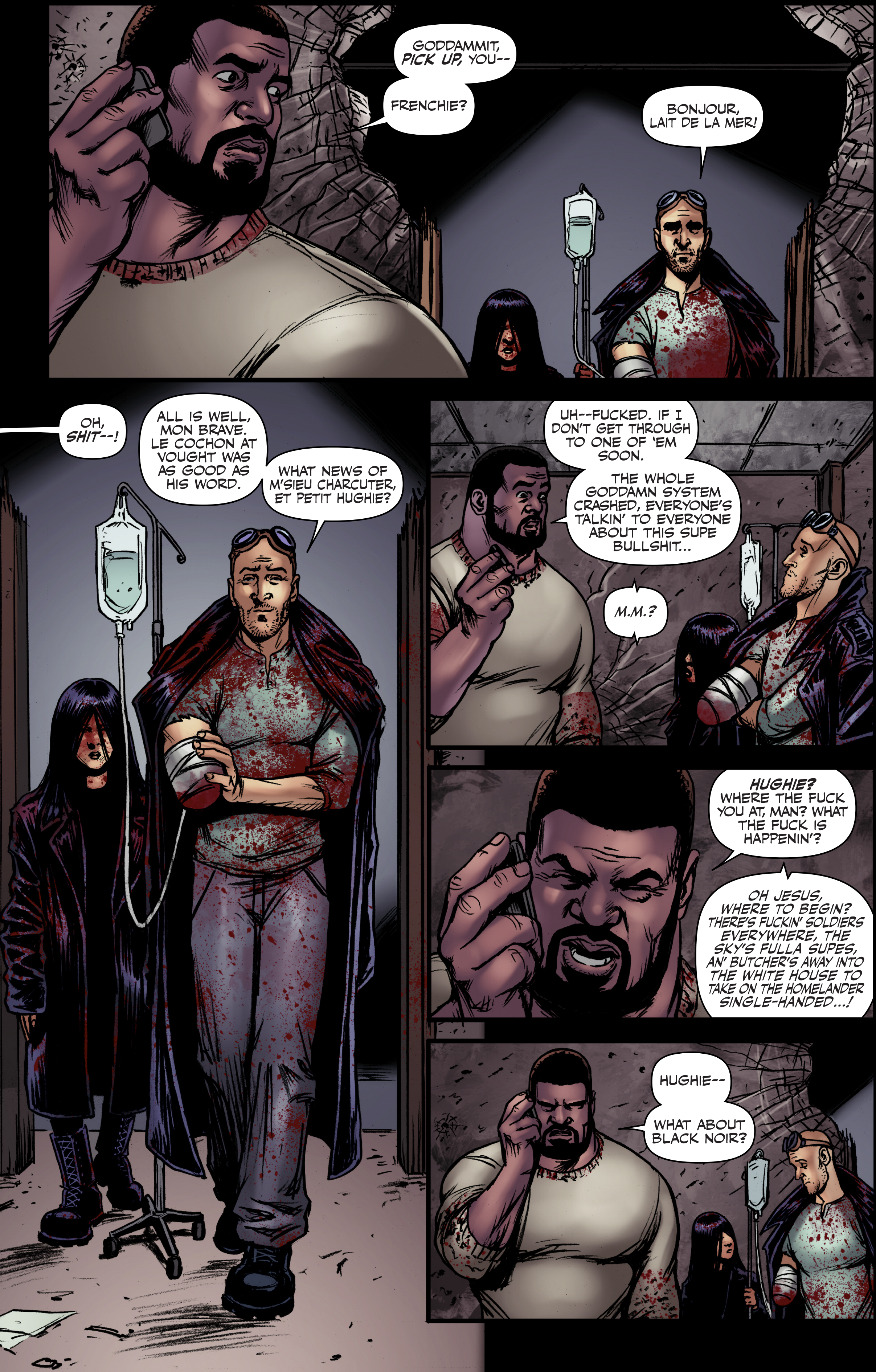

THEY TOLD ME PROMOTION WAS ON THE CARDS, SO LONG AS I HELD ON LONG ENOUGH.
THAT'S AN AWFUL LOT O' FLYIN' WANKERS UP THERE. WOULD THAT BE YOUR TACTICAL ANALYSIS TOO, LANCE-CORPORAL CAMPBELL?
EH? OH.
AYE.

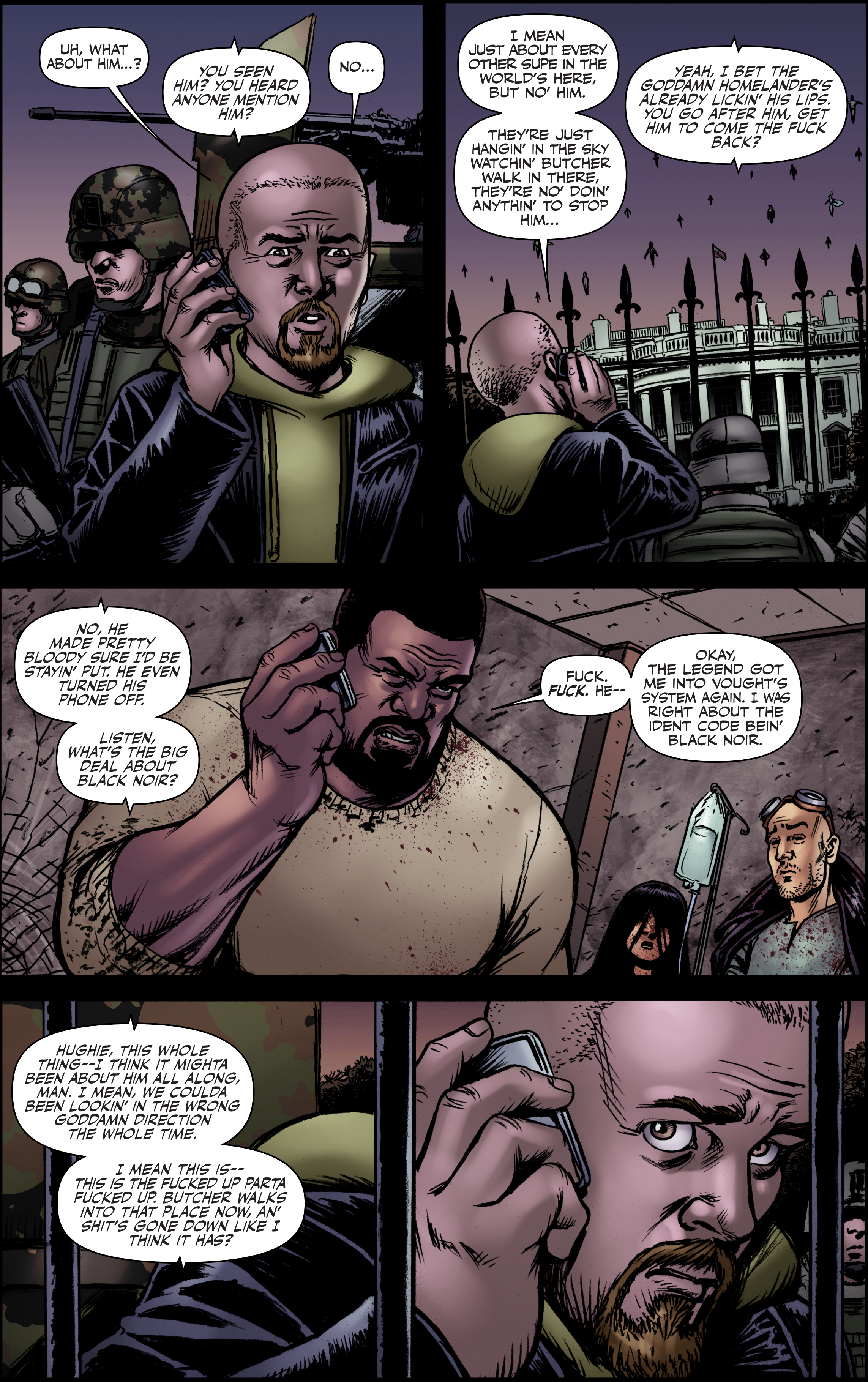

WHAT THEY BEEN UP TO, ANYWAY?
ANY SIGN O' THE HOMELANDER YET?
HOLDING THEIR POSITION, AT LEAST SINCE WE GOT HERE. THEY'VE BEEN WATCHING US ASSEMBLE, NOTHING ELSE.
MIKE, YOU SAW HIM?
AFFIRMATIVE, SIR, MAYBE TWENTY MINUTES AGO. DROPPED DOWN PAST THE REST AND ENTERED THE OVAL OFFICE.
NO SIGN SINCE.
BEYOND THAT, ALL I CAN TELL YOU IS THEY SEEM TO HAVE KEPT IT FLIERS-ONLY AT THIS LOCATION. THE ONES AT THE PENTAGON ARE NEARLY ALL--I GUESS YOU'D HAVE TO CALL THEM THEIR GROUND FORCES.
HMH.
SIR, SPEAKING OF THE PENTAGON, I'VE BEEN GETTING REQUESTS...
NO.
LADS DOWN THERE'LL HAVE TO HANG ON AS BEST THEY CAN. IT AIN'T WORTH SPLITTIN' OUR FORCES HERE, NOT FOR SOME SORT O' RESCUE MISSION WE AIN'T GOT TIME TO PLAN RIGHT.
I CONCUR, SIR. WHATEVER HAPPENS--
I THINK IT'LL BE DECIDED HERE.

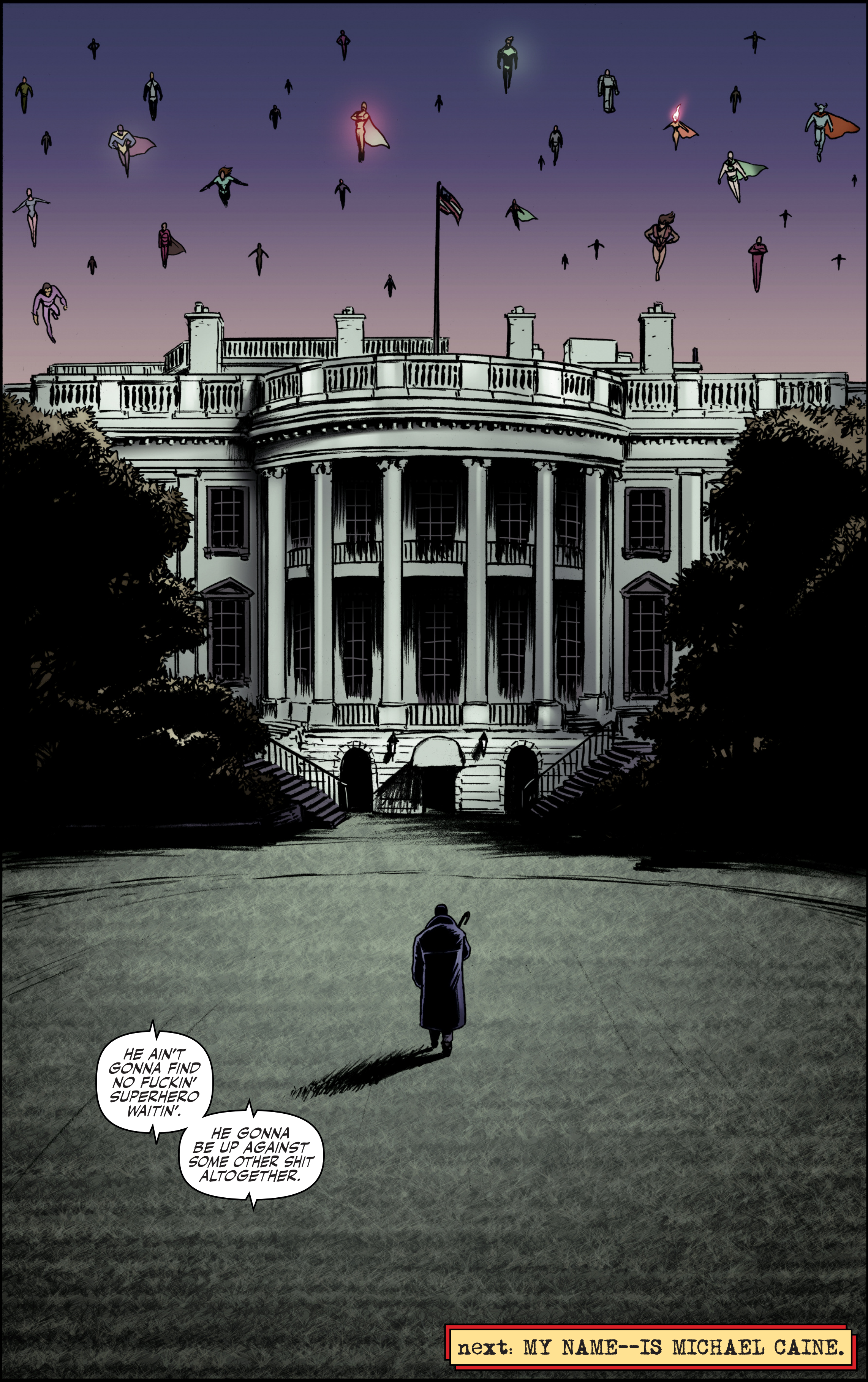

OH YEAH, WHAT ABOUT OUR AIR SUPPORT?
WHAT THEY'RE TELLING ME IS THERE'LL BE TWO GROUPS: ONE OF INTERCEPTORS, THE OTHER PRIMARILY A-10s. DIVISION OF TARGETS IS PRETTY OBVIOUS.
THEY'RE RELUCTANT TO INITIATE BEFORE DAWN; THEY WANT DAYLIGHT TO MINIMIZE CIVILIAN CASUALTIES.
LANHAM
MAKES SENSE. PLUS THEY CAN COME IN OUTTA THE SUN.
YOU KNOW, I COULD FUCKIN' MURDER A CUPPA...
THAT MEANS WHAT YOU THINK IT DOES, LIEUTENANT.
YES SIR. PRIVATE ZABARNOWSKI!
GO WITH HIM, HUGHIE. DON'T LET HIM MAKE COFFEE, WHATEVER YOU DO.
YOU KNOW WHO'D'VE LOVED ALL THIS?
OL' MALLORY.
33

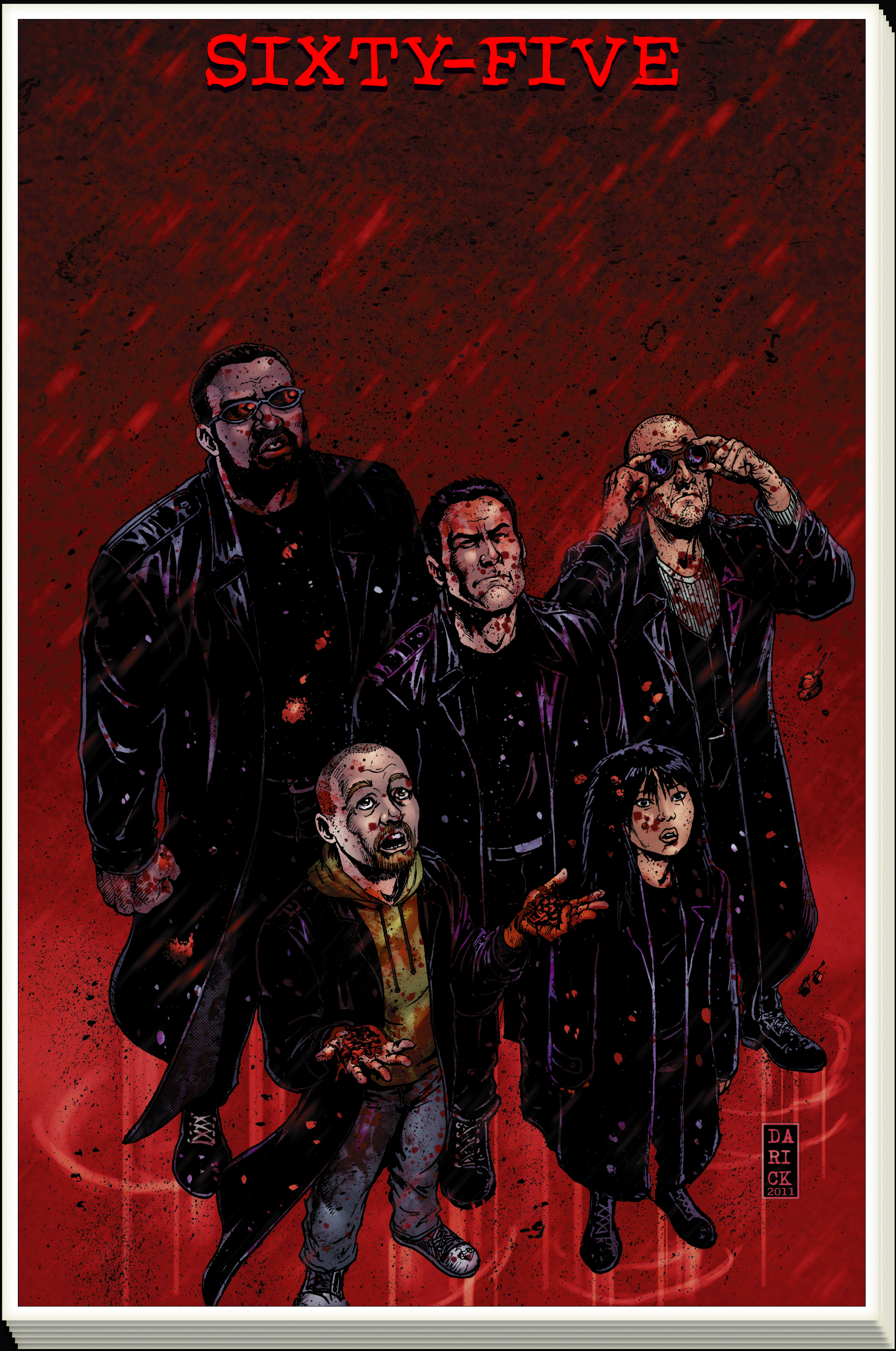

...HUNDRED TWENTY MIKE-MIKE A.P. FIN STABILIZED. THAT PLUS EVERY SMALL ARMS D.U. ROUND IN THE INVENTORY.
TELL 'EM TO AIM FOR EYES, MOUTH, OPEN WOUNDS. THE TANKIES ESPECIALLY, MAKE SURE THEY GIVE IT FUCKIN' LOADS.
TA, COLONEL.
ALL RIGHT, HUGHIE, THAT'S ME...
EH?
WHAT'RE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT? WHAT WAS THAT ABOUT *OPEN WOUNDS*...?
GONNA TRY AN' MAKE A COUPLE.
I'M GOIN' IN THERE AFTER THE HOMELANDER.


BUT-- BUT--ON YER *OWN*...?
MM-HM.
BUT WHAT ABOUT THE OTHERS? D'YOU NO' WANNA WAIT FOR FRENCHIE AN' THE FEMALE AN' M.M.?
WRONG JOB FOR 'EM.
WE AIN'T MEANT TO BE SOLDIERS, HUGHIE. WE WATCH, WE LISTEN, WE PICK UP INTEL. WE ONLY HIT PEOPLE WE KNOW WON'T GIVE US TROUBLE, OR WE THINK WE CAN TAKE 'COS THEY'RE LOOKIN' IN THE WRONG DIRECTION.
I AIN'T CHUCKIN' THE BOYS AWAY ON SOME FUCKIN' BATTLEFIELD.
WHAT ABOUT YOU...?
WELL, THIS IS BETWEEN ME AN' CUNTYBOLLOCKS, INNIT?
I TOLD YOU IT WAS MY TURN.
YOU CAN'T GO IN THERE BY YERSELF! I'M COMIN' WITH YOU, THERE'S NO FUCKIN' WAY--
OH NO YOU BLOODY AIN'T. COLONEL, IF THIS LAD COMES AFTER ME, DON'T BOTHER TRYNNA GRAB HIM--JUST HAVE SOMEONE BLOW ONE OF HIS KNEECAPS OFF, ALL RIGHT?
CHEERS, HUGHIE.
SEE YOU.


GODDAMMIT, *PICK UP,* YOU--
FRENCHIE?
BONJOUR, LAIT DE LA MER!
OH, *SHIT*--!
ALL IS WELL, MON BRAVE. LE COCHON AT VOUGHT WAS AS GOOD AS HIS WORD.
WHAT NEWS OF M'SIEU CHARCUTER, ET PETIT HUGHIE?
UH--FUCKED. IF I DON'T GET THROUGH TO ONE OF 'EM SOON.
THE WHOLE GODDAMN SYSTEM CRASHED, EVERYONE'S TALKIN' TO EVERYONE ABOUT THIS SUPE BULLSHIT...
M.M.?
HUGHIE? WHERE THE FUCK YOU AT, MAN? WHAT THE FUCK IS HAPPENIN'?
OH JESUS, WHERE TO BEGIN? THERE'S FUCKIN' SOLDIERS EVERYWHERE, THE SKY'S FULLA SUPES, AN' BUTCHER'S AWAY INTO THE WHITE HOUSE TO TAKE ON THE HOMELANDER SINGLE-HANDED...!
HUGHIE--
WHAT ABOUT BLACK NOIR?


UH, WHAT ABOUT HIM...?
YOU SEEN HIM? YOU HEARD ANYONE MENTION HIM?
NO...
I MEAN JUST ABOUT EVERY OTHER SUPE IN THE WORLD'S HERE, BUT NO' HIM.
THEY'RE JUST HANGIN' IN THE SKY WATCHIN' BUTCHER WALK IN THERE, THEY'RE NO' DOIN' ANYTHIN' TO STOP HIM...
YEAH, I BET THE GODDAMN HOMELANDER'S ALREADY LICKIN' HIS LIPS. YOU GO AFTER HIM, GET HIM TO COME THE FUCK BACK?
NO, HE MADE PRETTY BLOODY SURE I'D BE STAYIN' PUT. HE EVEN TURNED HIS PHONE OFF.
LISTEN, WHAT'S THE BIG DEAL ABOUT BLACK NOIR?
FUCK. FUCK. HE--
OKAY, THE LEGEND GOT ME INTO VOUGHT'S SYSTEM AGAIN. I WAS RIGHT ABOUT THE IDENT CODE BEIN' BLACK NOIR.
HUGHIE, THIS WHOLE THING--I THINK IT MIGHTA BEEN ABOUT HIM ALL ALONG, MAN. I MEAN, WE COULDA BEEN LOOKIN' IN THE WRONG GODDAMN DIRECTION THE WHOLE TIME.
I MEAN THIS IS-- THIS IS THE FUCKED UP PARTA FUCKED UP. BUTCHER WALKS INTO THAT PLACE NOW, AN' SHIT'S GONE DOWN LIKE I THINK IT HAS?


HE AIN'T GONNA FIND NO FUCKIN' SUPERHERO WAITIN'.
HE GONNA BE UP AGAINST SOME OTHER SHIT ALTOGETHER.
next: MY NAME--IS MICHAEL CAINE.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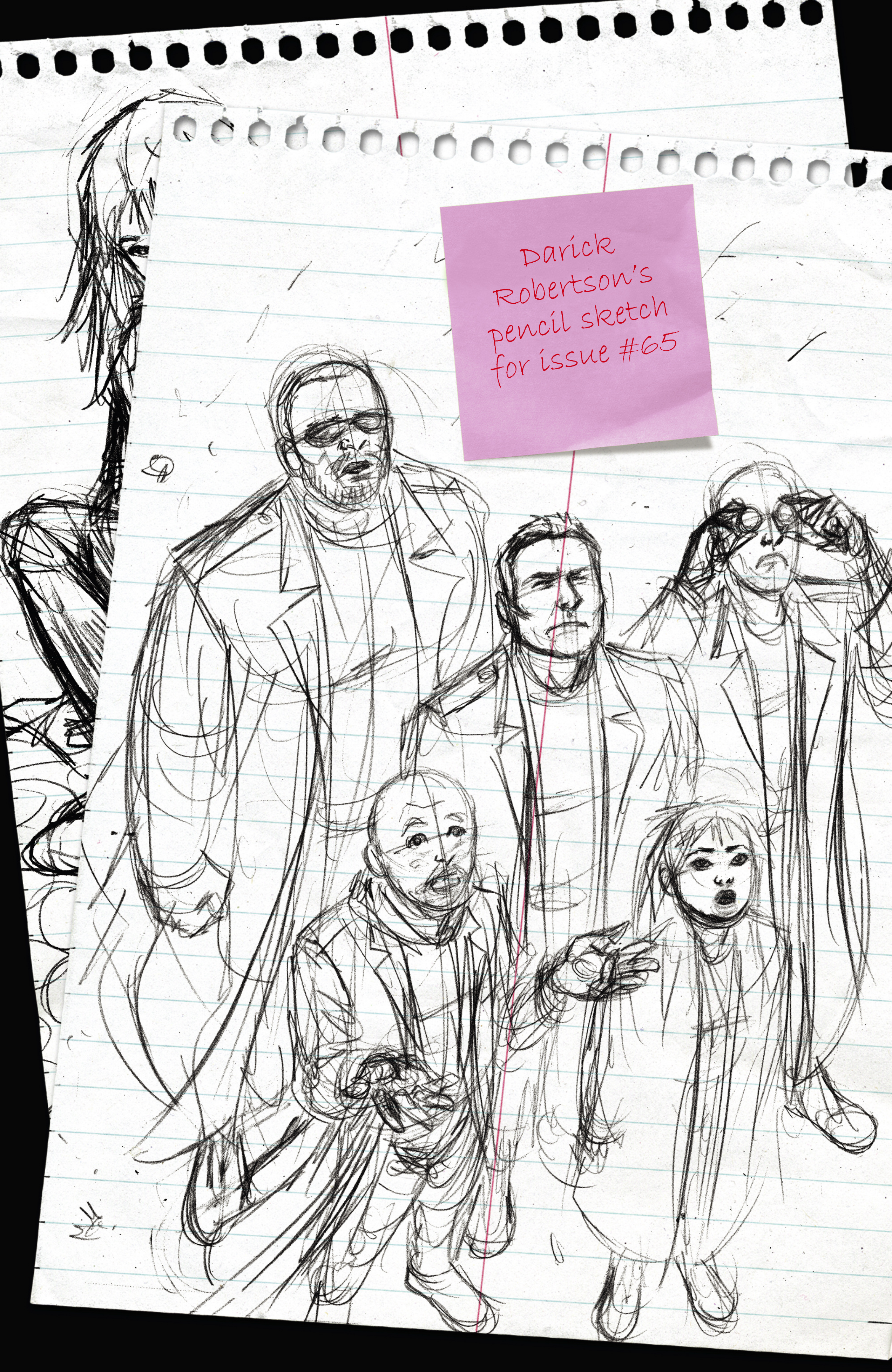
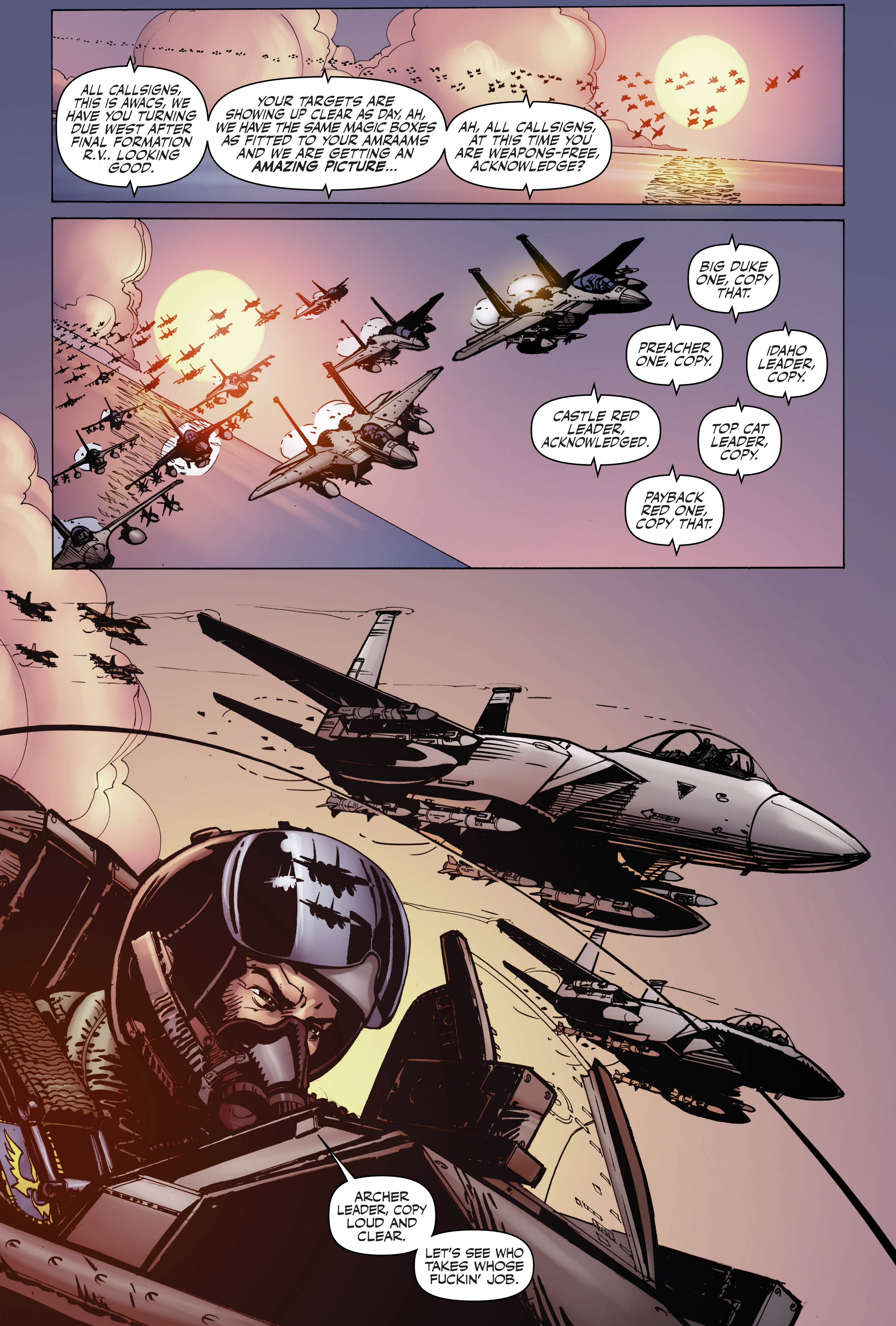
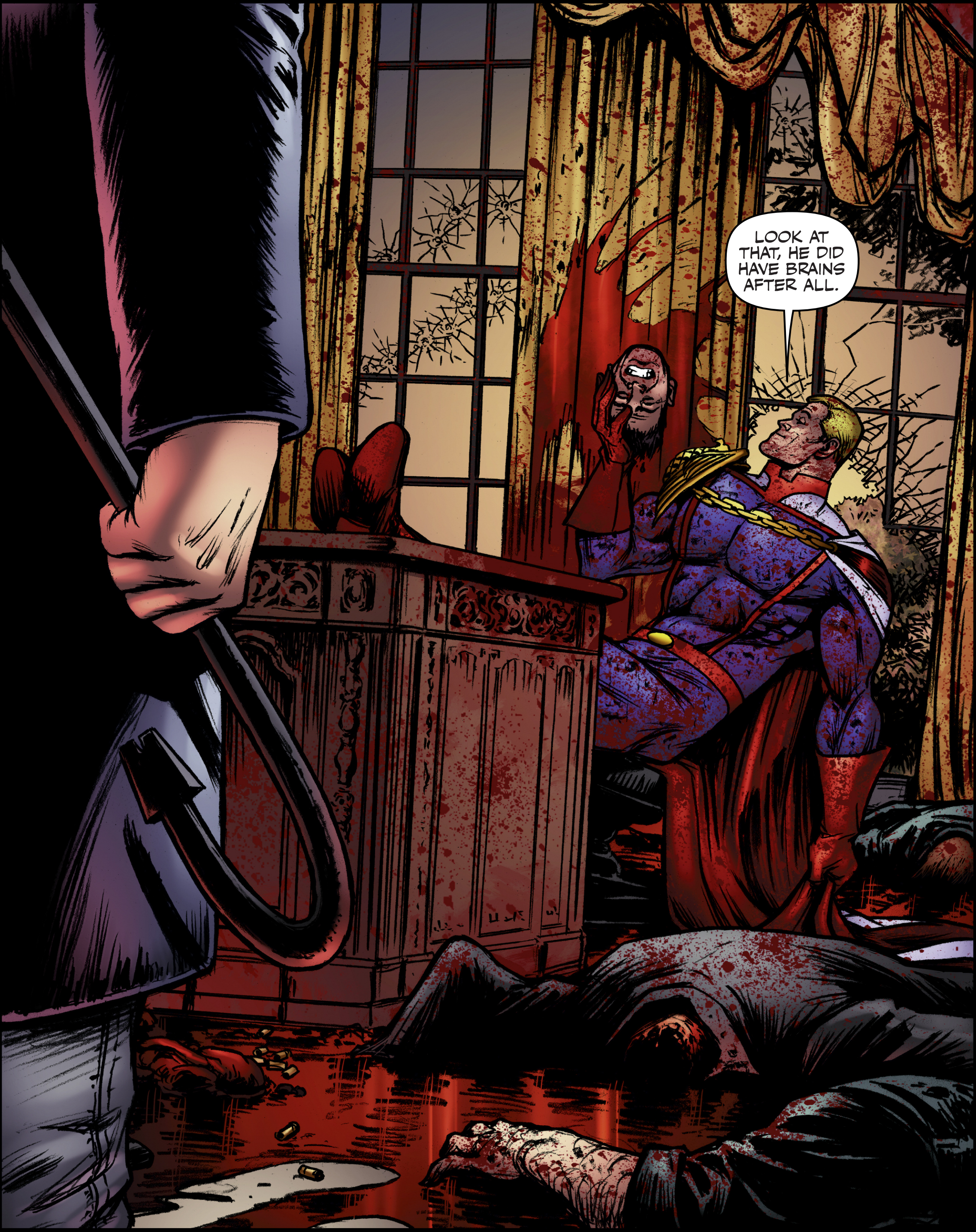


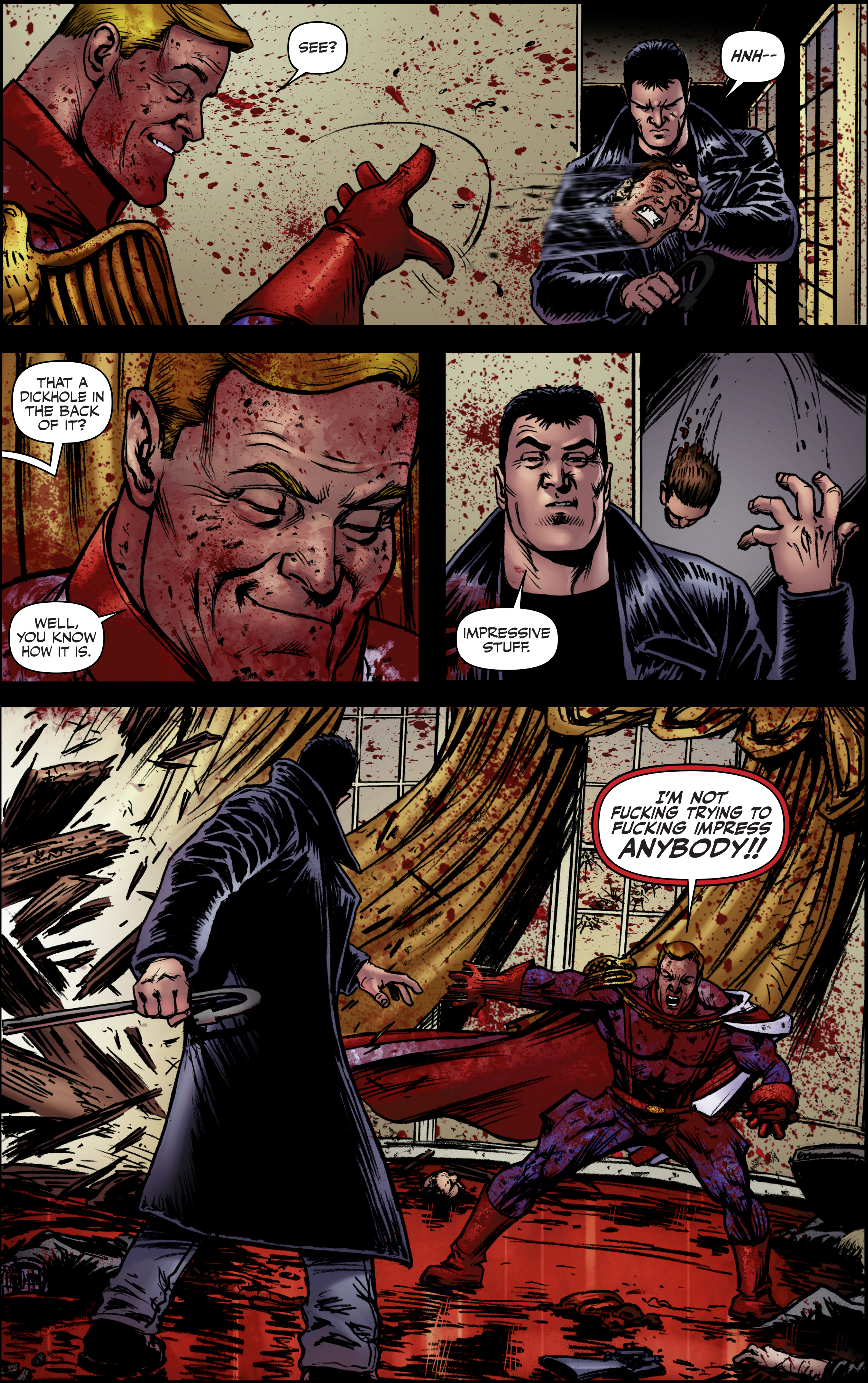
Darick Robertson's pencil sketch for issue #65

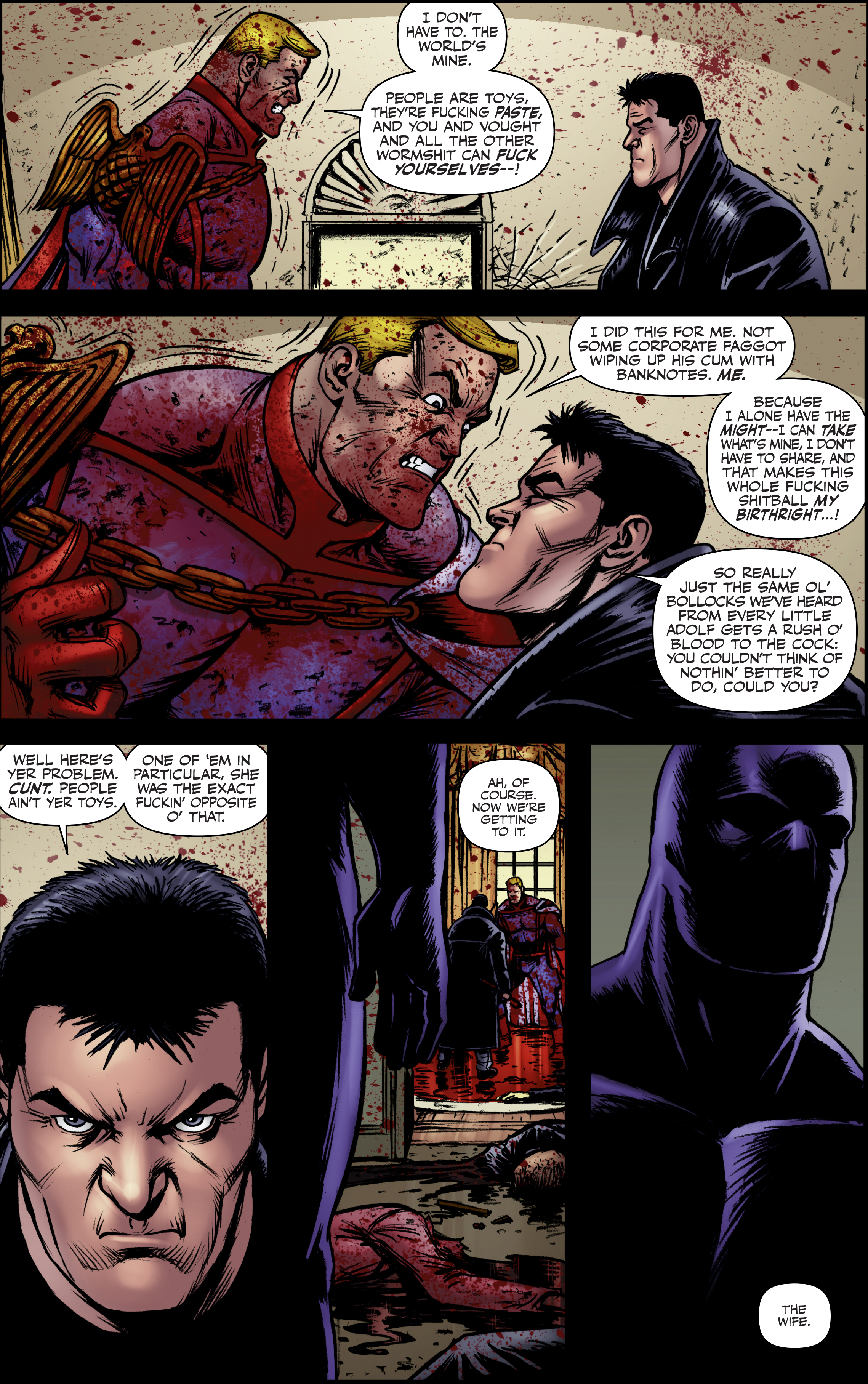

ALL CALLSIGNS, THIS IS AWACS, WE HAVE YOU TURNING DUE WEST AFTER FINAL FORMATION R.V.. LOOKING GOOD.
YOUR TARGETS ARE SHOWING UP CLEAR AS DAY, AH, WE HAVE THE SAME MAGIC BOXES AS FITTED TO YOUR AMRAAMS AND WE ARE GETTING AN **AMAZING PICTURE...**
AH, ALL CALLSIGNS, AT THIS TIME YOU ARE WEAPONS-FREE, ACKNOWLEDGE?
BIG DUKE ONE, COPY THAT.
PREACHER ONE, COPY.
IDAHO LEADER, COPY.
CASTLE RED LEADER, ACKNOWLEDGED.
TOP CAT LEADER, COPY.
PAYBACK RED ONE, COPY THAT.
ARCHER LEADER, COPY LOUD AND CLEAR.
LET'S SEE WHO TAKES WHOSE FUCKIN' JOB.

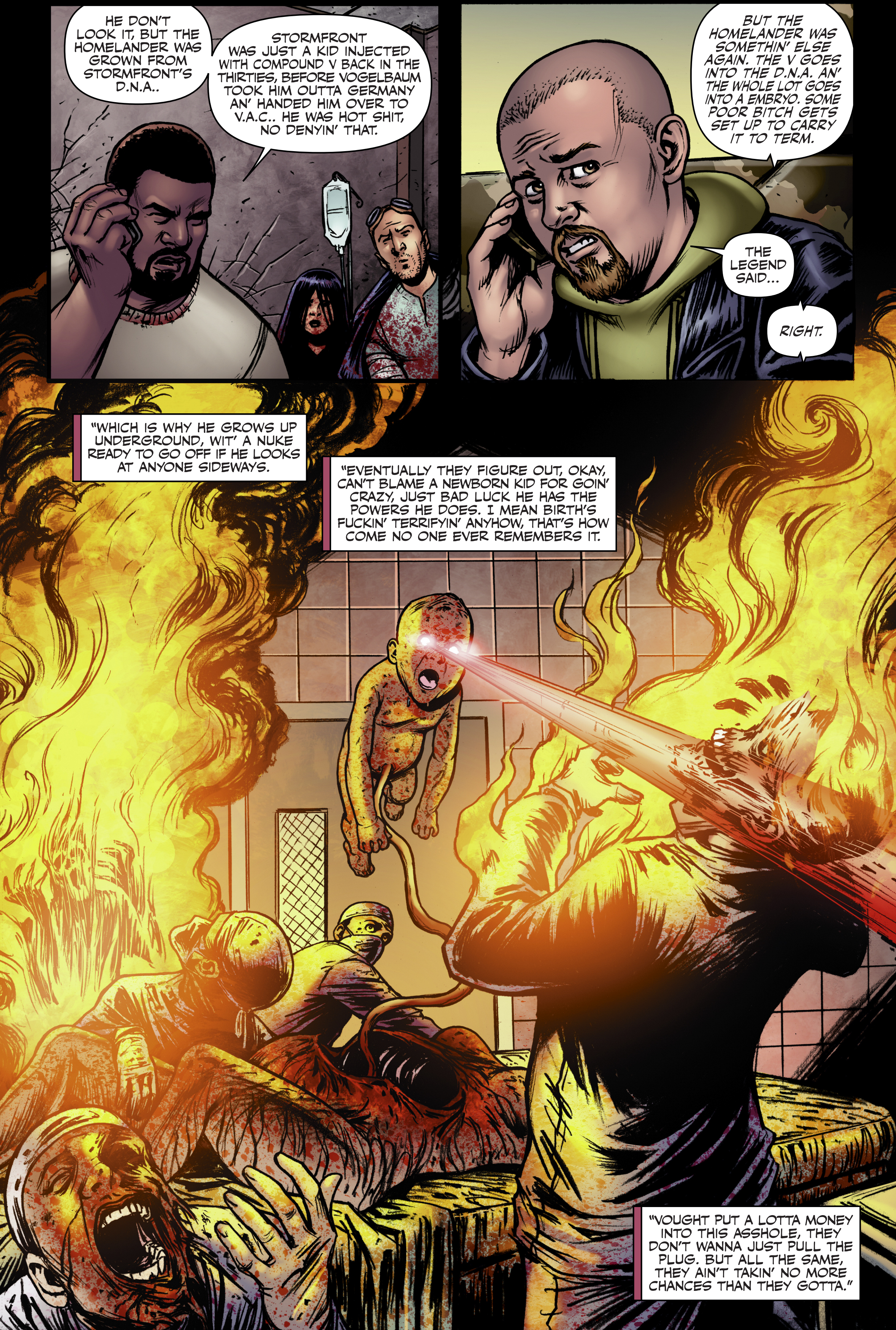

LOOK AT THAT, HE DID HAVE BRAINS AFTER ALL.

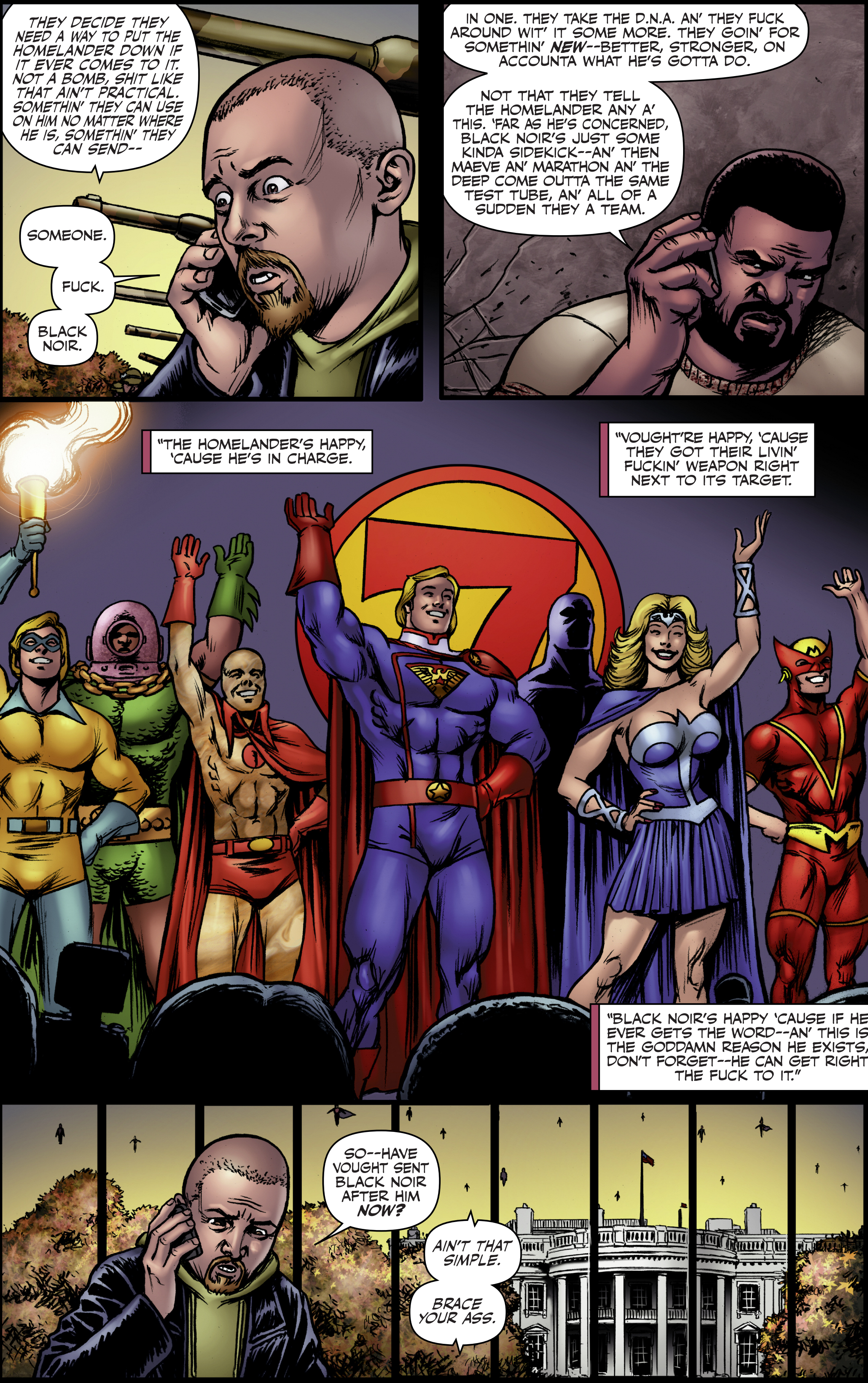
OVER THE HILL WITH THE SWORDS OF A THOUSAND MEN

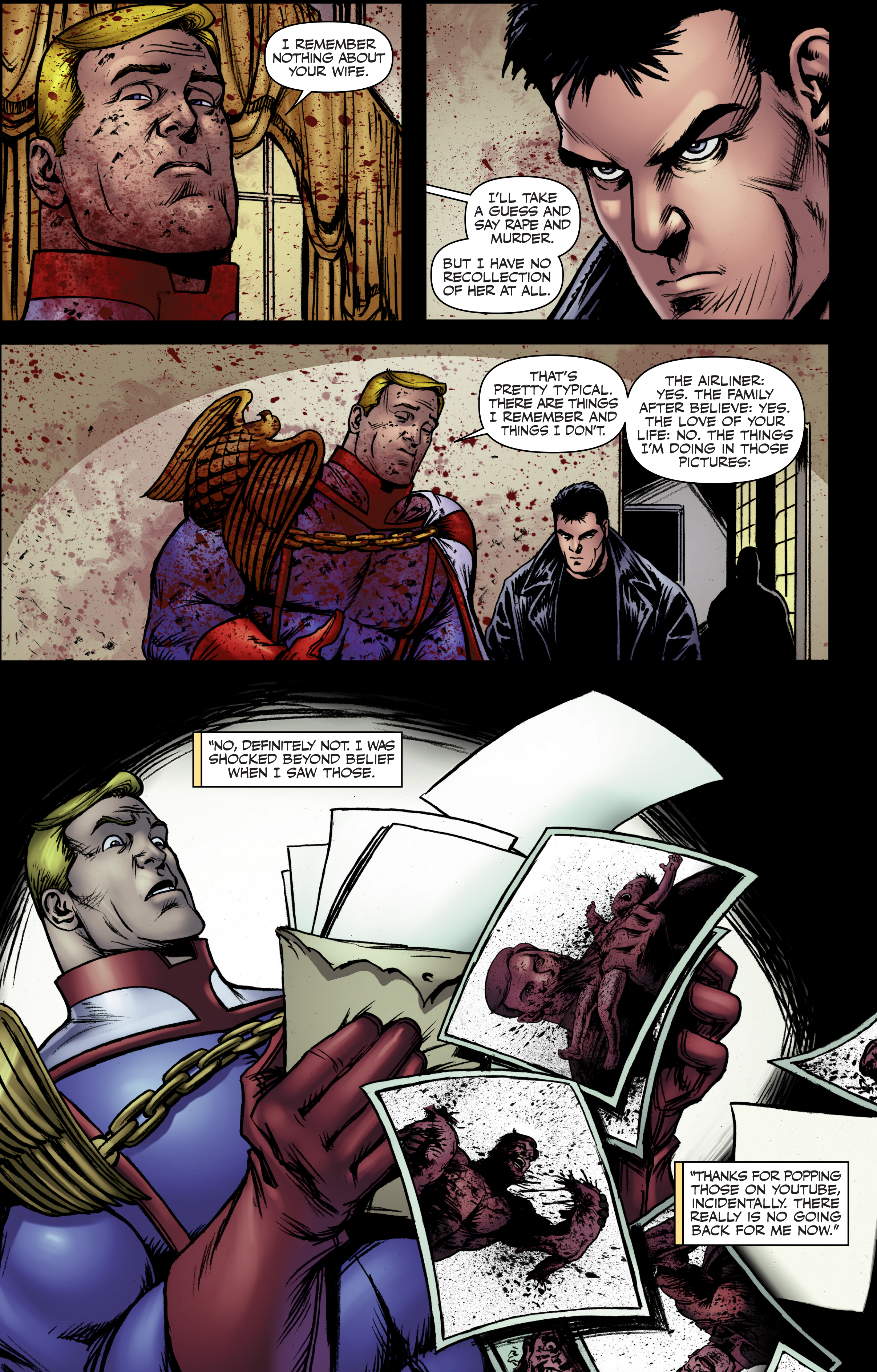
conclusion

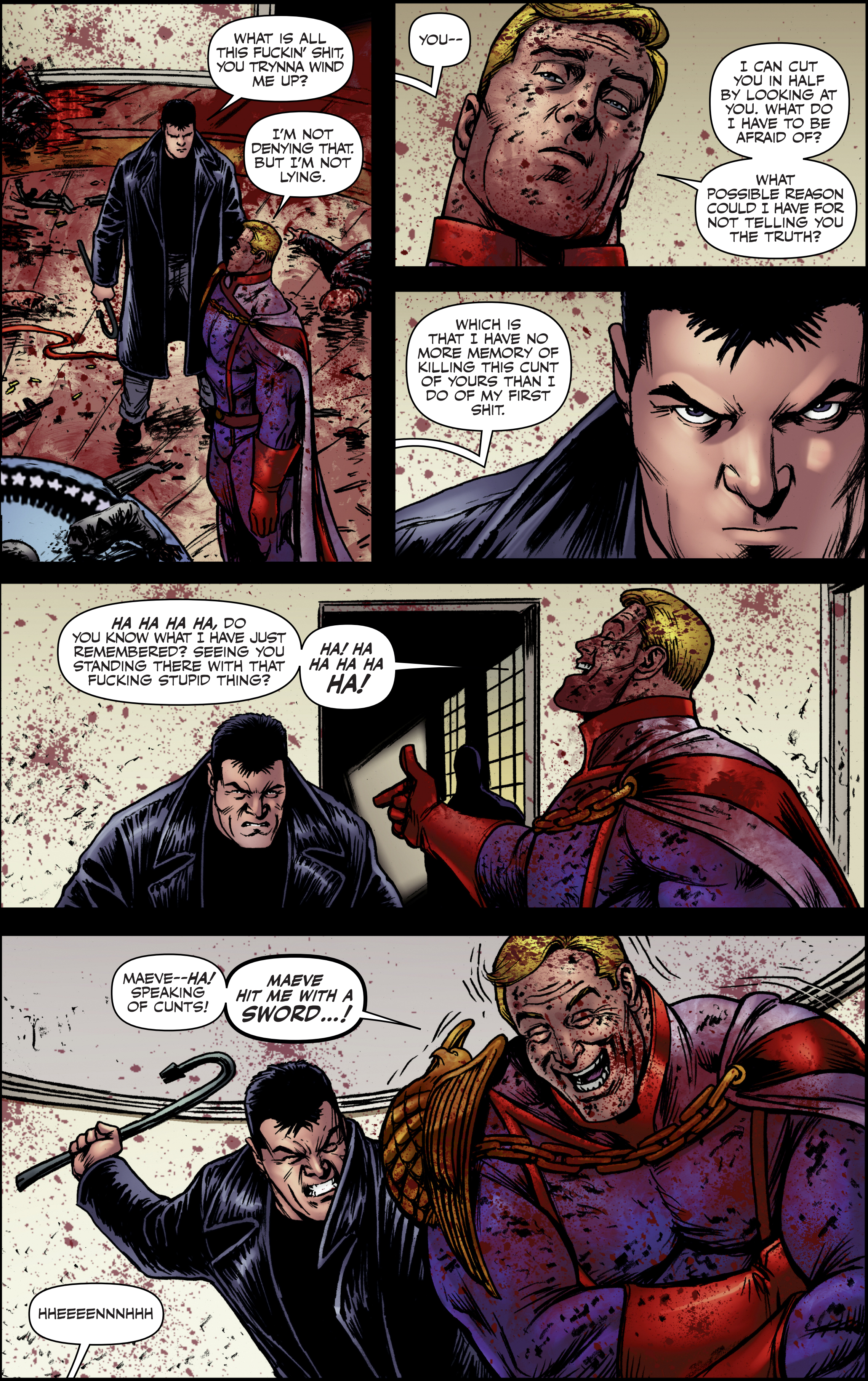

SEE?
HNH--
THAT A DICKHOLE IN THE BACK OF IT?
WELL, YOU KNOW HOW IT IS.
IMPRESSIVE STUFF.
I'M NOT FUCKING TRYING TO FUCKING IMPRESS ANYBODY!!

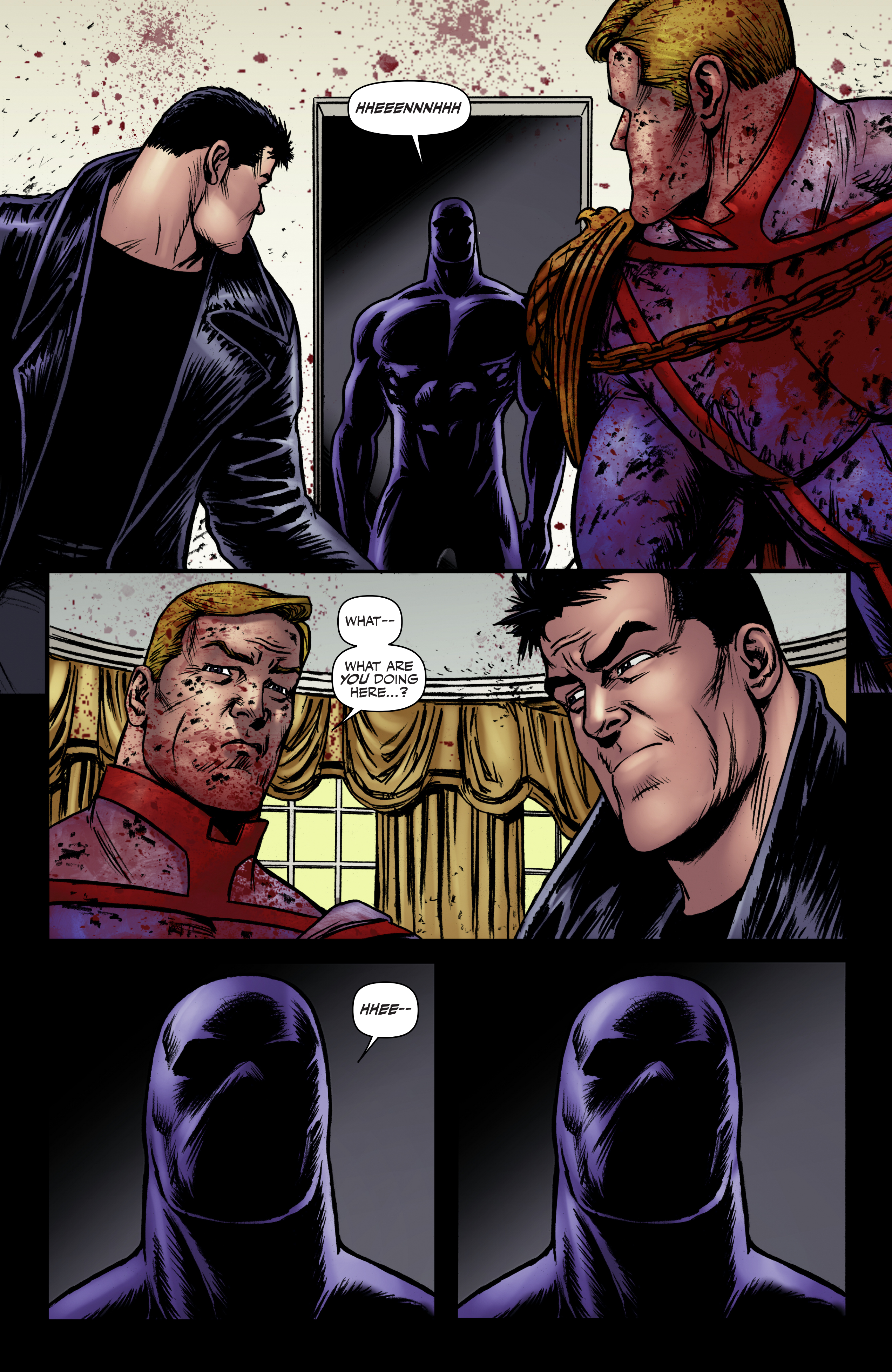

I DON'T HAVE TO. THE WORLD'S MINE.
PEOPLE ARE TOYS, THEY'RE FUCKING *PASTE,* AND YOU AND VOUGHT AND ALL THE OTHER WORMSHIT CAN *FUCK YOURSELVES*--!
I DID THIS FOR ME. NOT SOME CORPORATE FAGGOT WIPING UP HIS CUM WITH BANKNOTES. *ME.*
BECAUSE I ALONE HAVE THE *MIGHT*--I CAN *TAKE* WHAT'S MINE, I DON'T HAVE TO SHARE, AND THAT MAKES THIS WHOLE FUCKING SHITBALL *MY BIRTHRIGHT*...!
SO REALLY JUST THE SAME OL' BOLLOCKS WE'VE HEARD FROM EVERY LITTLE ADOLF GETS A RUSH O' BLOOD TO THE COCK: YOU COULDN'T THINK OF NOTHIN' BETTER TO DO, COULD YOU?
WELL HERE'S YER PROBLEM. *CUNT.* PEOPLE AIN'T YER TOYS.
ONE OF 'EM IN PARTICULAR, SHE WAS THE EXACT FUCKIN' OPPOSITE O' THAT.
AH, OF COURSE. NOW WE'RE GETTING TO IT.
THE WIFE.

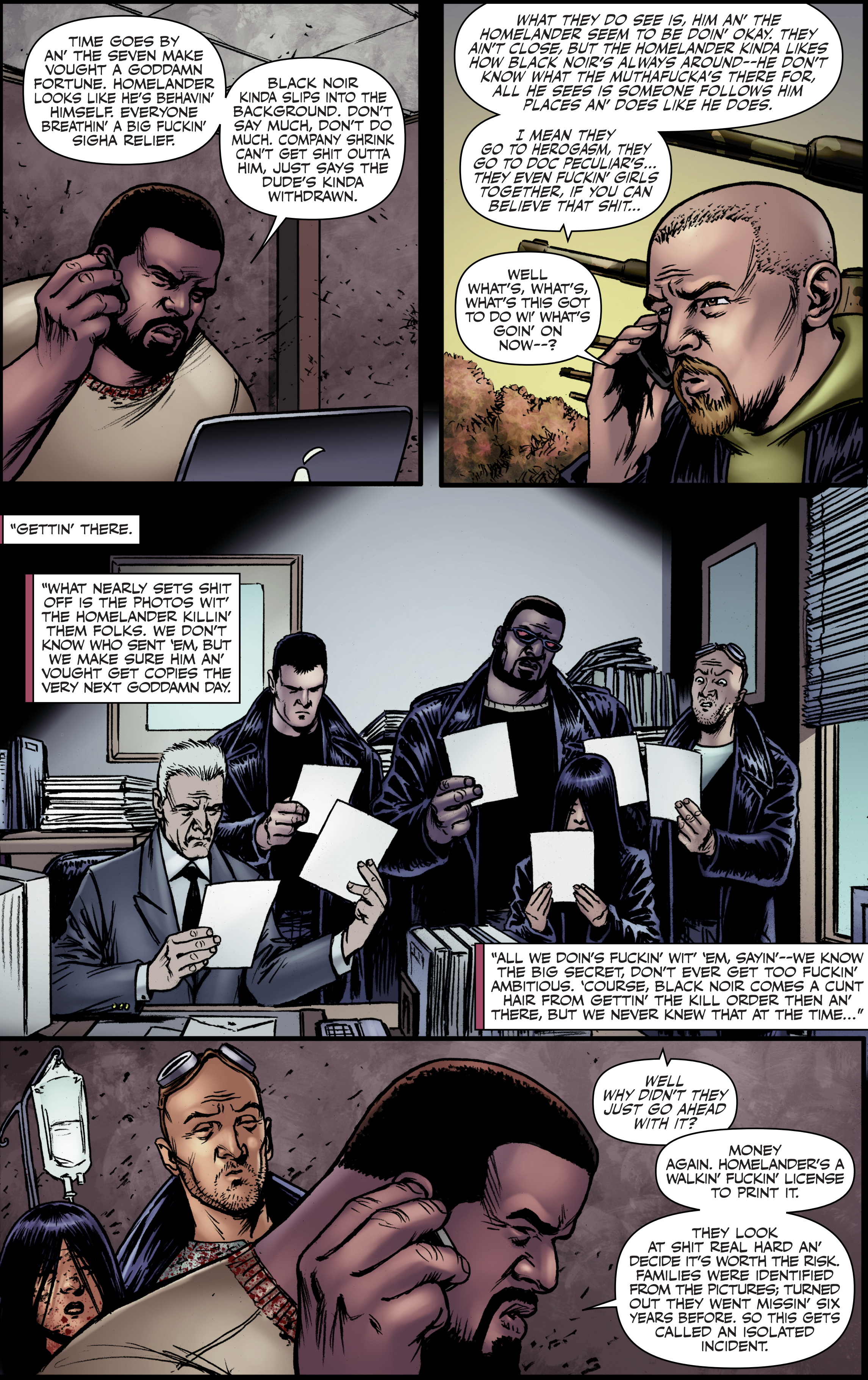

HE DON'T LOOK IT, BUT THE HOMELANDER WAS GROWN FROM STORMFRONT'S D.N.A..
STORMFRONT WAS JUST A KID INJECTED WITH COMPOUND V BACK IN THE THIRTIES, BEFORE VOGELBAUM TOOK HIM OUTTA GERMANY AN' HANDED HIM OVER TO V.A.C.. HE WAS HOT SHIT, NO DENYIN' THAT.
BUT THE HOMELANDER WAS SOMETHIN' ELSE AGAIN. THE V GOES INTO THE D.N.A. AN' THE WHOLE LOT GOES INTO A EMBRYO. SOME POOR BITCH GETS SET UP TO CARRY IT TO TERM.
THE LEGEND SAID...
RIGHT.
"WHICH IS WHY HE GROWS UP UNDERGROUND, WIT' A NUKE READY TO GO OFF IF HE LOOKS AT ANYONE SIDEWAYS.
"EVENTUALLY THEY FIGURE OUT, OKAY, CAN'T BLAME A NEWBORN KID FOR GOIN' CRAZY, JUST BAD LUCK HE HAS THE POWERS HE DOES. I MEAN BIRTH'S FUCKIN' TERRIFYIN' ANYHOW, THAT'S HOW COME NO ONE EVER REMEMBERS IT.
"VOUGHT PUT A LOTTA MONEY INTO THIS ASSHOLE, THEY DON'T WANNA JUST PULL THE PLUG. BUT ALL THE SAME, THEY AIN'T TAKIN' NO MORE CHANCES THAN THEY GOTTA."

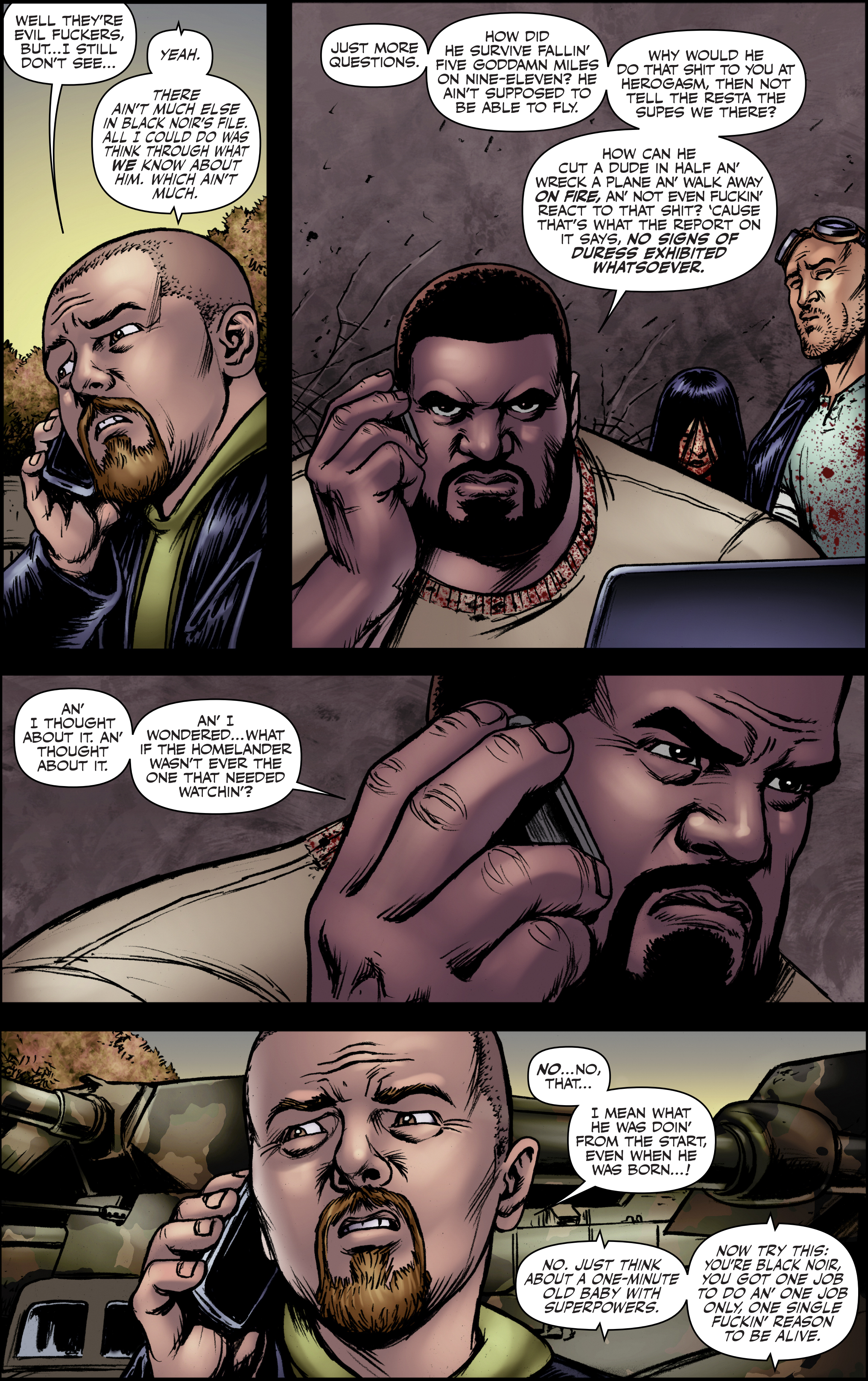

THEY DECIDE THEY NEED A WAY TO PUT THE HOMELANDER DOWN IF IT EVER COMES TO IT. NOT A BOMB, SHIT LIKE THAT AIN'T PRACTICAL. SOMETHIN' THEY CAN USE ON HIM NO MATTER WHERE HE IS, SOMETHIN' THEY CAN SEND--
SOMEONE.
FUCK.
BLACK NOIR.
IN ONE. THEY TAKE THE D.N.A. AN' THEY FUCK AROUND WIT' IT SOME MORE. THEY GOIN' FOR SOMETHIN' NEW--BETTER, STRONGER, ON ACCOUNTA WHAT HE'S GOTTA DO.
NOT THAT THEY TELL THE HOMELANDER ANY A' THIS. 'FAR AS HE'S CONCERNED, BLACK NOIR'S JUST SOME KINDA SIDEKICK--AN' THEN MAEVE AN' MARATHON AN' THE DEEP COME OUTTA THE SAME TEST TUBE, AN' ALL OF A SUDDEN THEY A TEAM.
"THE HOMELANDER'S HAPPY, 'CAUSE HE'S IN CHARGE.
"VOUGHT'RE HAPPY, 'CAUSE THEY GOT THEIR LIVIN' FUCKIN' WEAPON RIGHT NEXT TO ITS TARGET.
"BLACK NOIR'S HAPPY 'CAUSE IF HE EVER GETS THE WORD--AN' THIS IS THE GODDAMN REASON HE EXISTS, DON'T FORGET--HE CAN GET RIGHT THE FUCK TO IT."
SO--HAVE VOUGHT SENT BLACK NOIR AFTER HIM NOW?
AIN'T THAT SIMPLE.
BRACE YOUR ASS.

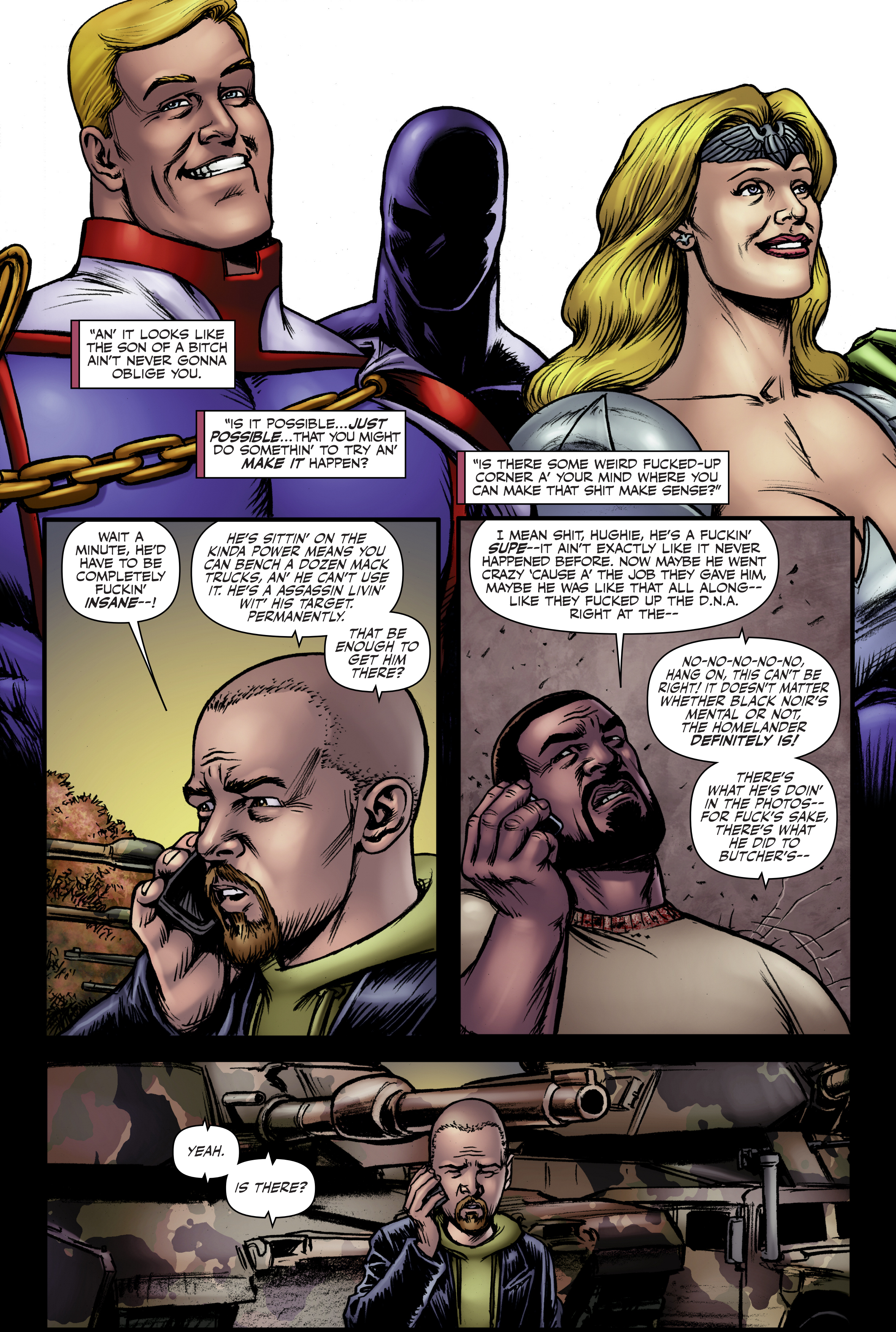

I REMEMBER NOTHING ABOUT YOUR WIFE.
I'LL TAKE A GUESS AND SAY RAPE AND MURDER.
BUT I HAVE NO RECOLLECTION OF HER AT ALL.
THAT'S PRETTY TYPICAL. THERE ARE THINGS I REMEMBER AND THINGS I DON'T.
THE AIRLINER: YES. THE FAMILY AFTER BELIEVE: YES. THE LOVE OF YOUR LIFE: NO. THE THINGS I'M DOING IN THOSE PICTURES:
"NO, DEFINITELY NOT. I WAS SHOCKED BEYOND BELIEF WHEN I SAW THOSE.
"THANKS FOR POPPING THOSE ON YOUTUBE, INCIDENTALLY. THERE REALLY IS NO GOING BACK FOR ME NOW."

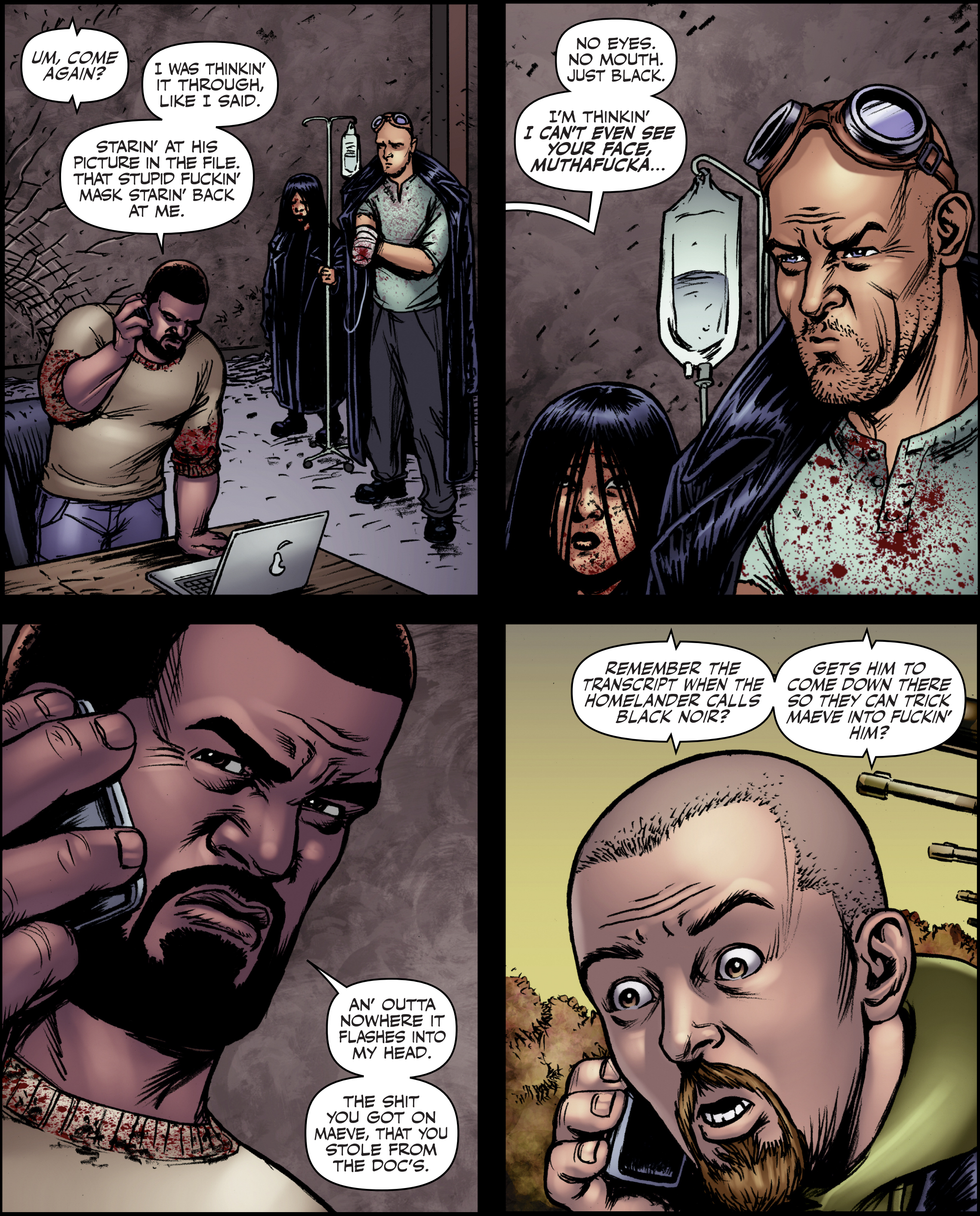

WHAT IS ALL THIS FUCKIN' SHIT, YOU TRYNNA WIND ME UP?
I'M NOT DENYING THAT. BUT I'M NOT LYING.
YOU--
I CAN CUT YOU IN HALF BY LOOKING AT YOU. WHAT DO I HAVE TO BE AFRAID OF?
WHAT POSSIBLE REASON COULD I HAVE FOR NOT TELLING YOU THE TRUTH?
WHICH IS THAT I HAVE NO MORE MEMORY OF KILLING THIS CUNT OF YOURS THAN I DO OF MY FIRST SHIT.
HA HA HA HA, DO YOU KNOW WHAT I HAVE JUST REMEMBERED? SEEING YOU STANDING THERE WITH THAT FUCKING STUPID THING?
HA! HA HA HA HA HA!
MAEVE--*HA!* SPEAKING OF CUNTS!
MAEVE HIT ME WITH A SWORD...!
HHEEEENNNHHH

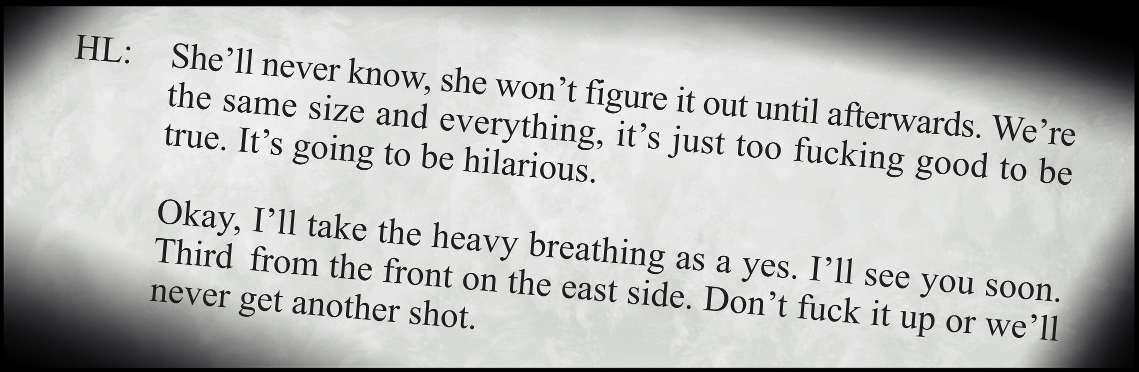

HHEEENNNHHH
WHAT--
WHAT ARE *YOU* DOING HERE...?
HHEE--


TIME GOES BY AN' THE SEVEN MAKE VOUGHT A GODDAMN FORTUNE. HOMELANDER LOOKS LIKE HE'S BEHAVIN' HIMSELF. EVERYONE BREATHIN' A BIG FUCKIN' SIGHA RELIEF.
BLACK NOIR KINDA SLIPS INTO THE BACKGROUND. DON'T SAY MUCH, DON'T DO MUCH. COMPANY SHRINK CAN'T GET SHIT OUTTA HIM, JUST SAYS THE DUDE'S KINDA WITHDRAWN.
WHAT THEY DO SEE IS, HIM AN' THE HOMELANDER SEEM TO BE DOIN' OKAY. THEY AIN'T CLOSE, BUT THE HOMELANDER KINDA LIKES HOW BLACK NOIR'S ALWAYS AROUND--HE DON'T KNOW WHAT THE MUTHAFUCKA'S THERE FOR, ALL HE SEES IS SOMEONE FOLLOWS HIM PLACES AN' DOES LIKE HE DOES.
I MEAN THEY GO TO HEROGASM, THEY GO TO DOC PECULIAR'S... THEY EVEN FUCKIN' GIRLS TOGETHER, IF YOU CAN BELIEVE THAT SHIT...
WELL WHAT'S, WHAT'S, WHAT'S THIS GOT TO DO WI' WHAT'S GOIN' ON NOW--?
"GETTIN' THERE.
"WHAT NEARLY SETS SHIT OFF IS THE PHOTOS WIT' THE HOMELANDER KILLIN' THEM FOLKS. WE DON'T KNOW WHO SENT 'EM, BUT WE MAKE SURE HIM AN' VOUGHT GET COPIES THE VERY NEXT GODDAMN DAY.
"ALL WE DOIN'S FUCKIN' WIT' 'EM, SAYIN'--WE KNOW THE BIG SECRET, DON'T EVER GET TOO FUCKIN' AMBITIOUS. 'COURSE, BLACK NOIR COMES A CUNT HAIR FROM GETTIN' THE KILL ORDER THEN AN' THERE, BUT WE NEVER KNEW THAT AT THE TIME..."
WELL WHY DIDN'T THEY JUST GO AHEAD WITH IT?
MONEY AGAIN. HOMELANDER'S A WALKIN' FUCKIN' LICENSE TO PRINT IT.
THEY LOOK AT SHIT REAL HARD AN' DECIDE IT'S WORTH THE RISK. FAMILIES WERE IDENTIFIED FROM THE PICTURES; TURNED OUT THEY WENT MISSIN' SIX YEARS BEFORE. SO THIS GETS CALLED AN ISOLATED INCIDENT.


WELL THEY'RE EVIL FUCKERS, BUT...I STILL DON'T SEE...
YEAH.
THERE AIN'T MUCH ELSE IN BLACK NOIR'S FILE. ALL I COULD DO WAS THINK THROUGH WHAT **WE** KNOW ABOUT HIM. WHICH AIN'T MUCH.
JUST MORE QUESTIONS.
HOW DID HE SURVIVE FALLIN' FIVE GODDAMN MILES ON NINE-ELEVEN? HE AIN'T SUPPOSED TO BE ABLE TO FLY.
WHY WOULD HE DO THAT SHIT TO YOU AT HEROGASM, THEN NOT TELL THE RESTA THE SUPES WE THERE?
HOW CAN HE CUT A DUDE IN HALF AN' WRECK A PLANE AN' WALK AWAY ***ON FIRE,*** AN' NOT EVEN FUCKIN' REACT TO THAT SHIT? 'CAUSE THAT'S WHAT THE REPORT ON IT SAYS, ***NO SIGNS OF DURESS EXHIBITED WHATSOEVER.***
AN' I THOUGHT ABOUT IT. AN' THOUGHT ABOUT IT.
AN' I WONDERED...WHAT IF THE HOMELANDER WASN'T EVER THE ONE THAT NEEDED WATCHIN'?
NO...NO, THAT...
I MEAN WHAT HE WAS DOIN' FROM THE START, EVEN WHEN HE WAS BORN...!
NO. JUST THINK ABOUT A ONE-MINUTE OLD BABY WITH SUPERPOWERS.
NOW TRY THIS: YOU'RE BLACK NOIR, YOU GOT ONE JOB TO DO AN' ONE JOB ONLY, ONE SINGLE FUCKIN' REASON TO BE ALIVE.

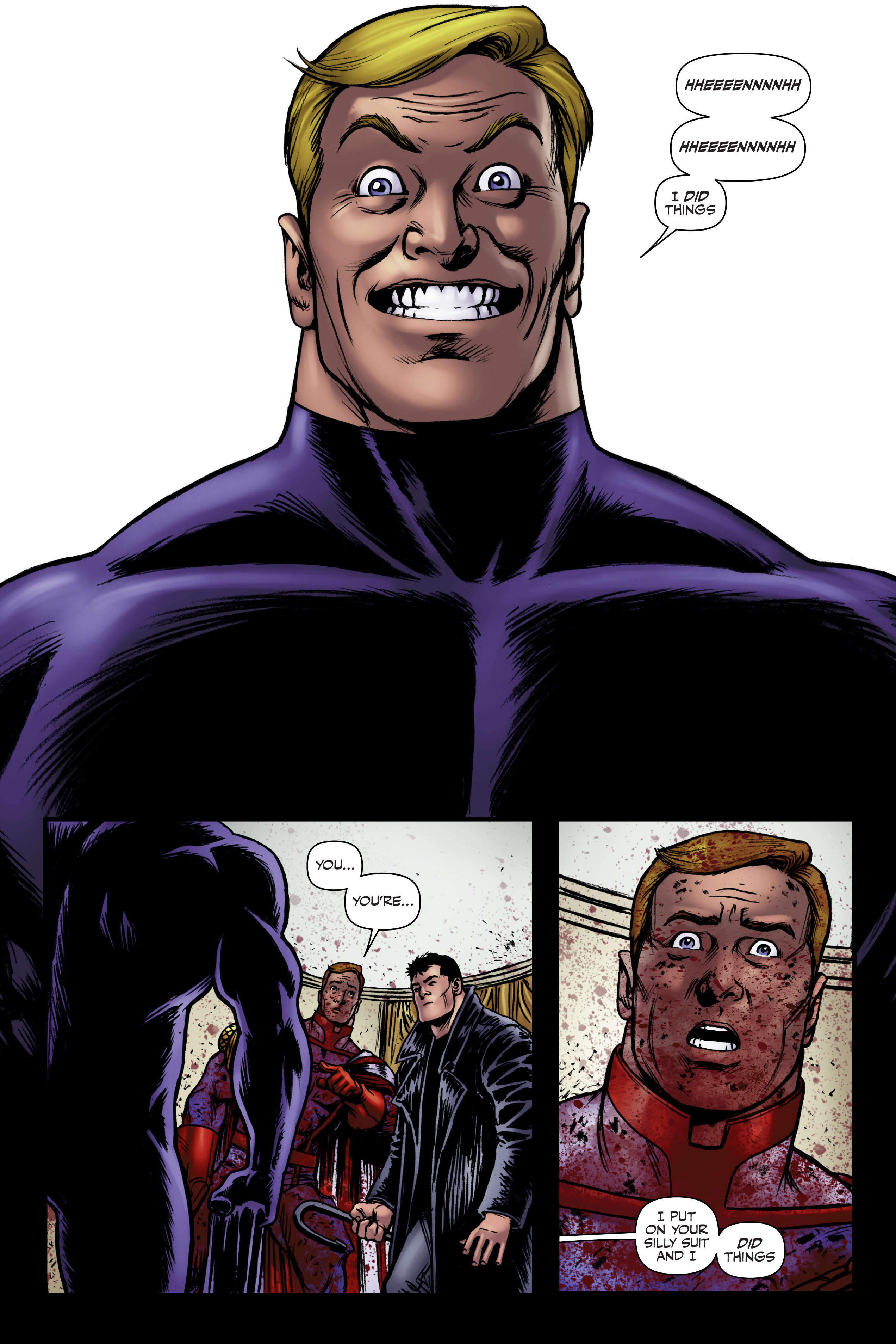

"AN' IT LOOKS LIKE THE SON OF A BITCH AIN'T NEVER GONNA OBLIGE YOU.
"IS IT POSSIBLE...*JUST POSSIBLE*...THAT YOU MIGHT DO SOMETHIN' TO TRY AN' *MAKE IT* HAPPEN?
"IS THERE SOME WEIRD FUCKED-UP CORNER A' YOUR MIND WHERE YOU CAN MAKE THAT SHIT MAKE SENSE?"
WAIT A MINUTE, HE'D HAVE TO BE COMPLETELY FUCKIN' *INSANE*--!
HE'S SITTIN' ON THE KINDA POWER MEANS YOU CAN BENCH A DOZEN MACK TRUCKS, AN' HE CAN'T USE IT. HE'S A ASSASSIN LIVIN' WIT' HIS TARGET. PERMANENTLY.
THAT BE ENOUGH TO GET HIM THERE?
I MEAN SHIT, HUGHIE, HE'S A FUCKIN' *SUPE*--IT AIN'T EXACTLY LIKE IT NEVER HAPPENED BEFORE. NOW MAYBE HE WENT CRAZY 'CAUSE A' THE JOB THEY GAVE HIM, MAYBE HE WAS LIKE THAT ALL ALONG--LIKE THEY FUCKED UP THE D.N.A. RIGHT AT THE--
NO-NO-NO-NO-NO, HANG ON, THIS CAN'T BE RIGHT! IT DOESN'T MATTER WHETHER BLACK NOIR'S MENTAL OR NOT, THE HOMELANDER **DEFINITELY IS!**
THERE'S WHAT HE'S DOIN' IN THE PHOTOS--FOR FUCK'S SAKE, THERE'S WHAT HE DID TO BUTCHER'S--
YEAH.
IS THERE?

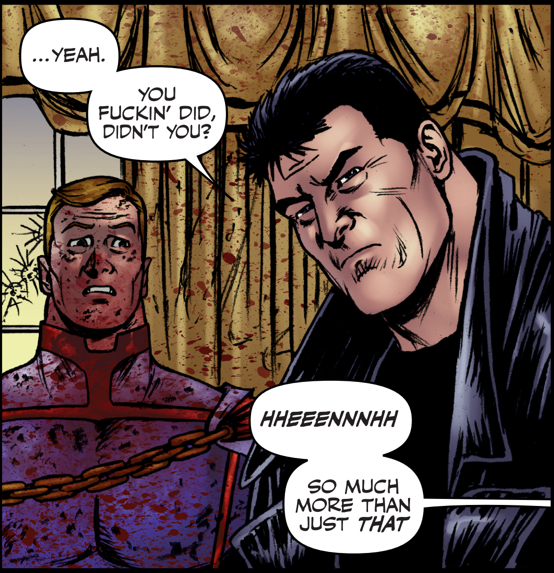

UM, COME AGAIN?
I WAS THINKIN' IT THROUGH, LIKE I SAID.
STARIN' AT HIS PICTURE IN THE FILE. THAT STUPID FUCKIN' MASK STARIN' BACK AT ME.
NO EYES. NO MOUTH. JUST BLACK.
I'M THINKIN' *I CAN'T EVEN SEE YOUR FACE, MUTHAFUCKA...*
AN' OUTTA NOWHERE IT FLASHES INTO MY HEAD.
THE SHIT YOU GOT ON MAEVE, THAT YOU STOLE FROM THE DOC'S.
REMEMBER THE TRANSCRIPT WHEN THE HOMELANDER CALLS BLACK NOIR?
GETS HIM TO COME DOWN THERE SO THEY CAN TRICK MAEVE INTO FUCKIN' HIM?

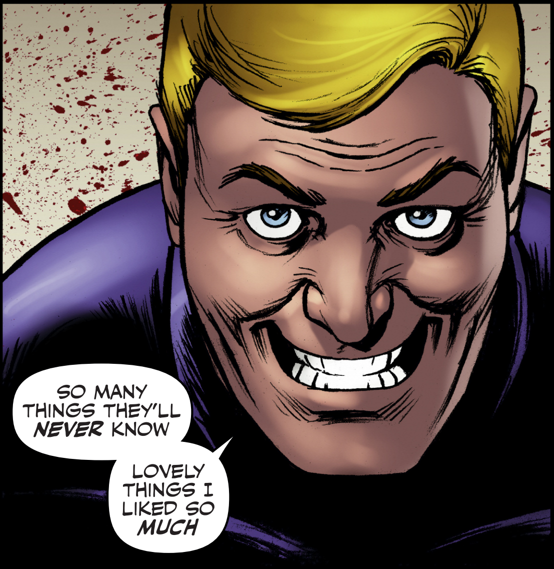


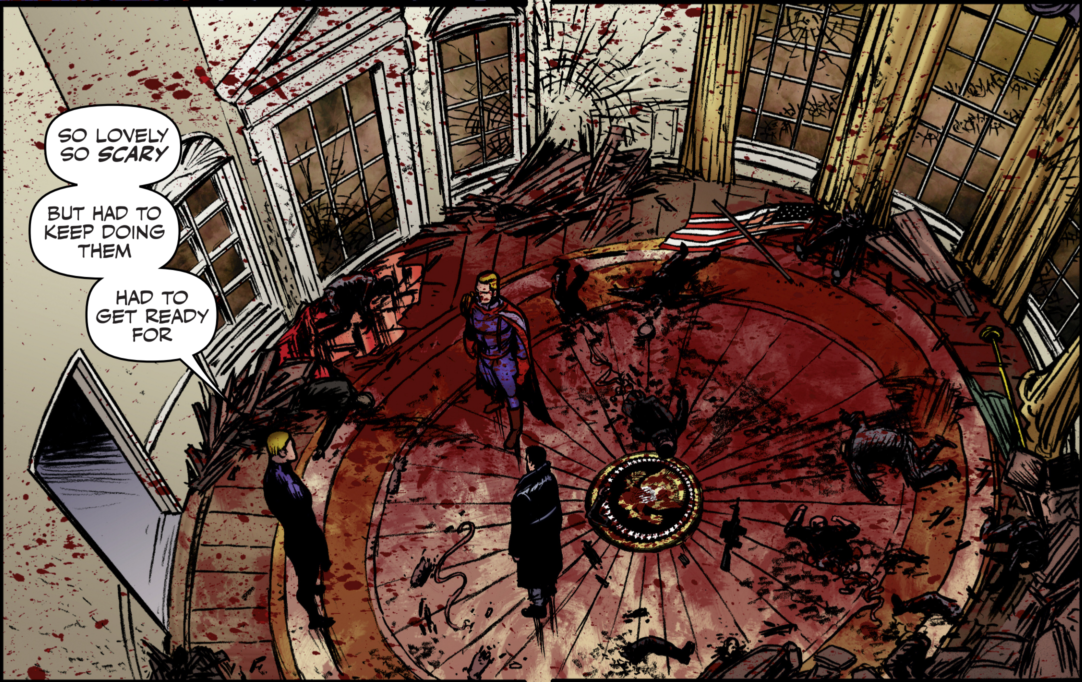
HL: She'll never know, she won't figure it out until afterwards. We're the same size and everything, it's just too fucking good to be true. It's going to be hilarious.

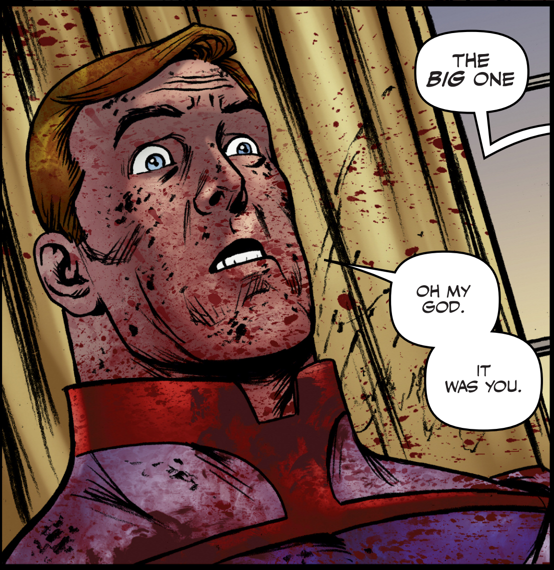
Okay, I'll take the heavy breathing as a yes. I'll see you soon. Third from the front on the east side. Don't fuck it up or we'll never get another shot.

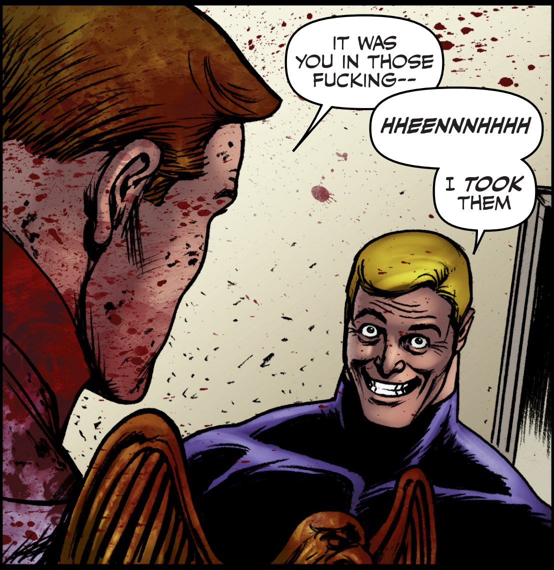

HHEEEEENNNNHH
HHEEEEENNNNHH
I *DID* THINGS
YOU...
YOU'RE...
I PUT ON YOUR SILLY SUIT AND I
DID THINGS

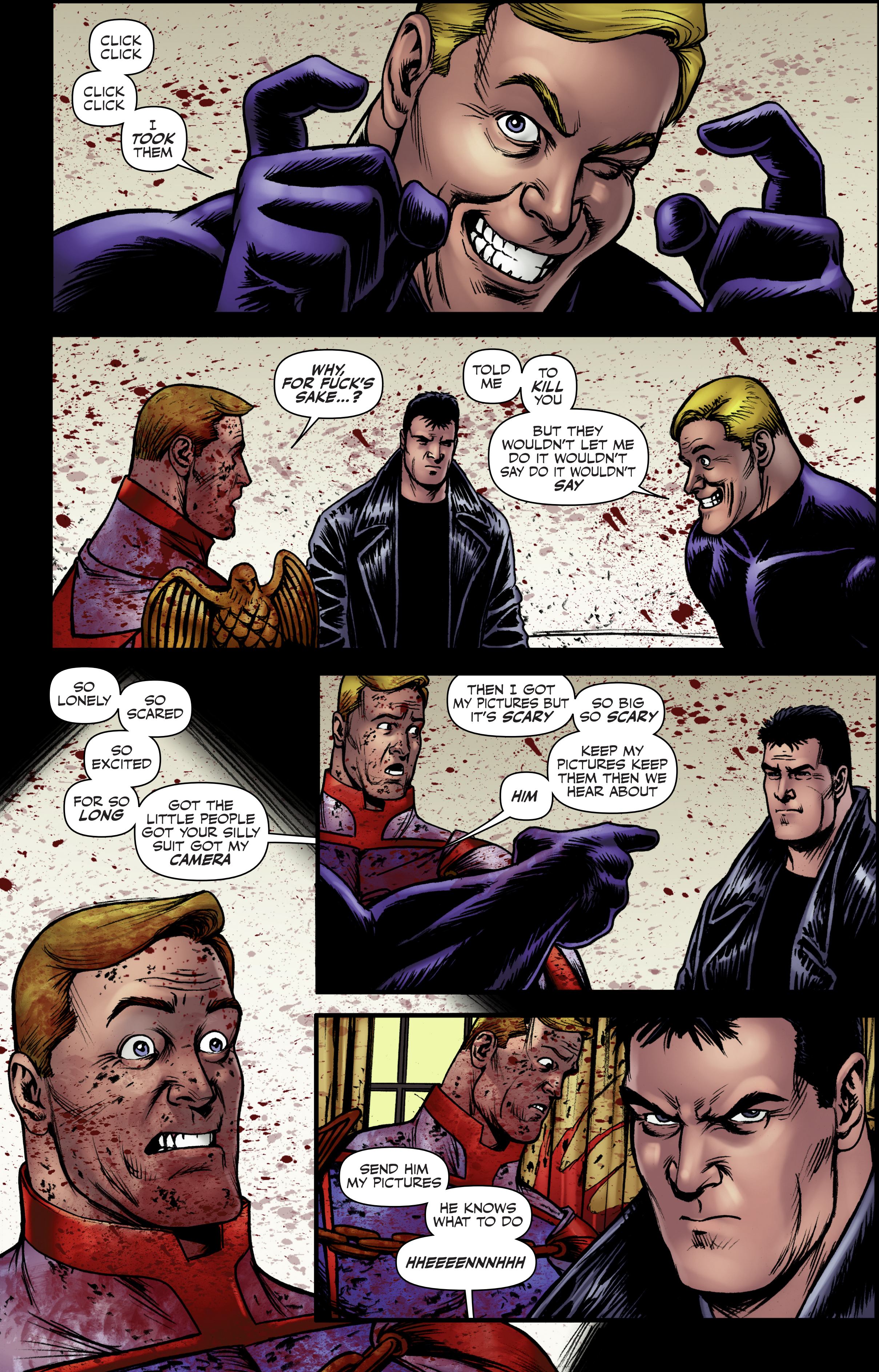

...YEAH.
YOU FUCKIN' DID, DIDN'T YOU?
HHEEENNNHH
SO MUCH MORE THAN JUST *THAT*

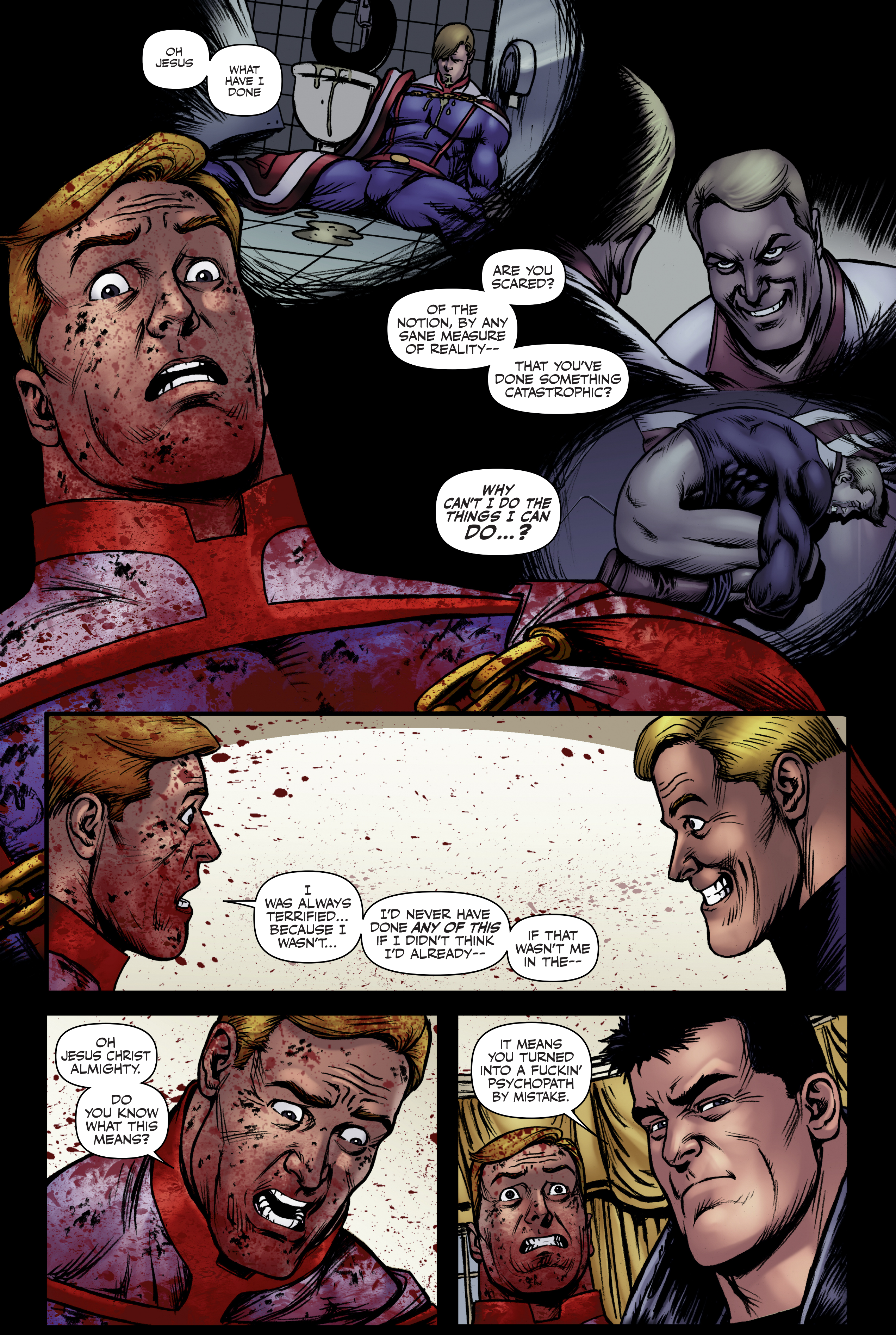

SO MANY THINGS THEY'LL *NEVER* KNOW
LOVELY THINGS I LIKED SO *MUCH*

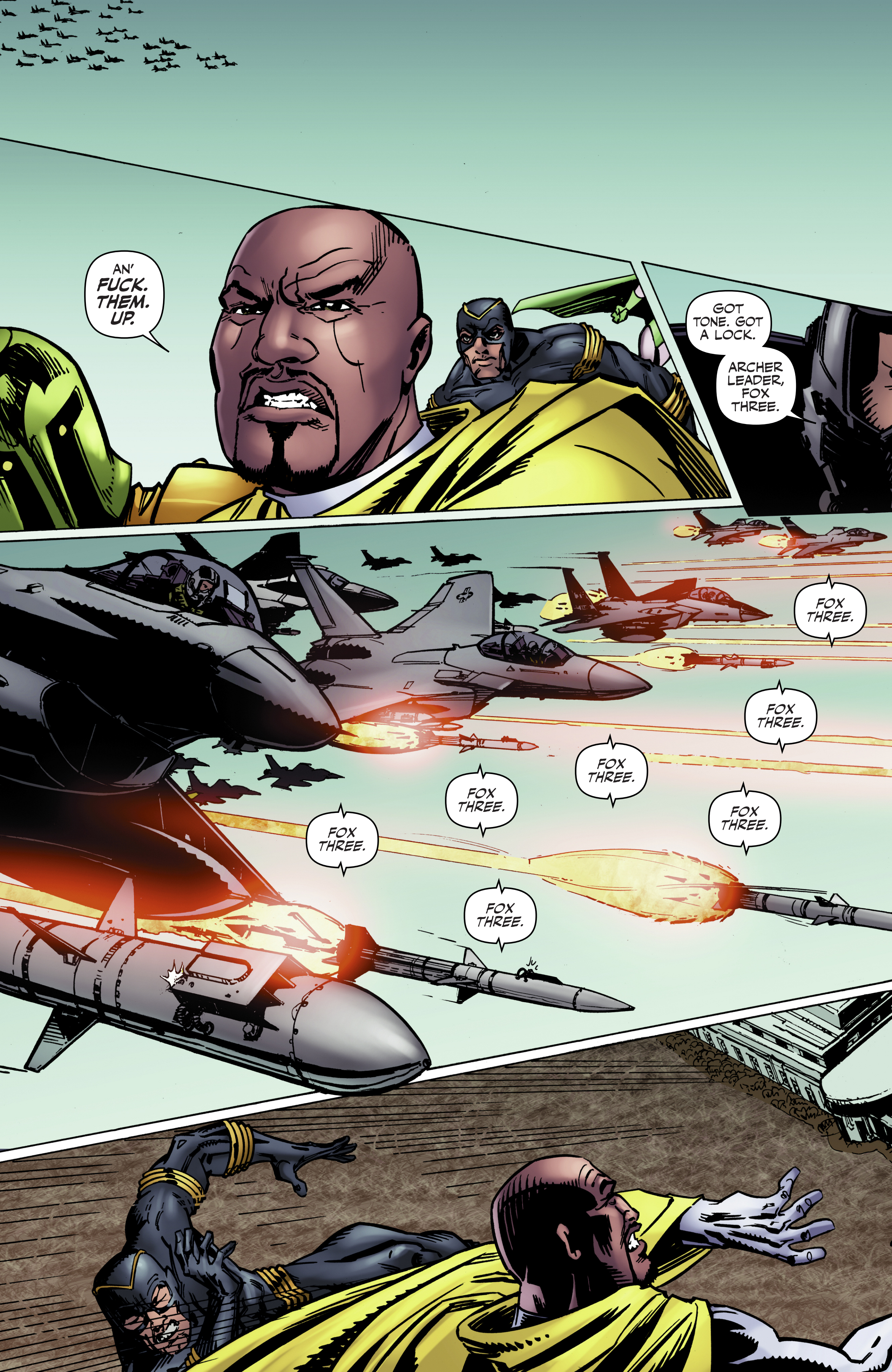

SO LOVELY SO *SCARY*
BUT HAD TO KEEP DOING THEM
HAD TO GET READY FOR

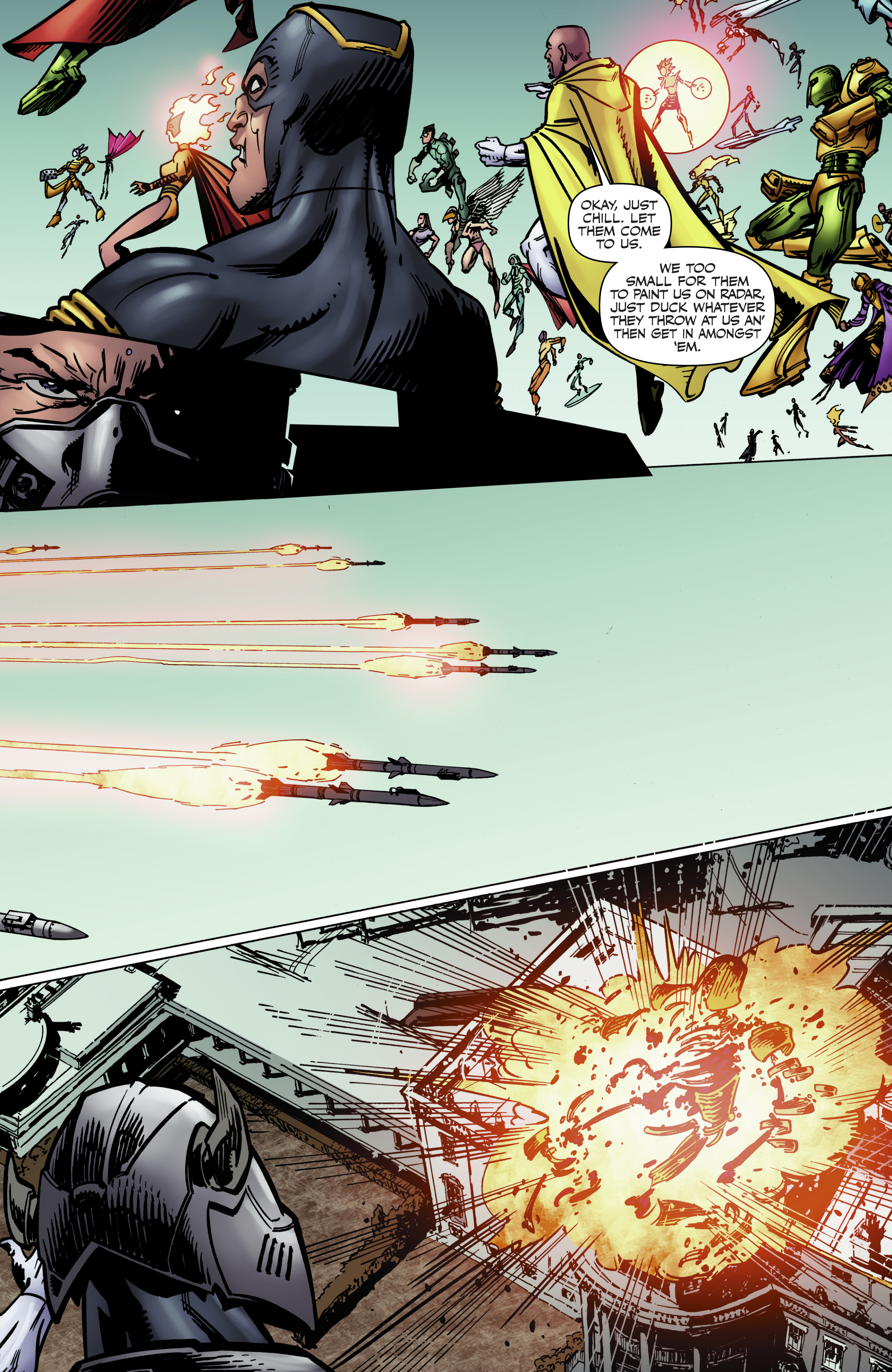

THE *BIG* ONE
OH MY GOD.
IT WAS YOU.

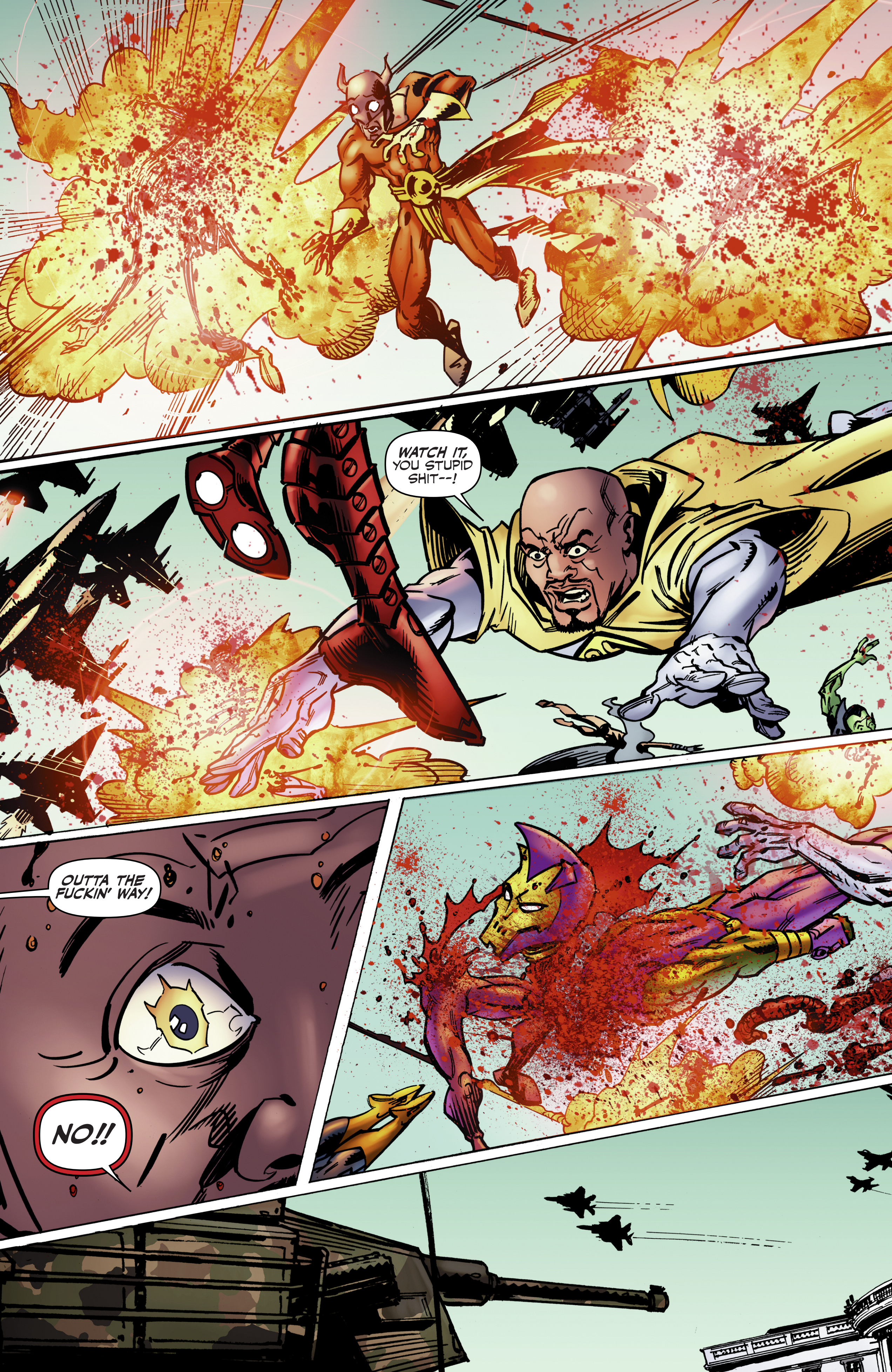

IT WAS YOU IN THOSE FUCKING--
HHEENNNHHHH
I *TOOK* THEM

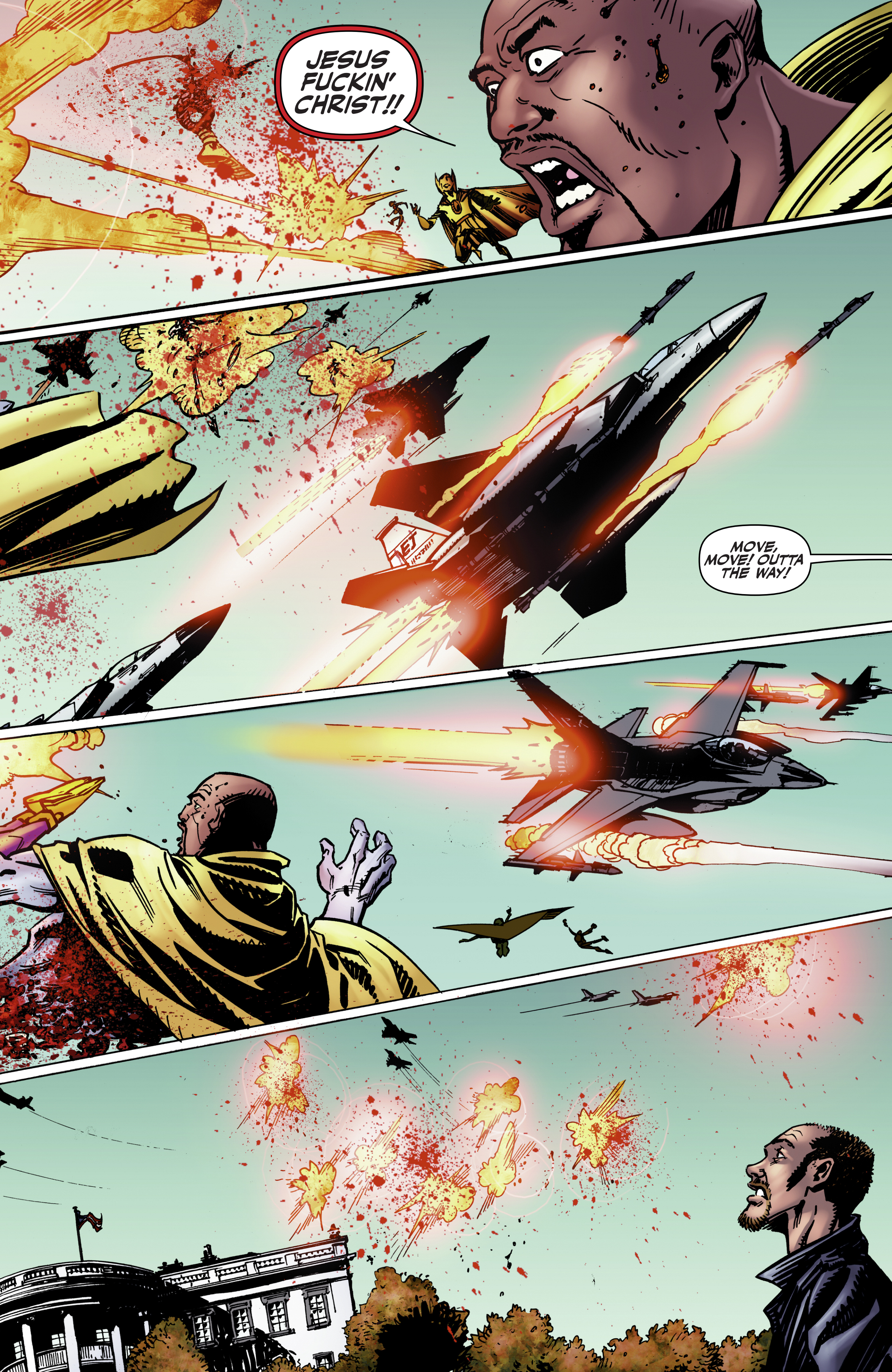

CLICK CLICK
CLICK CLICK
I *TOOK* THEM
WHY, FOR FUCK'S SAKE...?
TOLD ME
TO *KILL* YOU
BUT THEY WOULDN'T LET ME DO IT WOULDN'T SAY DO IT WOULDN'T *SAY*
SO LONELY
SO SCARED
SO EXCITED
FOR SO *LONG*
GOT THE LITTLE PEOPLE GOT YOUR SILLY SUIT GOT MY *CAMERA*
THEN I GOT MY PICTURES BUT IT'S *SCARY*
SO BIG SO *SCARY*
KEEP MY PICTURES KEEP THEM THEN WE HEAR ABOUT
HIM
SEND HIM MY PICTURES
HE KNOWS WHAT TO DO
HHEEEENNNHHH

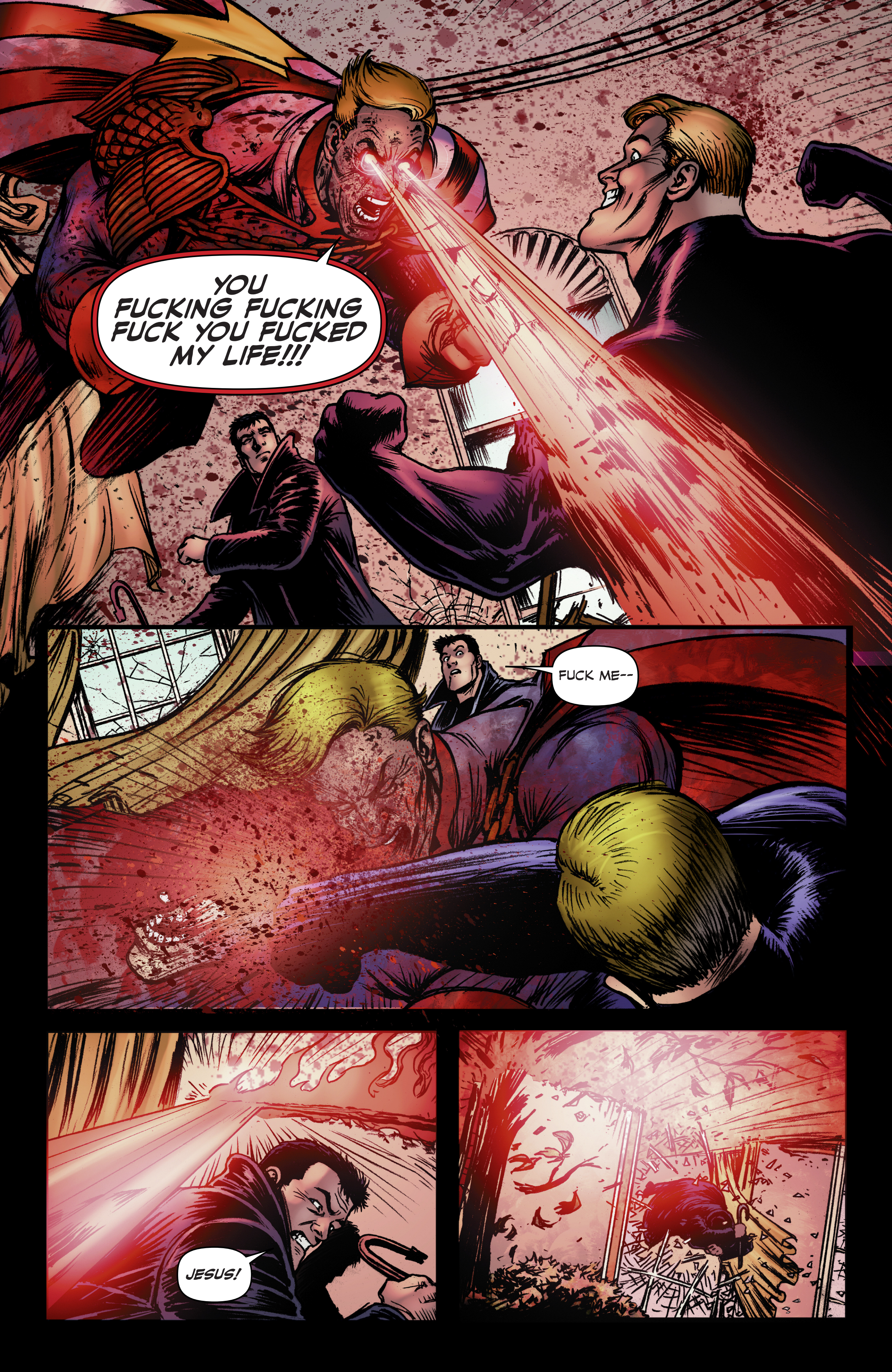

OH JESUS
WHAT HAVE I DONE
ARE YOU SCARED?
OF THE NOTION, BY ANY SANE MEASURE OF REALITY--
THAT YOU'VE DONE SOMETHING CATASTROPHIC?
WHY CAN'T I DO THE THINGS I CAN DO...?
I WAS ALWAYS TERRIFIED... BECAUSE I WASN'T...
I'D NEVER HAVE DONE *ANY OF THIS* IF I DIDN'T THINK I'D ALREADY--
IF THAT WASN'T ME IN THE--
OH JESUS CHRIST ALMIGHTY.
DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS?
IT MEANS YOU TURNED INTO A FUCKIN' PSYCHOPATH BY MISTAKE.

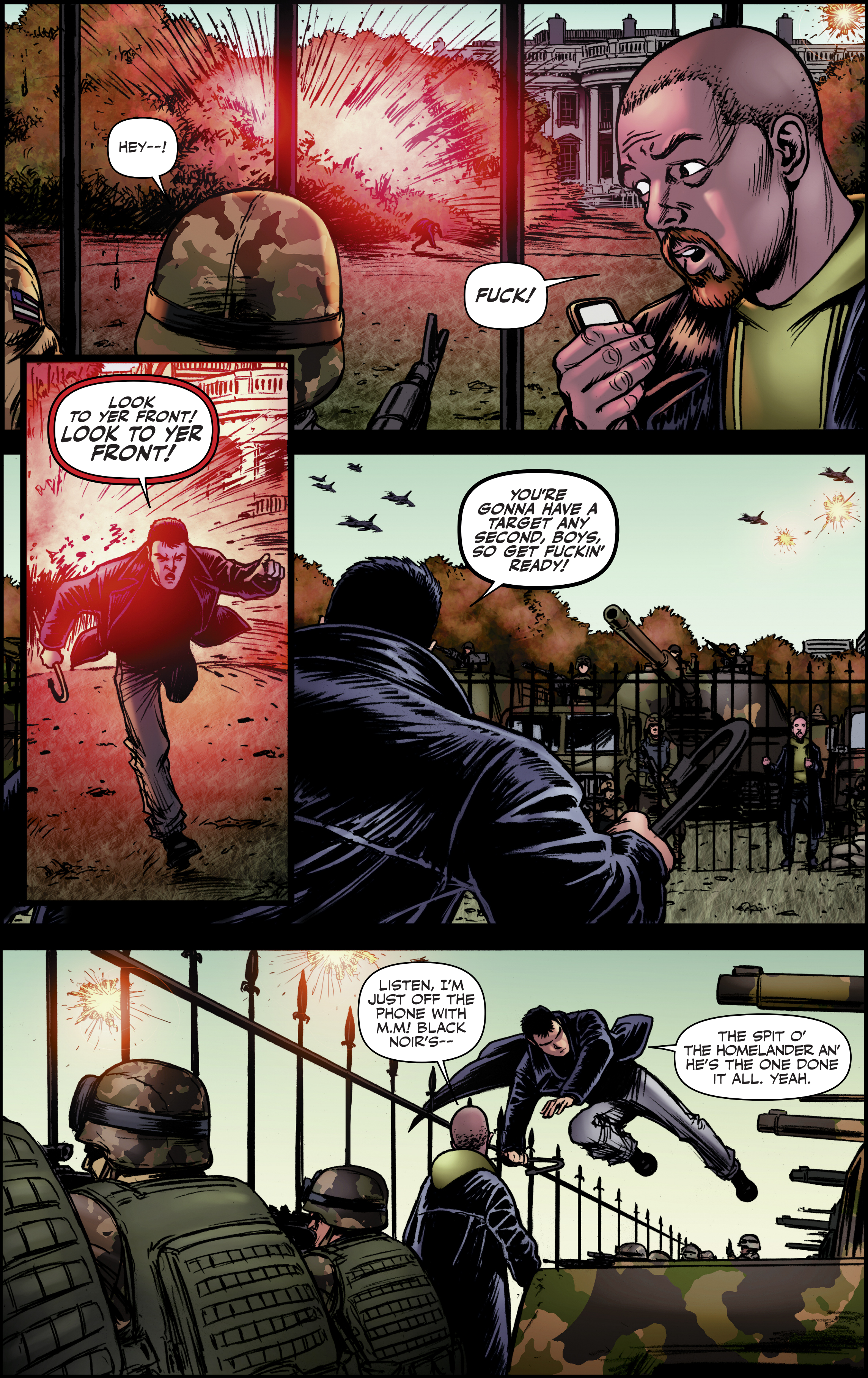

AN' FUCK. THEM. UP.
GOT TONE. GOT A LOCK.
ARCHER LEADER, FOX THREE.
FOX THREE.
FOX THREE.
FOX THREE.
FOX THREE.
FOX THREE.
FOX THREE.
FOX THREE.

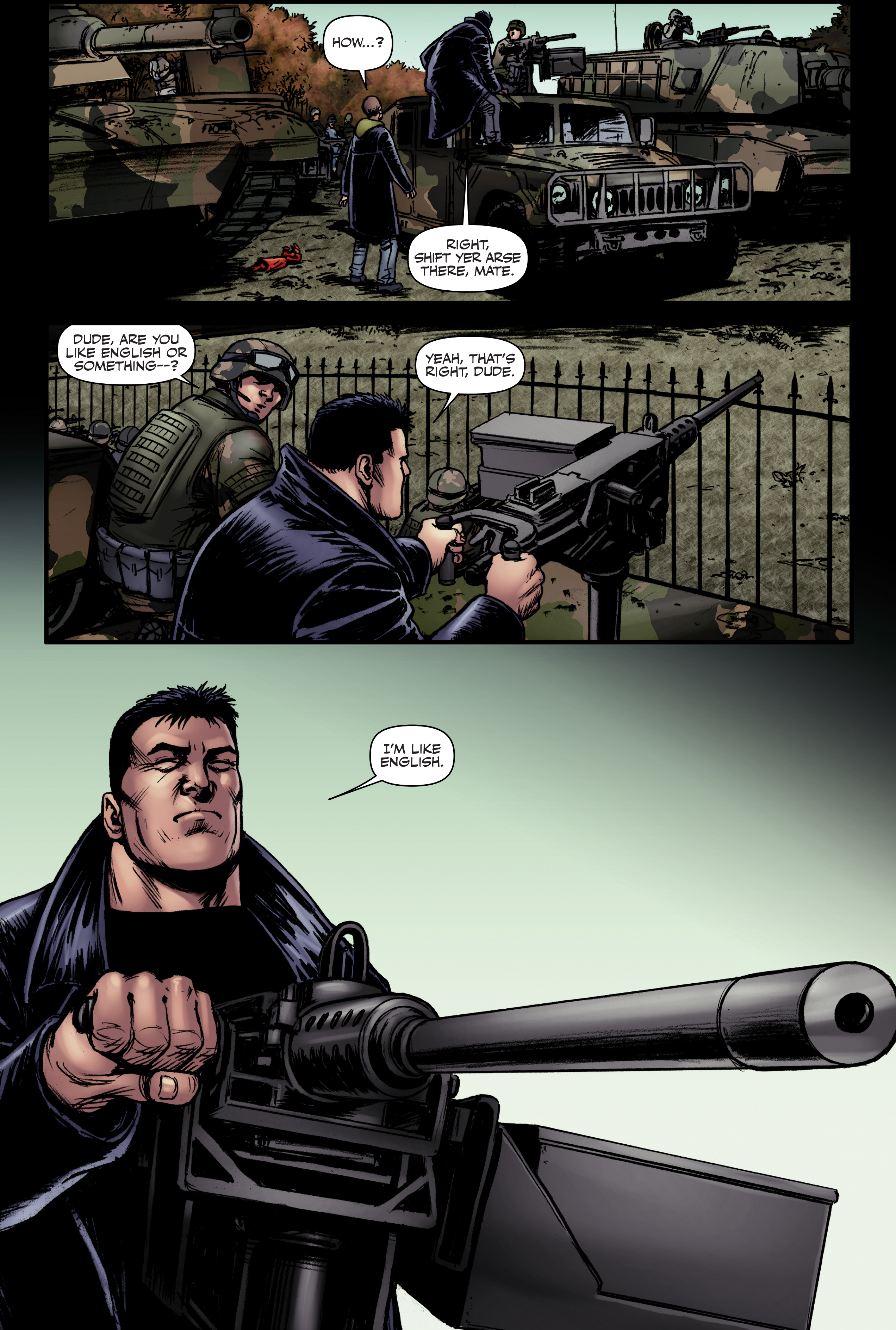

OKAY, JUST CHILL. LET THEM COME TO US.
WE TOO SMALL FOR THEM TO PAINT US ON RADAR, JUST DUCK WHATEVER THEY THROW AT US AN' THEN GET IN AMONGST 'EM.

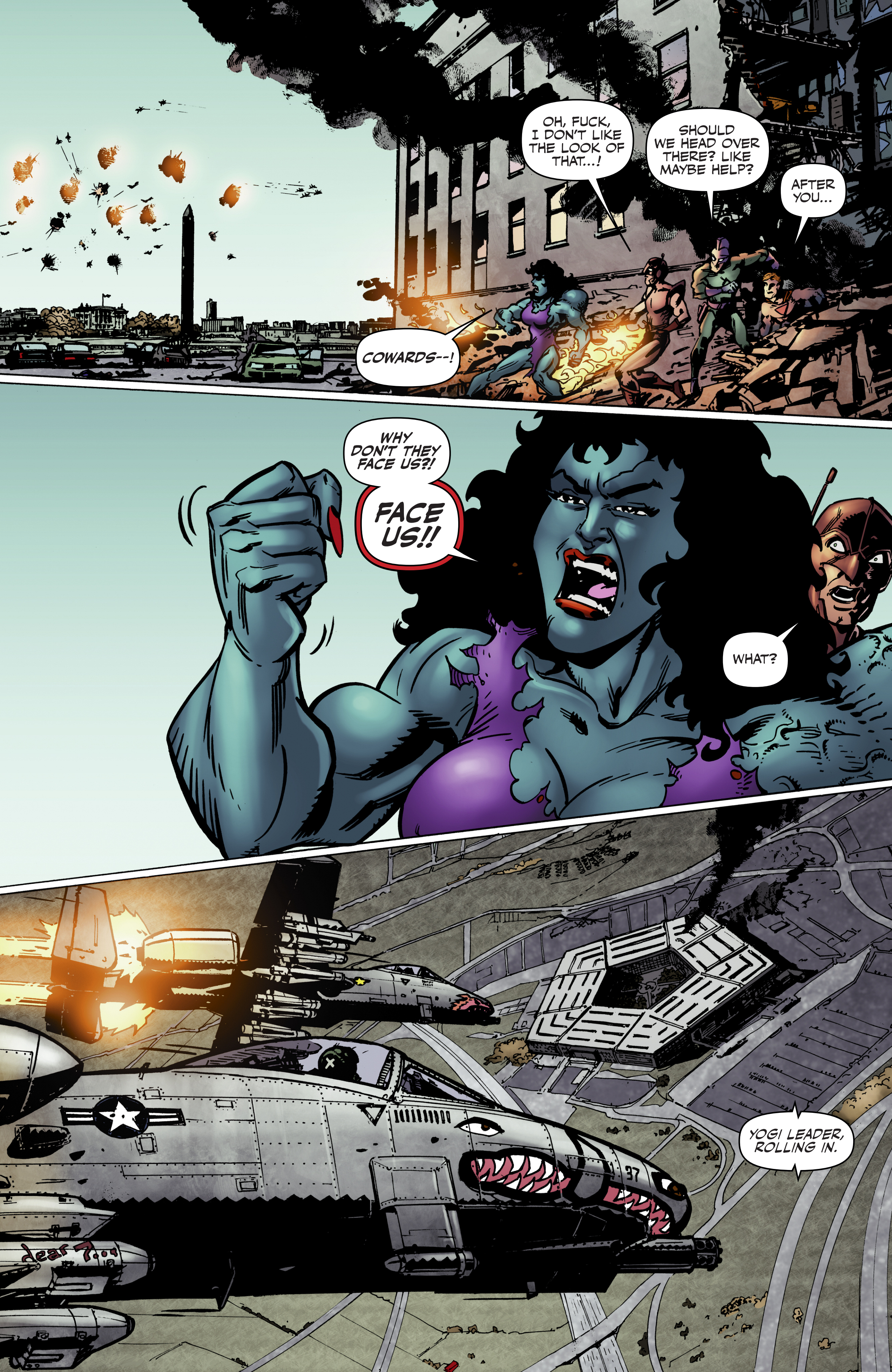

WATCH IT, YOU STUPID SHIT--!
OUTTA THE FUCKIN' WAY!
NO!!

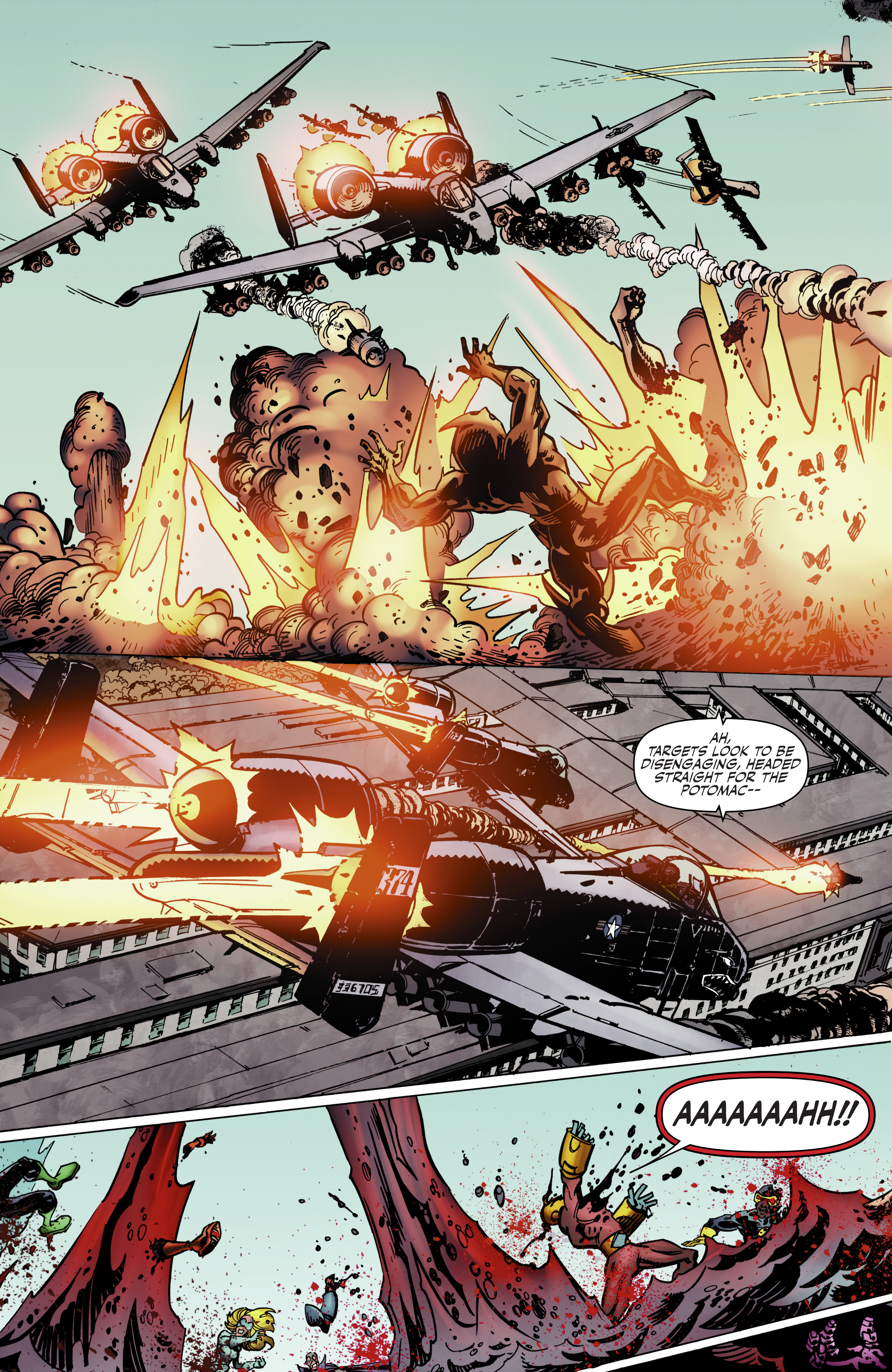

JESUS FUCKIN' CHRIST!!
MOVE, MOVE! OUTTA THE WAY!

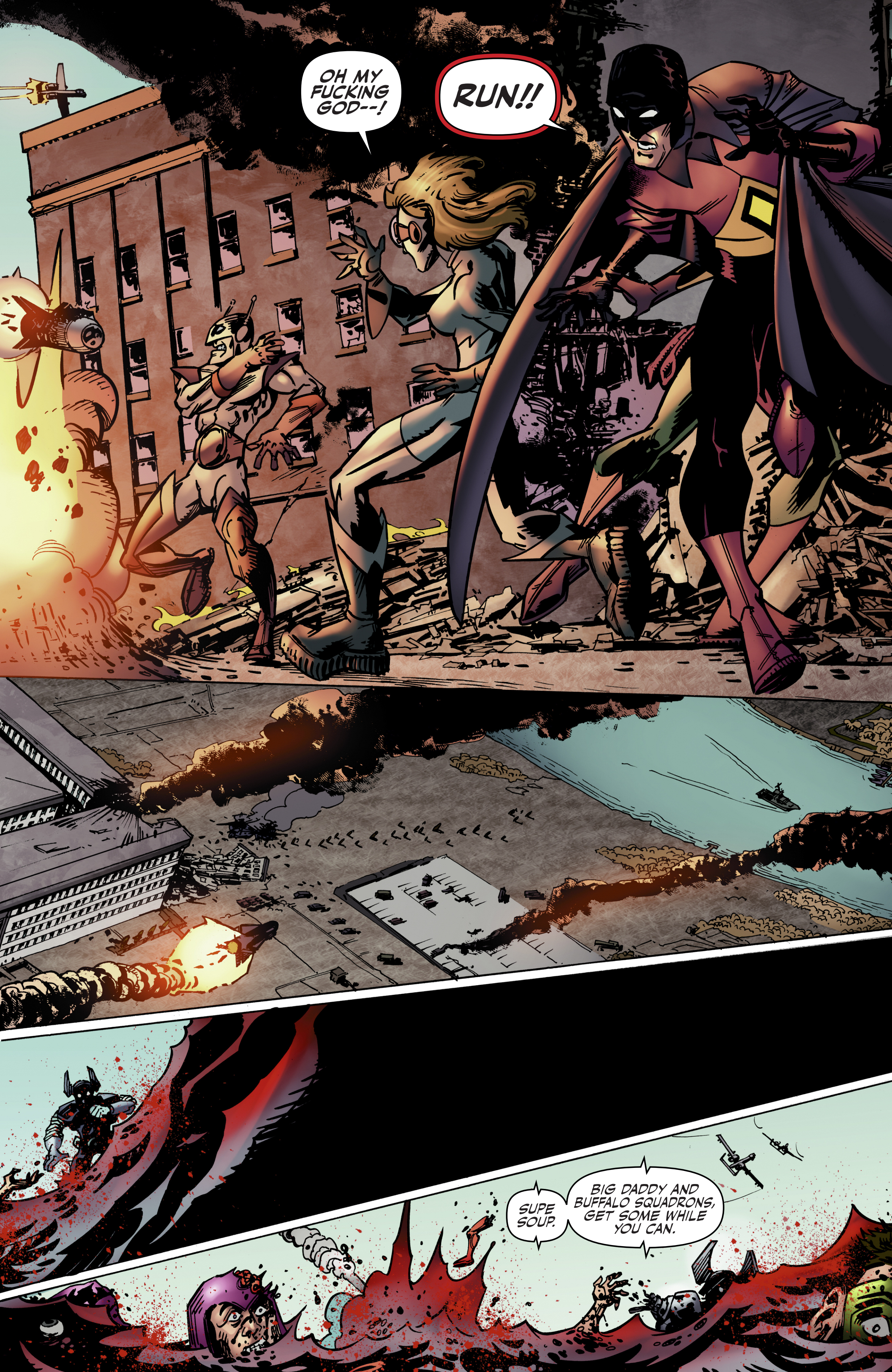

YOU FUCKING FUCKING FUCK YOU FUCKED MY LIFE!!!
FUCK ME--
JESUS!

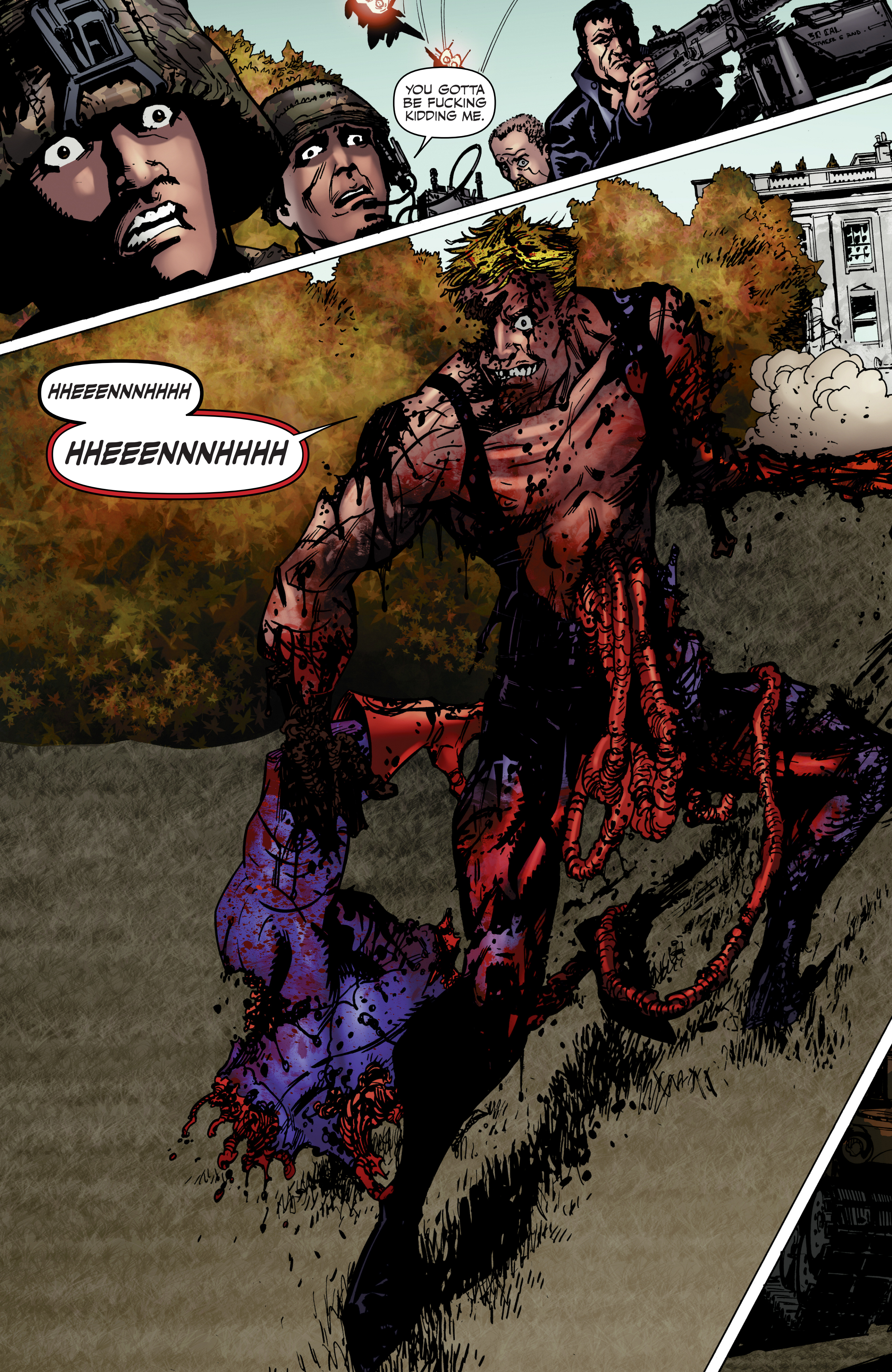

HEY--!
FUCK!
LOOK TO YER FRONT! LOOK TO YER FRONT!
YOU'RE GONNA HAVE A TARGET ANY SECOND, BOYS, SO GET FUCKIN' READY!
LISTEN, I'M JUST OFF THE PHONE WITH M.M! BLACK NOIR'S--
THE SPIT O' THE HOMELANDER AN' HE'S THE ONE DONE IT ALL. YEAH.

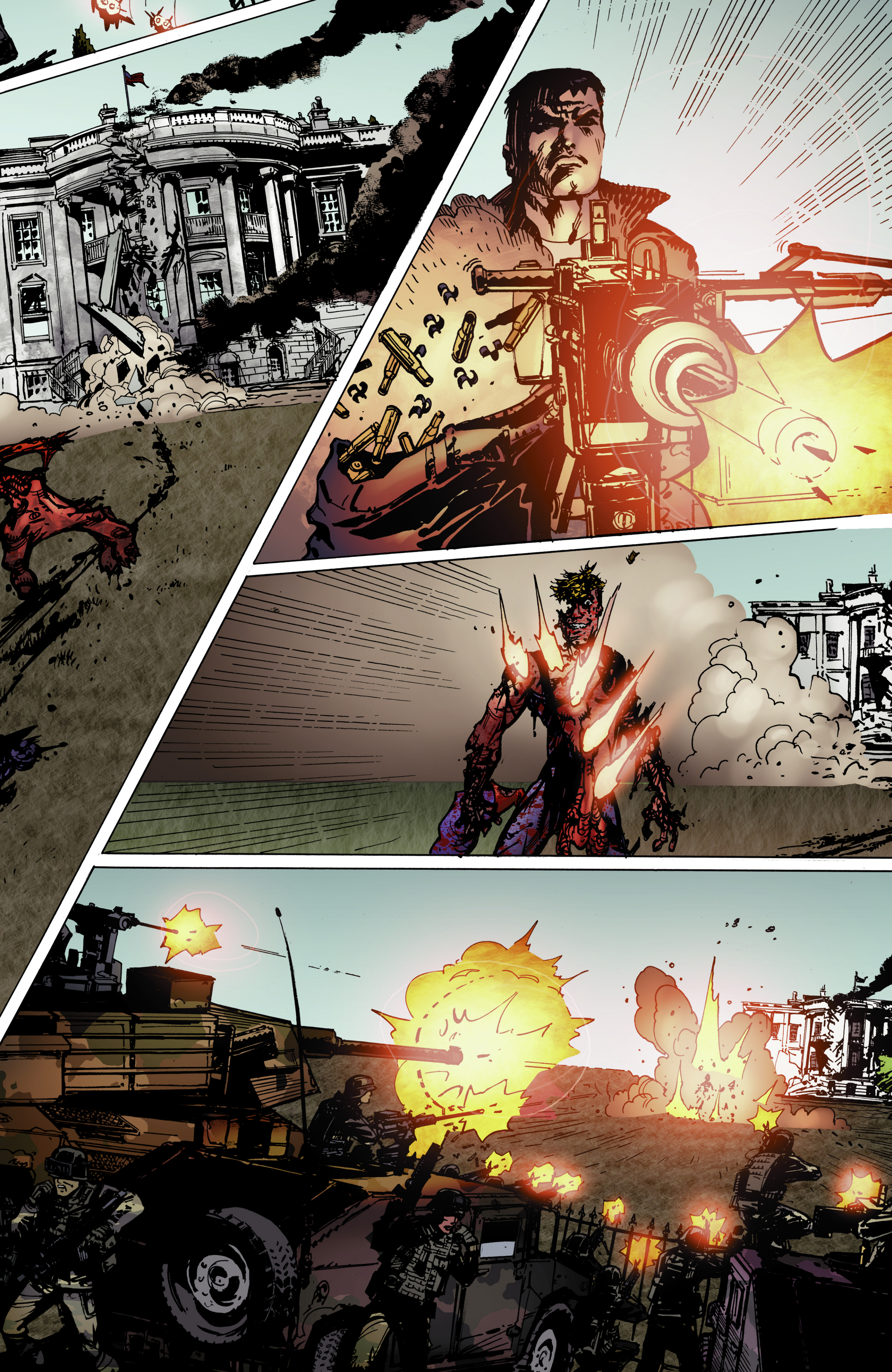

HOW...?
RIGHT, SHIFT YER ARSE THERE, MATE.
DUDE, ARE YOU LIKE ENGLISH OR SOMETHING--?
YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT, DUDE.
I'M LIKE ENGLISH.

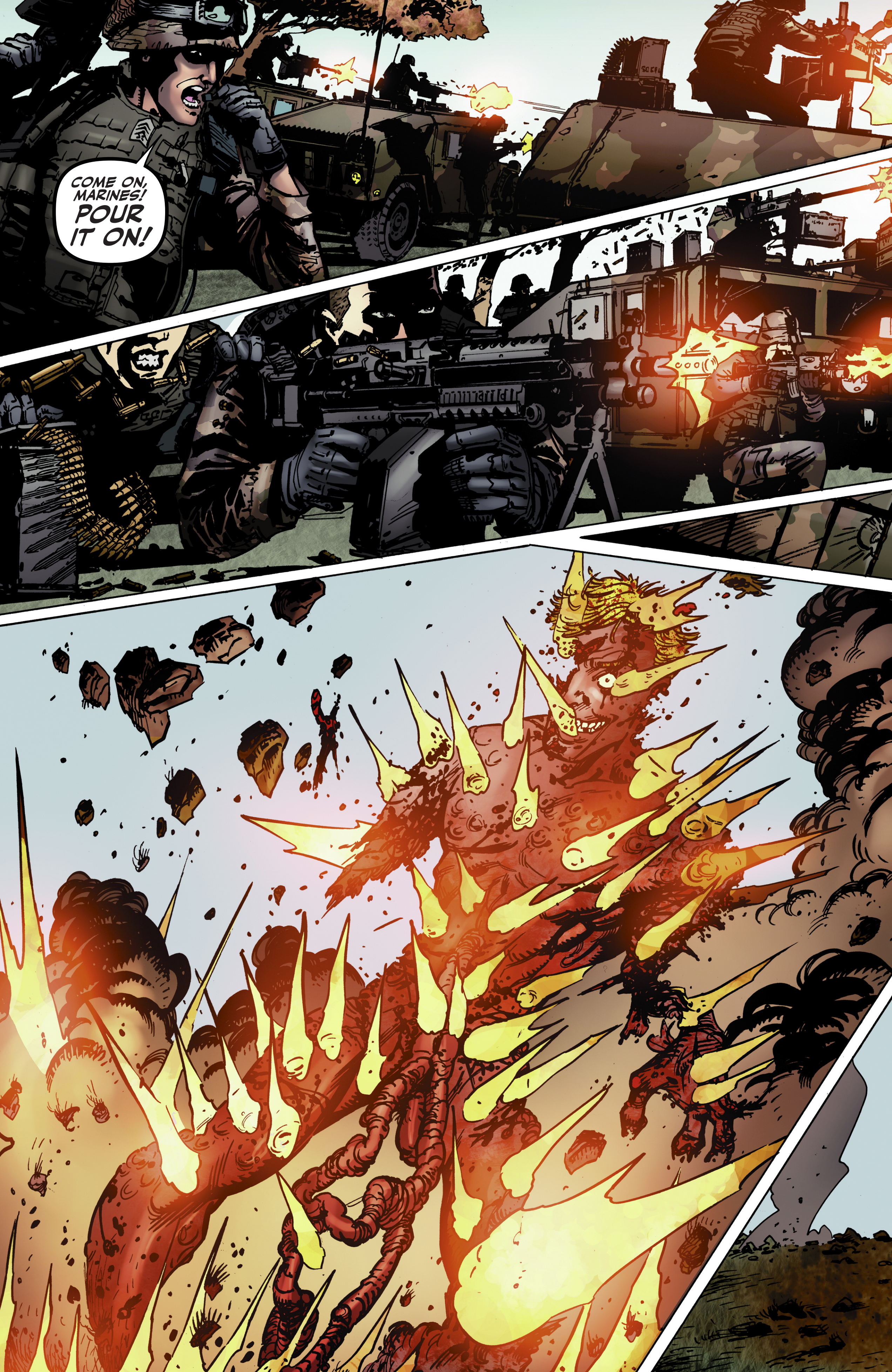

OH, FUCK, I DON'T LIKE THE LOOK OF THAT...!
SHOULD WE HEAD OVER THERE? LIKE MAYBE HELP?
AFTER YOU...
COWARDS--!
WHY DON'T THEY FACE US?!
FACE US!!
WHAT?
37
YOGI LEADER, ROLLING IN.

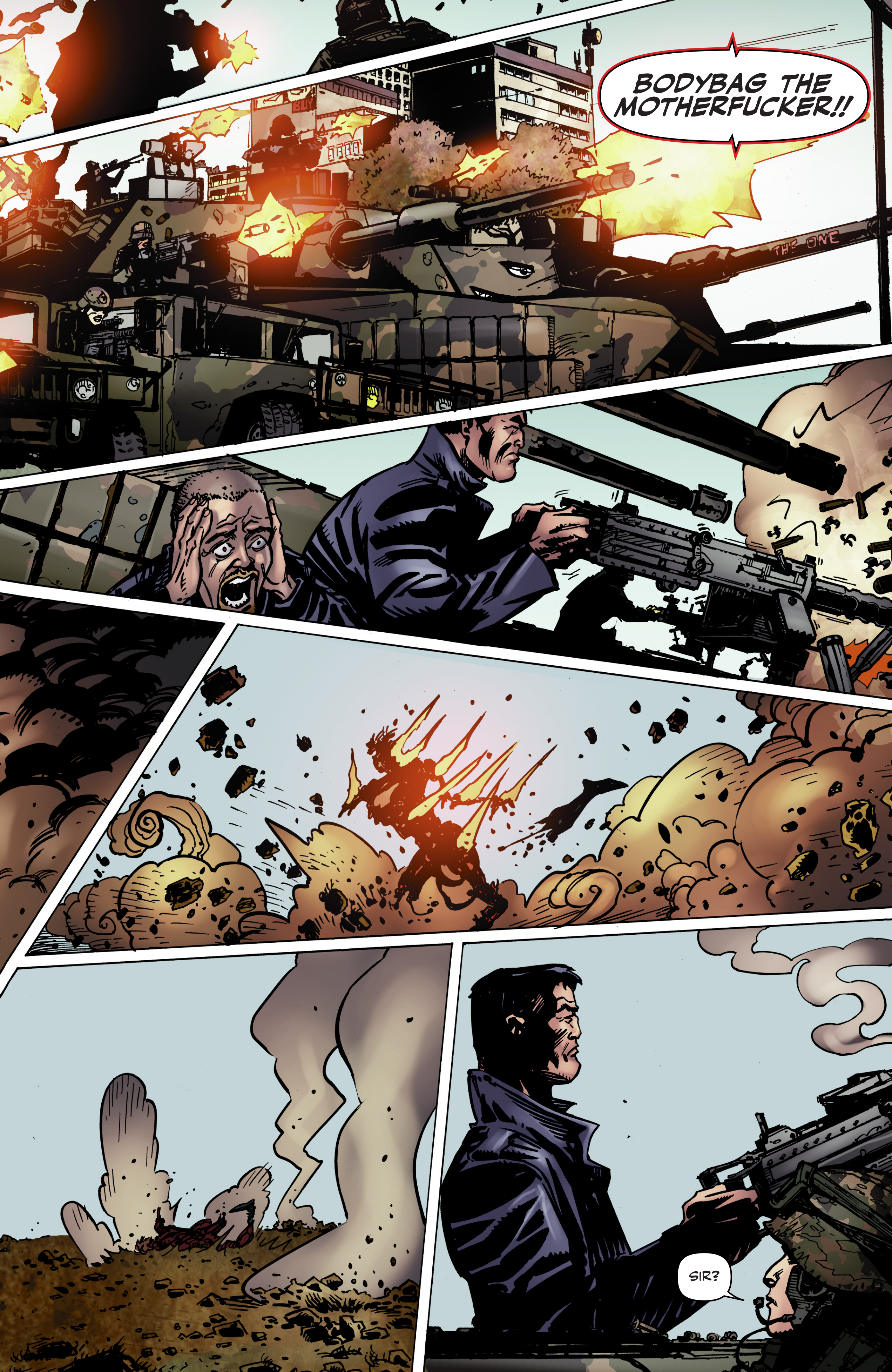

AH, TARGETS LOOK TO BE DISENGAGING, HEADED STRAIGHT FOR THE POTOMAC--
374
AAAAAAAHH!!

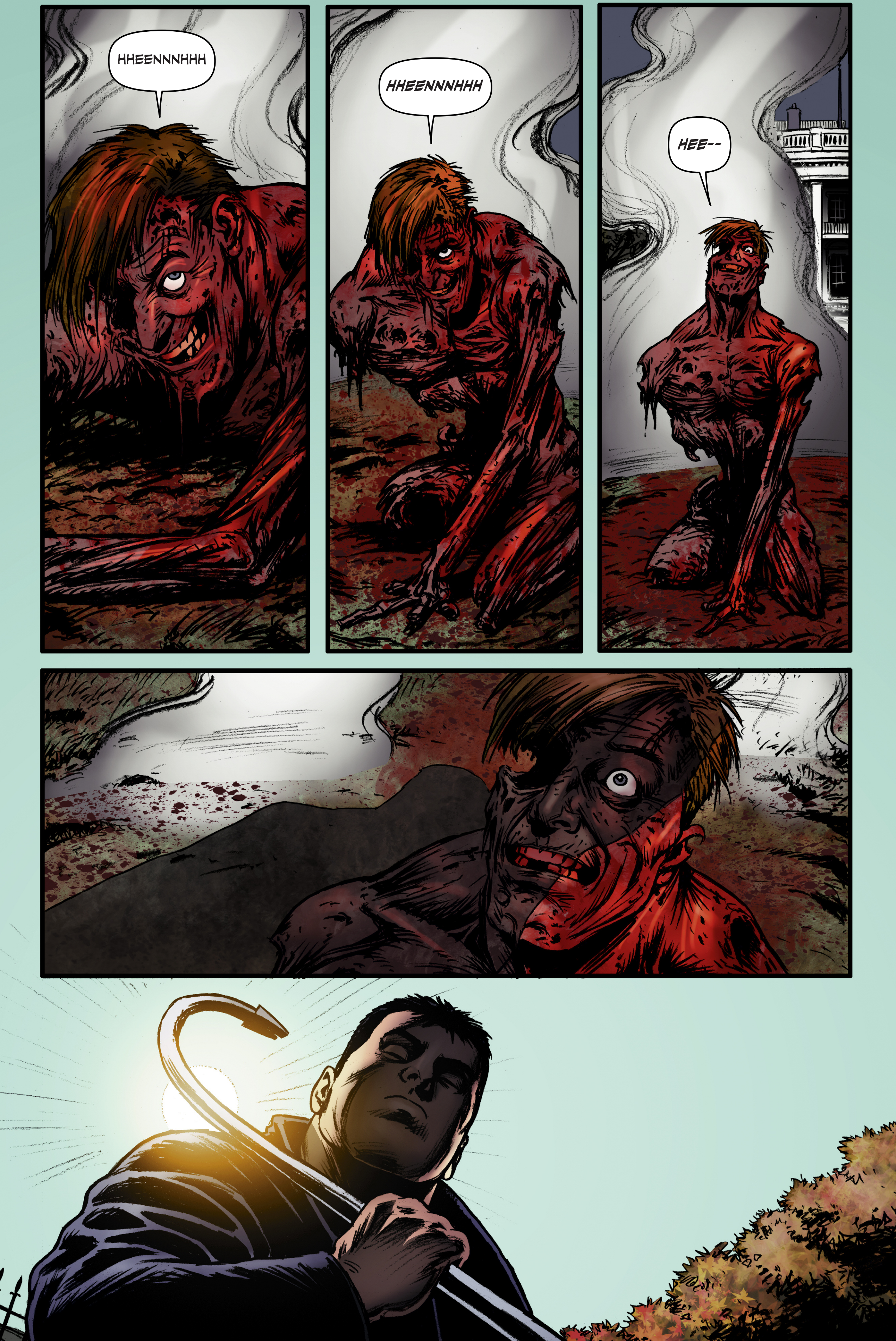

OH MY FUCKING GOD--!
RUN!!
SUPE SOUP.
BIG DADDY AND BUFFALO SQUADRONS, GET SOME WHILE YOU CAN.

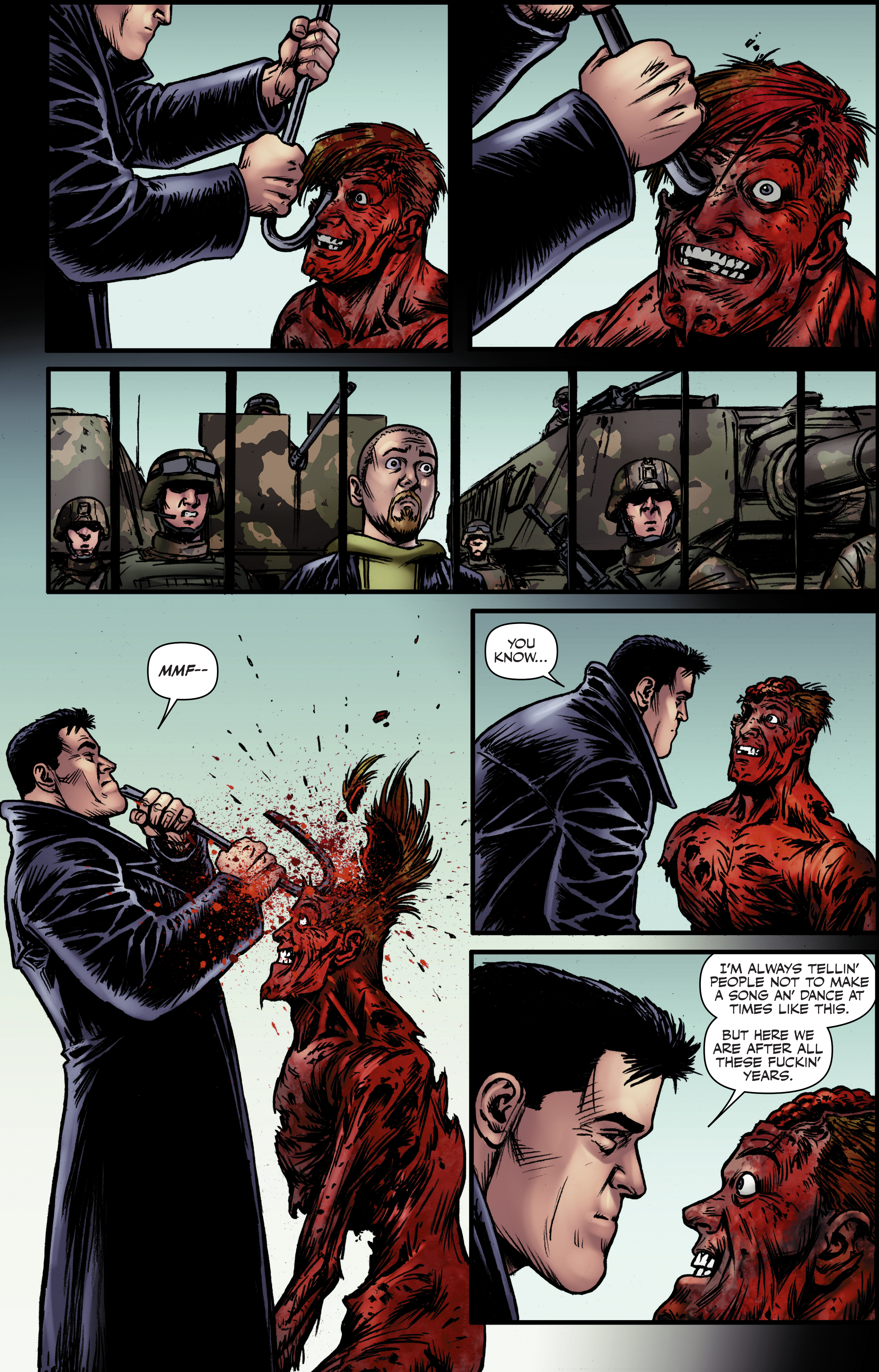

50 CAL.
TRACER 6 RND
YOU GOTTA BE FUCKING KIDDING ME.
HHEEENNNHHHH
HHEEENNNHHHH

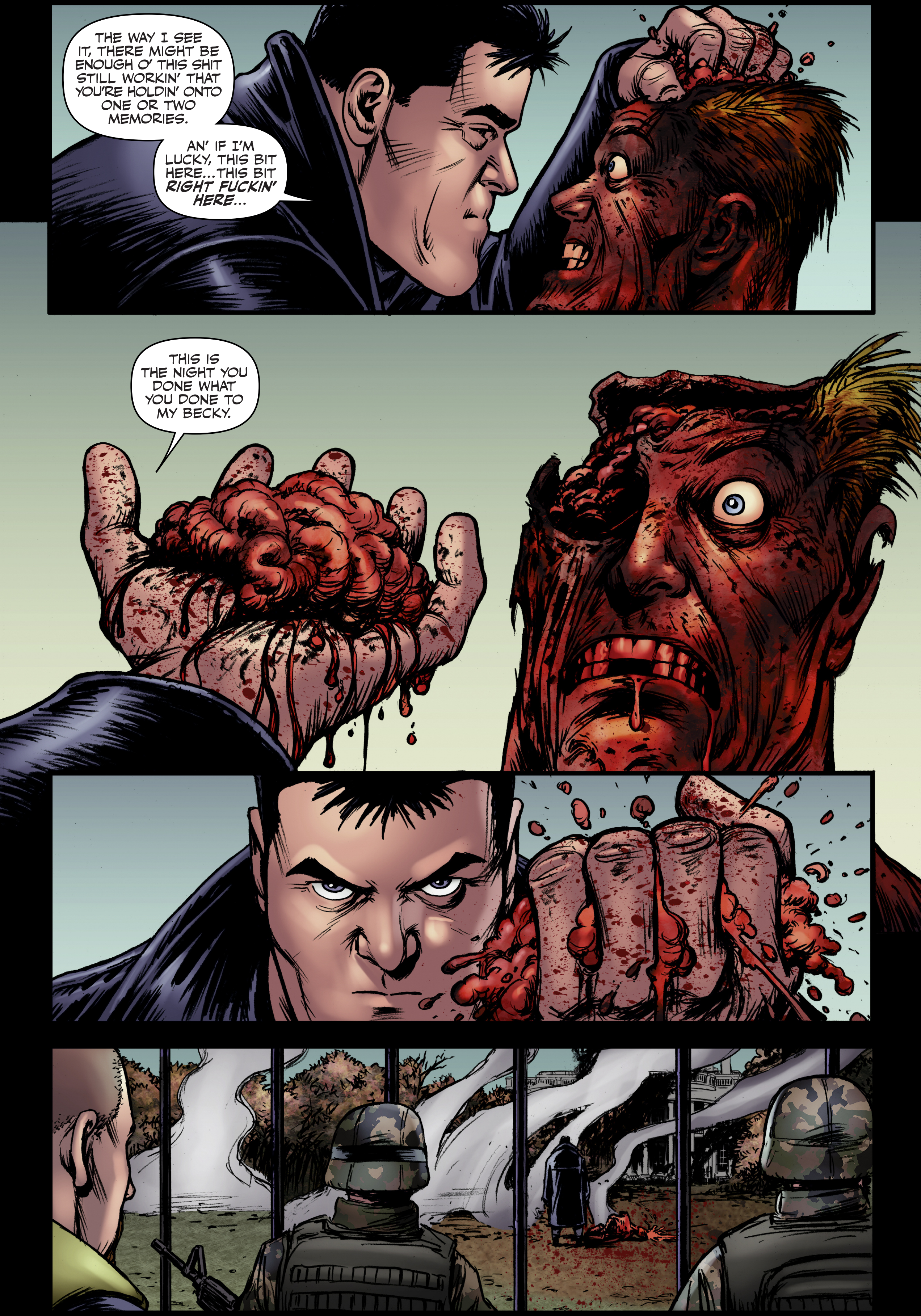


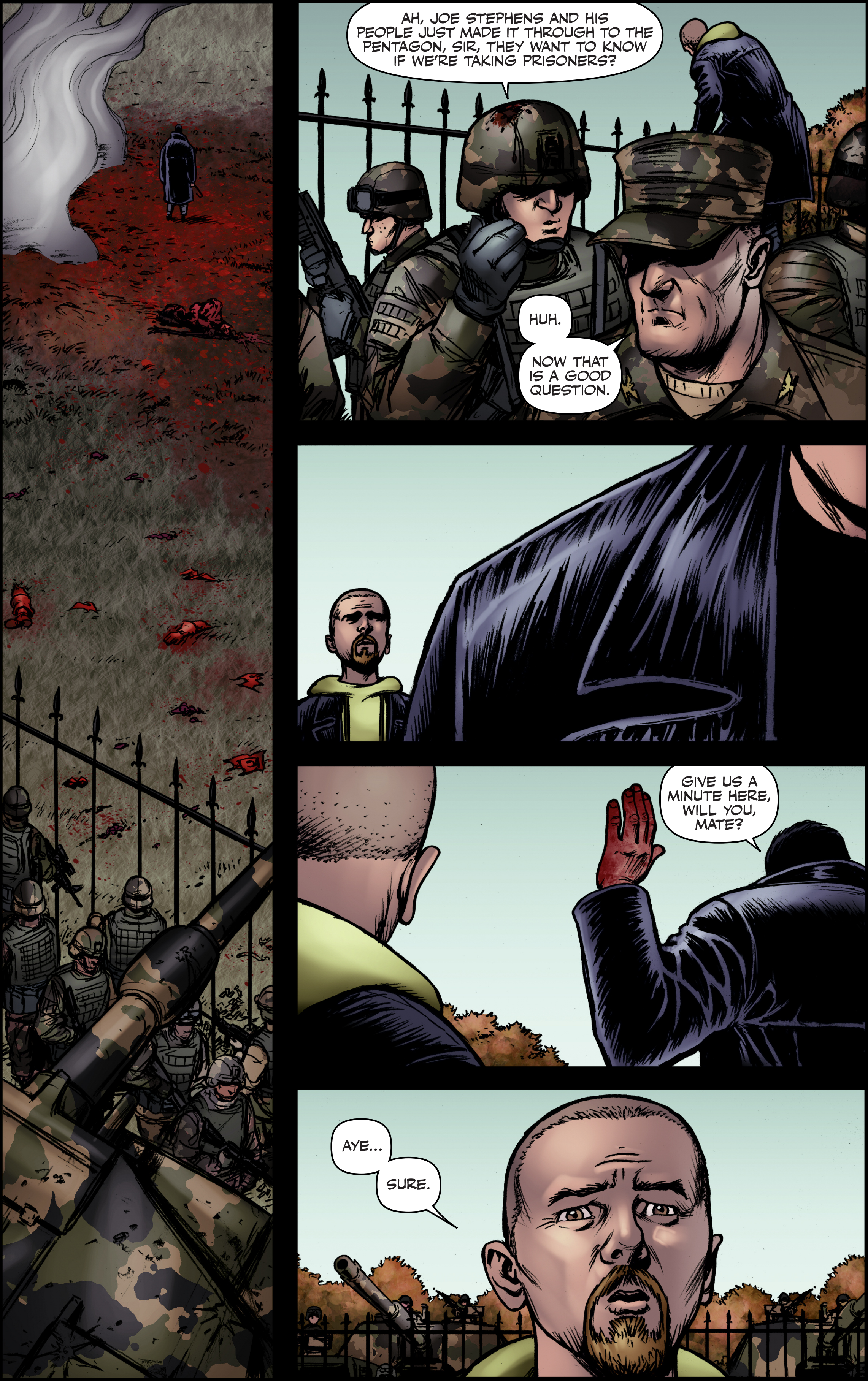

COME ON, MARINES! POUR IT ON!

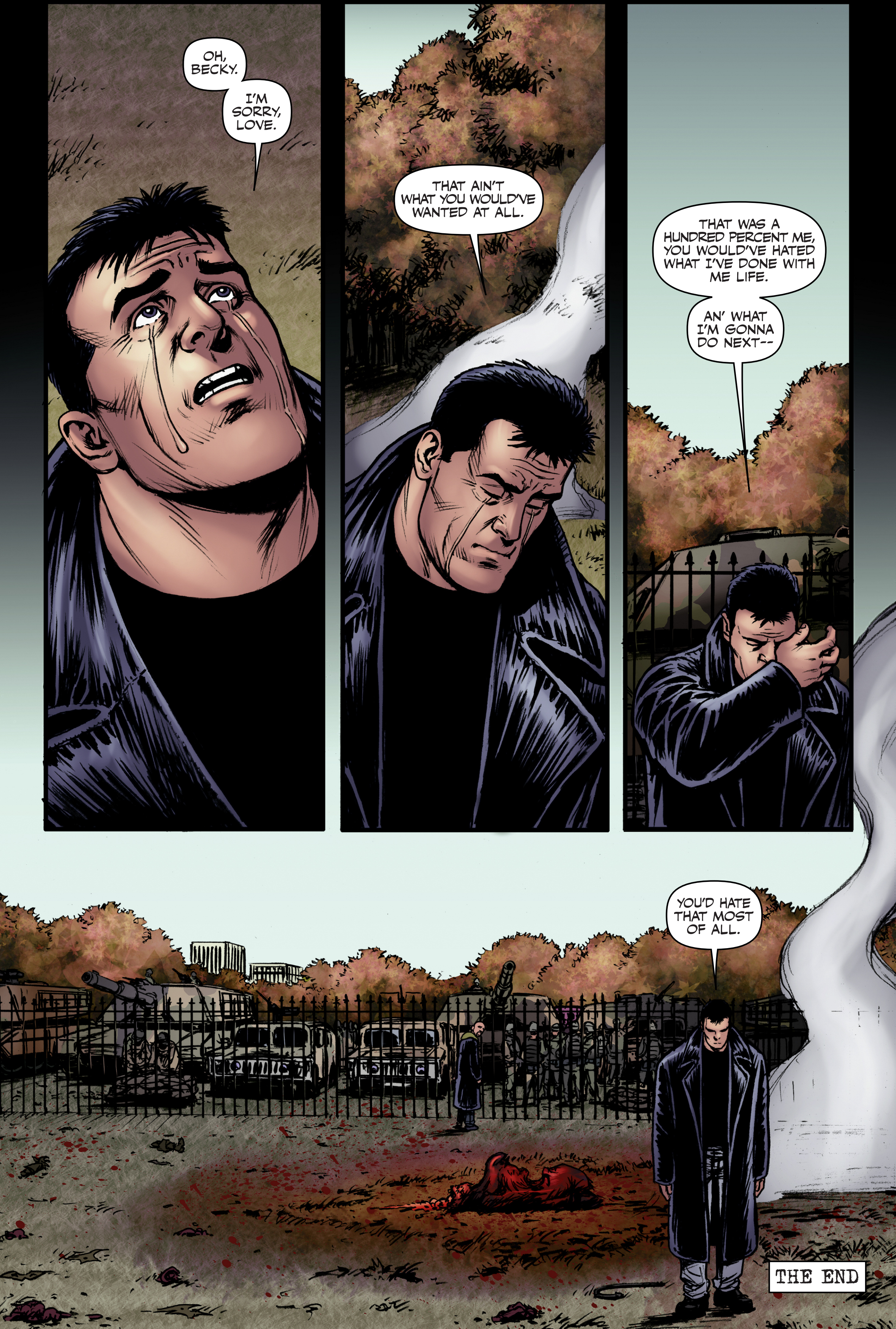

BODYBAG THE MOTHERFUCKER!!
BUY
THE ONE
SIR?


HHEENNNHHH
HHEENNNHHH
HEE--


MMF--
YOU KNOW...
I'M ALWAYS TELLIN' PEOPLE NOT TO MAKE A SONG AN' DANCE AT TIMES LIKE THIS.
BUT HERE WE ARE AFTER ALL THESE FUCKIN' YEARS.


THE WAY I SEE IT, THERE MIGHT BE ENOUGH O' THIS SHIT STILL WORKIN' THAT YOU'RE HOLDIN' ONTO ONE OR TWO MEMORIES.
AN' IF I'M LUCKY, THIS BIT HERE...THIS BIT *RIGHT FUCKIN' HERE*...
THIS IS THE NIGHT YOU DONE WHAT YOU DONE TO MY BECKY.


AH, JOE STEPHENS AND HIS PEOPLE JUST MADE IT THROUGH TO THE PENTAGON, SIR, THEY WANT TO KNOW IF WE'RE TAKING PRISONERS?
HUH.
NOW THAT IS A GOOD QUESTION.
GIVE US A MINUTE HERE, WILL YOU, MATE?
AYE...
SURE.


OH, BECKY.
I'M SORRY, LOVE.
THAT AIN'T WHAT YOU WOULD'VE WANTED AT ALL.
THAT WAS A HUNDRED PERCENT ME, YOU WOULD'VE HATED WHAT I'VE DONE WITH ME LIFE.
AN' WHAT I'M GONNA DO NEXT--
YOU'D HATE THAT MOST OF ALL.
THE END